

DEC.
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



DON QUIXOTE

OF THE RING *by* GUY FLETCHER

Also ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE • •

BESSIE BEATTY • ROBERT McBLAIR
and EARL CHAPIN MAY



The Spirit of CHRISTMAS

THE spirit of Christmas is a joyful spirit. It finds expression in the radiant faces of glad children—in human care and kindness translated into deeds of sacrifice.

To make Christmas *now* a season of complete happiness for your family is a labor of real love. To do the same through all the years to come—to surround *every* Christmas with the continuing manifestations of your support and your devotion is an opportunity of appealing significance.

Through our Christmas Income Agreement, you can continue to give your wife, or son, or daughter a substantial Christmas present every year even tho you are not here to buy it yourself. It is a special feature providing annual payments on the 15th of December.

To surround families with lasting protection and support all the year 'round; to bring peace of mind and contentment into homes that would otherwise be barren—such is the purpose of this Association. But to add a fuller touch at the Christmas season, the Acacia Special Christmas Income Agreement has been created.

It will appeal to every man whose thoughts are turned toward the most enduring expression of his devotion—who seeks in giving, to give something that will be a perpetual reminder to his loved ones.

Write today for full information regarding this special Christmas feature.

WM. MONTGOMERY,
PRESIDENT

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MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION
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"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

HOW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about." "Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all that discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?"

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise.

But, instead of answering his question, she smiled enigmatically.

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner, dear!" he said.

"Just for that," she beamed, "I'm going

to tell you why I was able to join in the conversation tonight—and you were not."

"Oh, that's easy," he said, man-like. "You get more time to read than I do."

"Is that so?" she retorted. "I don't get the chance to read a good book from one month to the next. But I've solved *that* problem. I have a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?" "It's a whole library condensed into one fascinating scrap book. It contains only the best thoughts of the best minds of the last four thousand years—the 'high lights', you know."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

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occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one."

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Our New Serial by Achmed Abdullah



ACHMED ABDULLAH, who knows the East with all its mystery, savagery and lure as almost no other living writer, has given us a serial which fairly throbs with the notes of the African drums—those broadcasters of tragedy or joy through the jungles. "The Man in the Half-Light" beginning in January.

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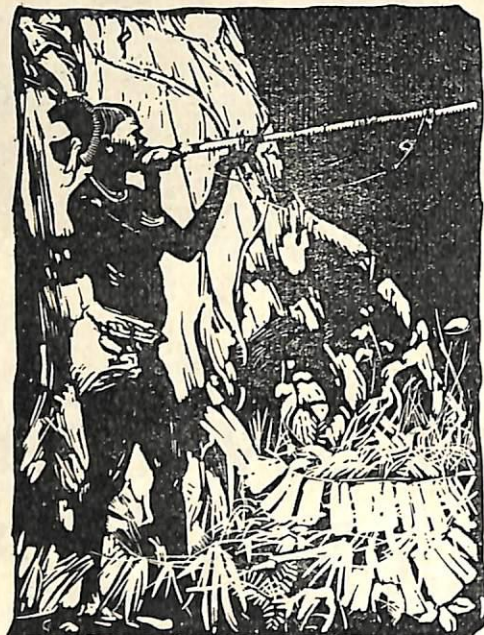
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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It is a fact that more than **550,000** people have become Pelmanists—all over the civilized world—and Pelmanism has awakened powers in them they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

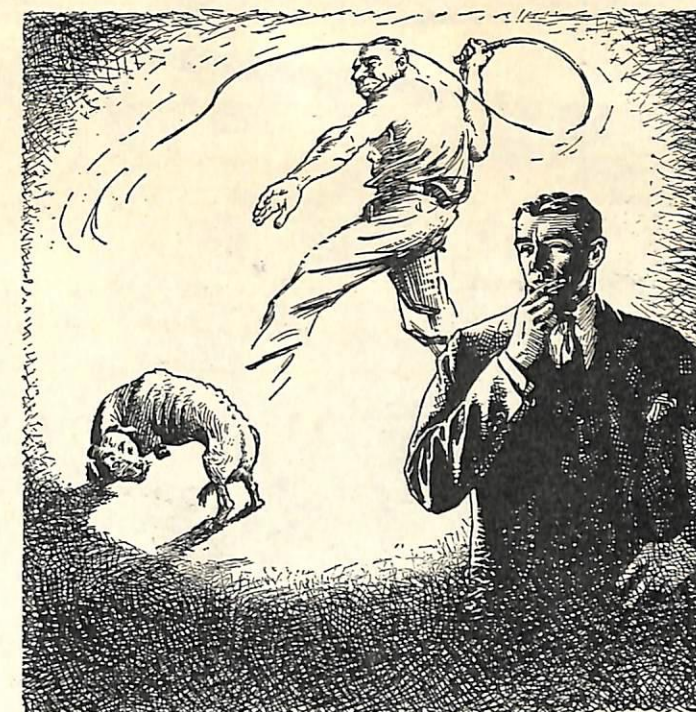
Famous people all over the world advocate Pelmanism, men and women such as these:

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The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous novelist.

Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.



General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.

W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.

Baroness Orczy, Author.

Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind-Training," has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF.** Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SELF** is strong.

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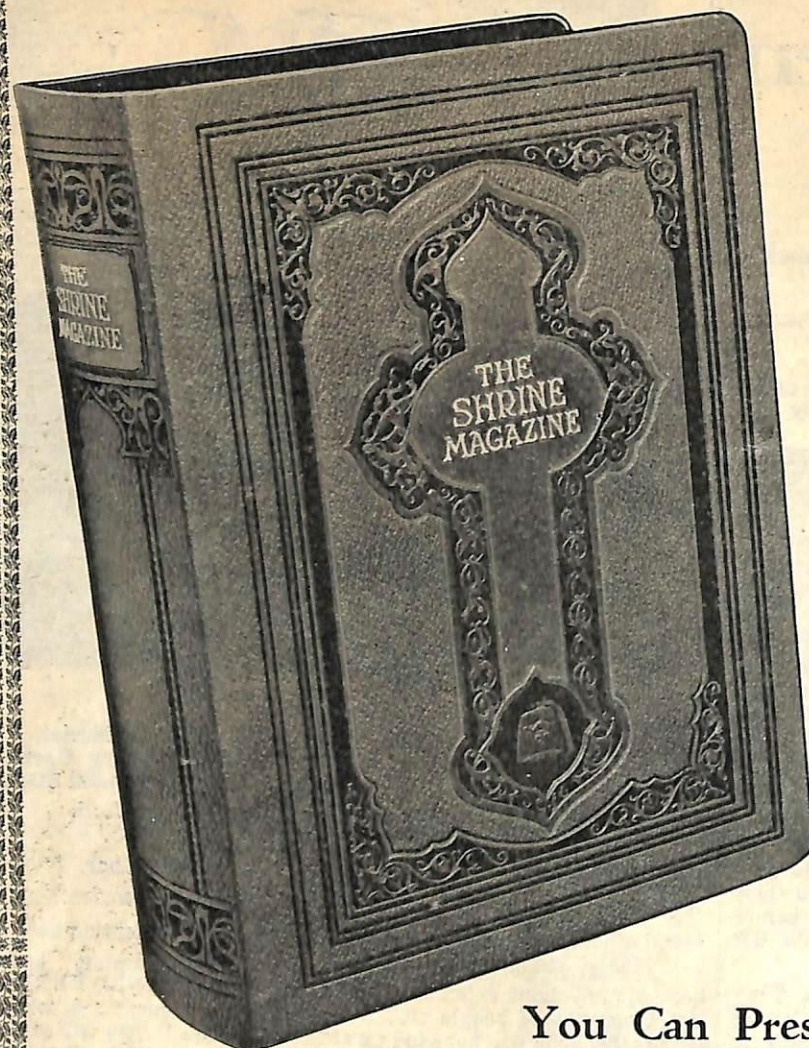
Sewell Haggard, Editor

Fred O. Wood, Executive Director

Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager

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The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

☞ The holidays draw near. The holly days, the Holy Day, the waning days, the closing days of the year.

☞ The season is that of joy, of merry making and happiness. This is because it is the month of Love. It is the season of giving, for giving and joy are the natural concomitants of love. It is a time of service for when we love, we serve. It is particularly the month of the Shrine, because the whole object, purpose, intent—the whole of the Shrine spirit and genius—is summarized and epitomized in the words Love and Service.

☞ With the strictly religious significance of the time, we, as Shriners, have naught to do, but the Great Teacher whose whole doctrine is the law of love, whose entire life was an epic poem of service, whose last thought upon the cross was for others, who said "Love God and love thy neighbor," must look down with moist eyes and joyful spirit at this time when all the civilized world Gives, Serves and Loves.

☞ Is it necessary to remind the Shriners of their duty always and most particularly now? No! They have too recently showed their devotion to duty and love for their brethren in the generous, whole-hearted and instantaneous response to the cry for aid which went out in the wake of the disaster that swept over "The Land of Flowers."

☞ There is, however, more to the spirit of Christmas than the mere giving or doing of deeds of material service. It carries a spiritual need and an altruistic and ethical duty. It lays upon us the obligation of exemplifying that most excellent gift of Charity, not mere alms giving, but spiritual, mental, civil and religious Charity. That Charity so supremely demonstrated by the Great Master and embodied in His command to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's.

☞ Nobles, may this Christmas be the merriest and happiest ever. May each succeeding Christmas be more happy. May Old Santa leave beside the hearthstone of each of you at least three gifts—Health, Comfort, Contentment.

Yours in the Faith,

W. B. B. B.
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



DON QUIXOTE

*(The Most Powerful Thing
It Sways Thrones and*

By GUY FLETCHER



SHE had noticed him before. He was a tall, dark, broad-chested man who never spoke. There was no piano in the lounge, but one was in the dining-saloon; music was her passion, and between meals she came in and played little rippling things of her own composition. Before she had been playing five minutes he always appeared.

He would sit in a chair which she could just glimpse over her shoulder. He had discolored hands, his suits were simply cut; altogether she couldn't imagine what he was doing first-class. Somehow he interested her.

Coming out she had not been without admirers both of herself and her playing, but going back there seemed none but this man. She sometimes played for an hour; he would remain the whole time. Of course, she was flattered.

The Adric, Liverpool-bound, was four days on her voyage, the "devil's hole" being as smooth as a lake; Annette Cresswell was returning from her first trip to the States. There was an Aunt Clementine in Washington, her mother's sister, whose husband was a big noise at the Capital; she glittered with diamonds. Annette had spent a month with her; there were grown-up cousins who bored her to death with their conceit. They all honked automobiles, and were stiff with snobberies, and had bought the earth; she had escaped to New York. There her freedom delighted her. She gasped at the sky-

scrapers and blinked like an owl at the electricity on Broadway. The headlines and punch of the newspapers were a joy. The noise and the crowds and the bustle seemed to stamp this as the most energetic city in the world, whose characteristic was a love for ice-cream.

Nevertheless her delight in New York was not untouched by that very snobbishness she had despised in her Anglo-American cousins.

She was her mother's child. Emily and Clementine, her mother and aunt were a superior race whose men, one and all, went to the same crack school. They both remembered with pride, if without humor, that they could trace their descent to that kindest of profligates, Charles II.; there was an earl in the offing. They had lived up to their vanity. Clementine had married culture and dollars; Emily twice had wedded blue blood and estates: there was a house in Portland Place, there was a second in Kent, and even a third in Scotland.

True Blue Blood Barton had been gathered to his crack fathers and left her with Teddy; she had promptly married his friend Sir Walter Cresswell Bart., J. P. and Steward of the Jockey Club. To them had been born Annette. Emily never quite knew whether Walter made Teddy worse, or the other way about. At any rate her husband was one with her son. They both referred to Eton as the Windsor Grammar School,

of the RING

*in the World—
Levels all Class Barriers*

Illustrations by
Frank B. Hoffman



*(Strangely for him, Peter Bell didn't
resent this blue-blooded Britisher's
condescension. She was so beautiful
he was content just to look at her every
day for this ten-day trip.)*

except in front of Harrovians. And yet they adored it and all it stood for. Which wasn't strange since each, in his day, had won every color there. The object of their facetiousness was to sift the wheat from the chaff—the chaff got angry.

To an extent Lady Cresswell had subdued Walter: she made him behave. That is, in front of her—she knew perfectly well that behind her back he slipped his bearing-rein. But she failed altogether to curb her son. He defied her; he laughed at caste. He hobnobbed with the sporting nobility and with the sporting scum. For so she catalogued prize-fighters, jockeys and their kind. Yes, Teddy was the worry of her life, and the apple of her second husband's eye.

He could drive a Ford or a Rolls, or a lorry at a push: it didn't matter which—he called them all "old buses." He was a member both of the Marlborough and of a night-club which boasted that work was the ruin of the drinking classes. Not that he was much in his cups or in pursuit of Eve, he did far more unforgivable things. He had once invited Walter to lunch at a cab-shelter called "The Junior Turf"—only her timely discovery and a scene had put a stop to his going . . .

And yet Teddy had picked up a D.S.O. with the Guards on the Somme.

Now Annette, before her trip to the States, had viewed things with her mother's eyes. She thought her mother reproachless. She forgave her father and brother their sporting proclivities and sympathy with low blackguards (her mother's expression) simply because her men were out of the top drawer. She admired Teddy for his courage, and sometimes pitied her father because he hadn't so much, but then a mother is less to be feared than a wife. She felt all the same that they often went too far . . . And so she left for the States.

It had thrilled her a good deal to be going alone with a maid to this country of liberty; it had taken all the wind from her sails to find her relations snobs. Her surprise had become boredom, her boredom revolt. But the revolt at present was merely against Aunt Clementine and her issue—she had not yet realized that Aunt Clementine and Emily her mother were one. She was on the rebound as it were, against tradition, against littleness, against artificiality. Her respect for her father and brother had increased. She was on the verge,

without knowing it, of waking; of seeing her mother as she was; of disowning her ideas; of finding she herself was in harness, and of kicking over the traces. She was to discover in her twenties as her men had done as fags at school that "a man's a man for a' that." But not yet.

In her reaction her big admirer on the "Adric" interested her more than he would have done normally. She decided to talk to him. Depressing the soft pedal and playing with airy fingers, she said, amused:

"You like music?"

Discolored hands or no, he had the face of a dreamer: it reddened, then lit.

"That piece reminds me of the creek I fished in when I was a boy."

"Yes, it's spring water bubbling over stones into a trout pool—or meant to be."

"Who wrote it, may I ask?"

She said with a smile: "Annette Cresswell."

"I guess she couldn't play it better than you."

"No, I'm sure she couldn't."

"What's it called?"

"The Brook."

Reticent as he was, he seemed to warm to her. "My cabin's right over here. I hear you playing and I come down. I've enjoyed your music every day since we left New York."

"So have I!"

But he didn't laugh. He was so frightfully earnest and respectful. She couldn't place him.

"You're some musician if I may say so. You're also British."

"To the bone," said she.

"And you?"

"American citizen. I was born in New York City, learned to walk in Vermont, learned to work in Canada."

"Oh, yes?" She changed to another composition, still playing softly. "I've been staying in Washington. It's quiet, isn't it?"

"It depends."

"Then I went on to New York."

"That's not quiet."

"No. Do you eat ice-cream?"

"Gosh, lots of it."

She lifted white hands from the keys and turned to him. Her eyes flashed from her lovely disdainful face. "Men don't in England. They would consider it effeminate. You're angry?"

"Oh, no," he said quietly. "I may be saying worse things of the British on the trip home."

"Much worse. Are you coming over on business?"

"No, on a pleasure trip." And then he saw something which seemed to say, "You can afford to?" and that naturally got his goat.

"I earned ten thousand dollars at Boyle's Thirty-Acres in Jersey City on Wednesday last, and I'm spending a bit of it on a trip to Europe."

She echoed with amazement: "Ten thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"But that's about two thousand pounds!" She looked puzzled at his hands.

"Yes, I earned them with these."

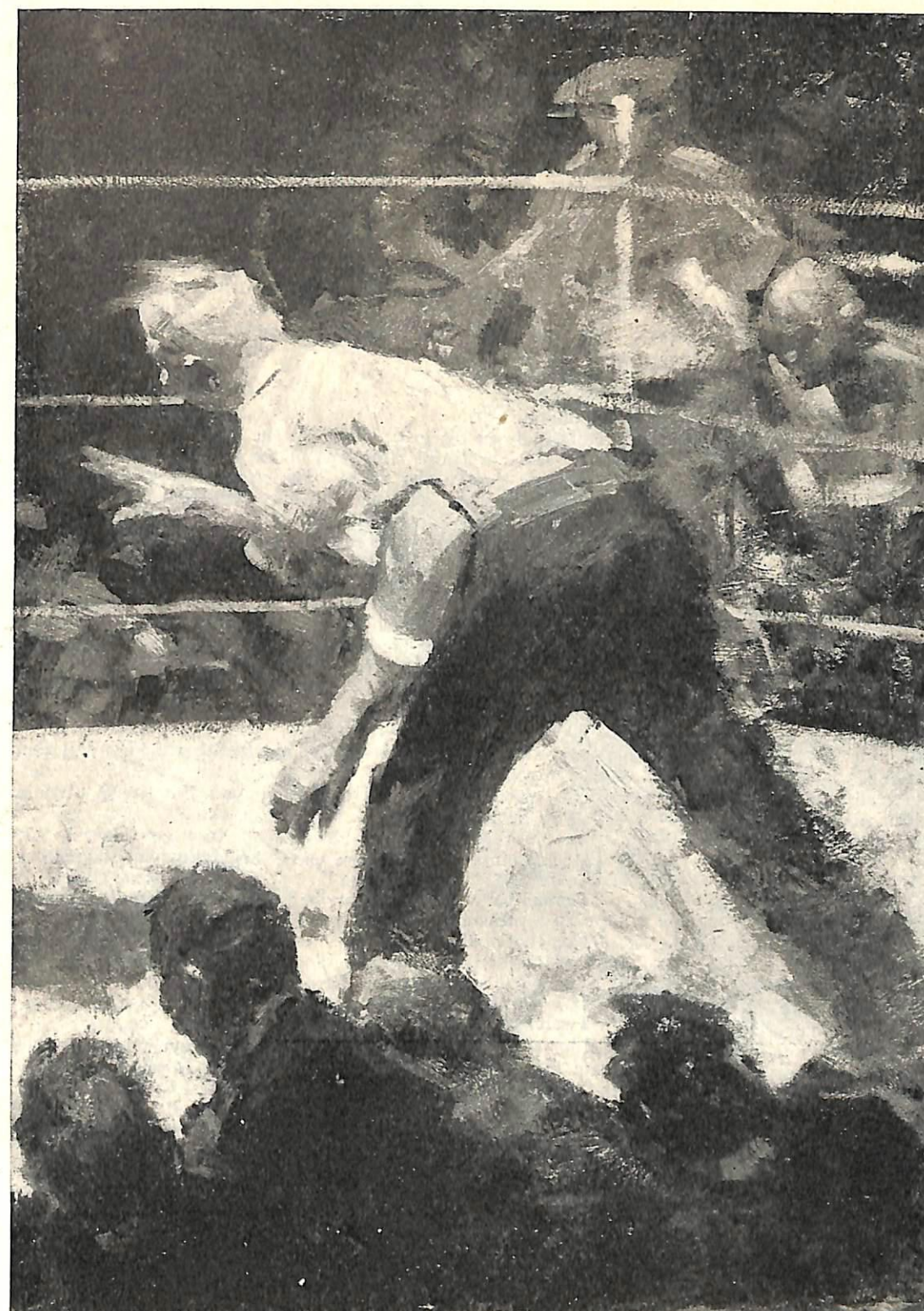
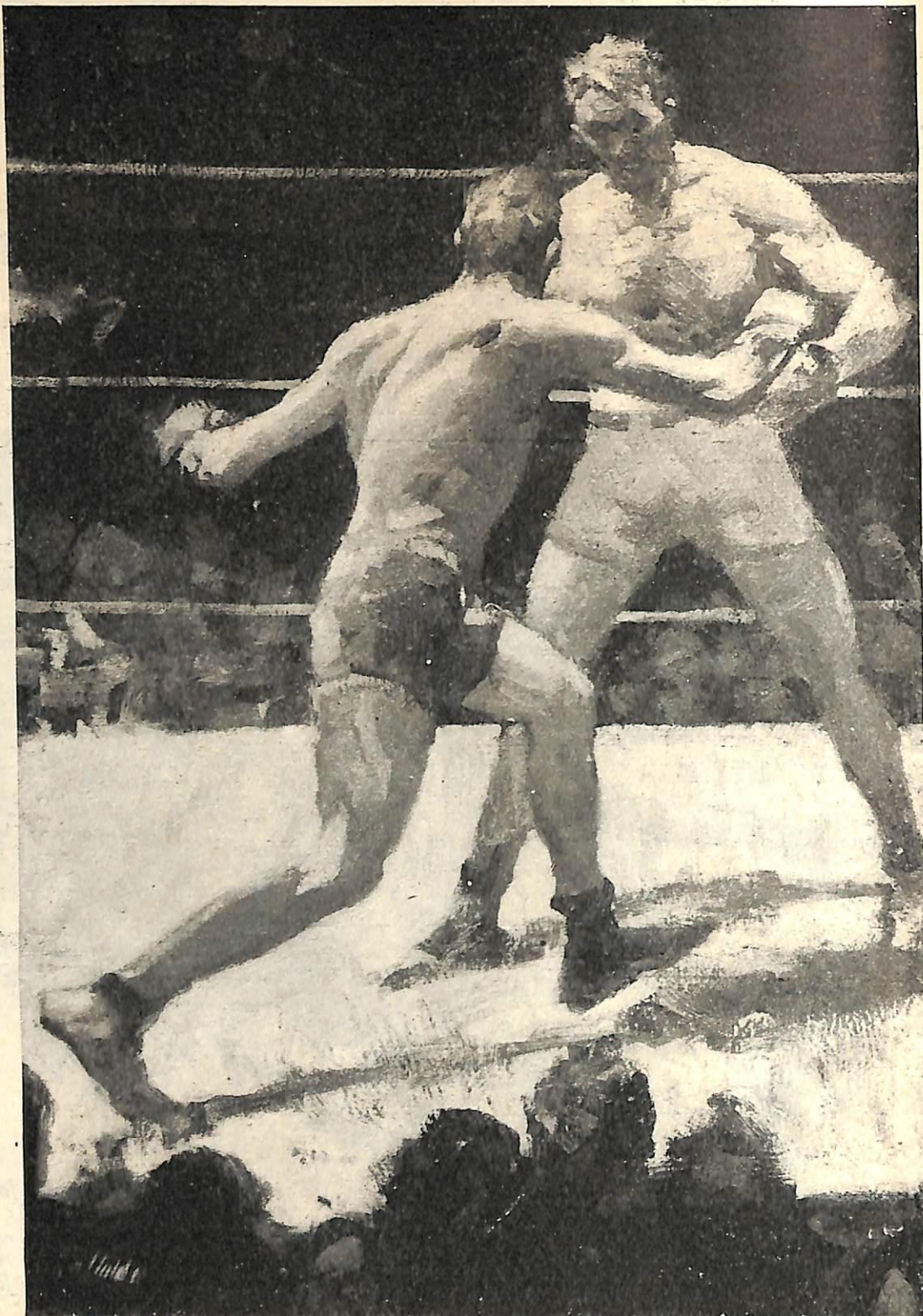
She couldn't think how.

He said: "What else do we do besides eat ice-cream?"

"Boast."

But she had turned again to the piano. She played as he had never heard anyone play before; and she had said things he had never let anyone say before. Effeminate, and boastful! Yet somehow he didn't mind. That beat him altogether. Americans may boast with their mouths, the British can with their manner. Her—he recognized difference of birth, but he had always resented condescension. He knew in that moment, sitting in the dining-saloon of the Adric, that this fair, arrogant Britisher could say what she liked to him, not because of her nationality but because she was more beautiful to him than any woman he had ever met.

By snubbing him she could hurt him, but never make him angry again. She was up there, he was down here—that's what



(Bell had the fight almost won. He was beating Brown. Not one of those thousands out there knew that he hadn't a hand left to hit with. Brown staggered forward for the last round and Bell, sweating agony, flashed a corkscrew left to his unguarded jaw.

of clothes. And he would wittily abuse their traditions and ridicule their gods, so that in spite of herself she would shriek with laughter.

The voyage amused her too. Everyone was as opulent as Aunt Clementine; they drank champagne and betted on the knots made each day with the careless magnificence of Teddy backing all the slow horses in the Royal Hunt Cup.

Amid all this luxury she ran into young Selwyn of the Guards, and they drank lemon-squash and talked of Teddy. She retired to her cabin shortly after midnight, feeling it difficult to believe she was on the Atlantic Ocean.

Thoughts of her unusual admirer, however, returned in the morning when, going on deck, she found him contemplating the sunrise. It seemed such a strange thing for a worker to do . . . stranger still that somehow he attracted her though he had discolored hands and ate ice-cream and boasted.

She went up to him, leaned too on the rail. For a moment the sheer beauty of that miracle flooding the sea and sky with color left her breathless; and then she said:

"I insist on knowing how you earned ten thousand dollars with your hands."

He looked round at her. Her nearness and the light of the morning on her lovely face gave points to the sunrise. "There's only one way, isn't there?"

"What way?"

"By fighting."

"By fighting!" How stupid of her not to have guessed.

His hands—yet the contradiction of his face. "By fighting!"

"You seem surprised?"

"You eat ice-cream!"

"Jim Corbett trained on it."

She had heard Teddy speak of Corbett, and felt rather squashed. "Well, I should never have taken you for a prize-fighter. You're not Jack Dempsey, are you?"

"No, I'm Peter Bell."

"Peter Bell," she mused. "There was a Peter Bell a potter—but nature left him cold."

"Was he British?"

"Oh, thoroughly. 'But nature ne'er could find the way into the heart of Peter Bell.'" And she laughed. "A primrose by a river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more."

He said, "You've read things I had no chance to in the backwoods. Tell me some more."

"This Peter Bell had twelve wives. Have you any?"

"I've not been lucky enough to find one."

he felt. Her natural loveliness—her white skin and white live little hands—so appealed to him that he could be content to look at her every day of this ten-day trip, and visualize her for the rest of his life.

He glanced at his own hands. No, they weren't pretty, though they had earned all that on Wednesday last. Ten thousand dollars! What good was it? It couldn't give him culture or birth. Her hands and his—what a contrast! Beauty and the Beast. And the Beast looked at Beauty till she rose, nodded and left.

Annette Cresswell didn't think much about him. He just puzzled her. A worker with a dreamer's face, who had fluked some Americanly extravagant prize at some competition or other. That's all. She would be in England in six days more in London, the season at its height. The Academy, Lord's, Ranelagh, Ascot, Henley: a succession of color and brilliance and gaiety to Goodwood. And Teddy would meet her with his reddish, boyish face close-shaved, with his close-cut fair hair and mustache, and blueness of eye and elegance

"It's not always lucky." Then she said, "A boxer! From Vermont to the ring. Go on. Never mind the other Peter Bell."

"I felled trees," he said, "and then I felled men. That's all there is to it."

"That's all there is to making two thousand pounds in a day?"

"That's all."

She looked out to sea. "It's manly to eat ice-cream," she said with a twinkle, "and Americans don't boast."

"Oh, by God, they can!"

And they both laughed.

She didn't quite understand her feelings now. There was the pomp of the Adric, and of her mother, yes, and of Selwyn, on the one hand; and on the other were her father and brother and Peter Bell. But no—he was a boxer, however simple and downright and attractive he might be. Still she admitted his charm.

"In the beginning, Peter Bell?"

"God made the heaven and the earth."

"Yes, I know. What did he make you?"

"A HUNGRY little brat. Father pitched his farm in the wrong spot—Vermont is rocky—things didn't grow. We trekked it to Quebec. He kept mother and me out of lumbering till I was old enough to work."

"Are they alive?"

"Yes."

"Still lumbering?"

"No. They pitched their farm in the right place this time?"

"You bought it with your hands?"

"No." He wasn't going to boast.

"So you're not fighting in England?"

"Not me. I'm sick to death of fighting."

The sea and the sky and the white trail behind them. One or two of the magnificent were on deck now. There was Selwyn in a jazz pullover. He seemed surprised to see her with Bell.

"Friend of yours?" Bell asked.

"I know his people."

He looked hard at her. Aristocracy had said that. "I know his people." It meant that whatever that young man in the jazz pullover was—good or bad, intelligent or stupid—he was one with her because she knew his people.

Bell laughed inwardly, wistfully—no, she didn't know his. She was lovely all in white with just that pale blue scarf at her throat; a pink warmth in her pallor as in a white rose, her eyes sapphire as the sea. Men and women who would despise him waited on her; she had stooped to talk to him—whose people she didn't know.

She was so wonderful standing here by his side in the early morning. They were on a floating hotel, with dollar kings on board; but if the floating hotel came amiss she would be a woman needing help, needing his arms, needing the strength of his swollen hands.

"May I ask your name?" he said.

"Annette Cresswell."

"My, you wrote that little piece then!"

She laughed.

The engines stopped. The sudden silence was weird, ominous, suggesting as it did that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Why, the boat's stopped!"

He had bared his head. "The funeral. A man died last night in the steerage."

She said incredulously: "A man died—in the steerage? But there's no steerage. I've been over the boat."

"You just didn't see it."

"You're talking nonsense!"

"Oh, no. He has left a widow down there and five little hungry brats. They keep these things quiet. We had it in the smoking-room."

She looked round—every man was uncovered. A funeral at sea. On a long voyage, yes—but on a ten-day trip!

"Someone must get up a subscription at once," she said; and named the millionaire who sat next to her at meals.

"He's headed it with a hundred guineas," said Peter Bell.

She left him—but not to have breakfast.

He looked out with set face. He had been down in the steerage. He had talked to that woman. He had held the two youngest of her children on his knees.

It had taken him back to that trek to Quebec. If his father had died, who would have looked after his mother and himself?

So this was England they were rushing through on this marvel of a track. That and the sights astonished him. The cultivation everywhere: not a new, makeshift husbandry like America's, but one of generations, of centuries. Old slow-going villages, isolated farms, those vast estates he had heard about. They fascinated him as did that English girl.

She hadn't played any more, he had talked to her but once, since she had met that young man. Oh, well—why worry? He had seen the last of her maybe, but he would never forget her.

He dozed off. He dreamt of Beauty and the Beast. Then someone shook him.

"All change."

"Why?"

"London."

He got down his grip; stood on the platform. . . . No, he was to see her again. She was in the arms of another young man whose people she knew. He was a dandy, fair, with a little mustache and a manner all his own: from all that crowd he stood as much apart as she did. . . . Bell was staring some; she looked right up into his eyes and colored.

"Good-bye," she called; but didn't introduce him.

He walked away feeling rather a lonely Peter Bell in this London. He looked back. She and that young man were going. He swallowed as his eyes followed them. The light had gone right out of his life with that fair-skinned girl.

A man came up and whipped out a notebook.

"Mr. Bell," he said. "I'd like a few particulars of your fight with Gus Harris."

"Oh, go to the devil—I'm tired!"

"You knocked him out in the nineteenth round. Will you describe your sensations?"

Bell's eyes glittered. "Don't I tell you I'm tired? Where were you brought up?"

"New York City."

Peter grinned some; then gave his fellow-countryman a scoop for the "Morning Mail."

"Thanks very much. We've had it by cable that you're only here on a pleasure trip, Mr. Bell?"

"No, that's all wrong. See here, I'm out for blood. I'll take on anybody, any weight, any color, at my price."

"And what is your price, Mr. Bell?"

"If I win, twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve thousand dollars!"

"Oh, and look here; you chaps know everything. Who wrote this? 'A primrose by a river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more?'"

The reporter laughed. "Hanged if I know."

"No one does. I asked every darned man on the boat."

THAT night in his bedroom Bell thought of the past six days. They were through. It was his no longer to see that girl. Well, he had known it would be. He wished he could feel the engines throb, he wished he could hear her playing. But she was with her people. It was over, finished.

He was conscious of an emptiness, a loneliness. He was here, she there. Those young men from colleges might talk to her tomorrow, next week, next month—whenever they chose. He was a backwoodsman who had found his way through the square ring to the Savoy hotel.

"But nature ne'er could find the way Into the heart of Peter Bell!" What had it done then when he had fished in that creek? He didn't want money, he didn't want luxury, he only longed to watch the sunrise with her again.

And then feeling nervously in his pockets, he pulled out a card. "Yes, I must fix up that little business tomorrow," he said.

Annette had no sooner colored to see Bell staring at her on the arrival platform than she put him from her mind. He belonged to a past that didn't matter—Teddy hugged her again.

This brother of hers was so different from anyone else.

"How's father?"

"Fit as a flea."

"And mother?"

"Remembering her aristocracy."

She laughed. "Teddy, that describes Aunt Clementine."

"She a bore too?"

Too? She had never thought of her mother as a bore.

Rudden sailed up with rugs and things.

"Hullo, Rudden," he said. "Like the U. S. A.?"

"Lovely, sir."

"Good egg. Here, give me those. I'll take Miss Cresswell on. You bring the trunks in a taxi."

"Very well, sir."

The rugs on his shoulder and the things in his hands, Teddy Barton walked down the platform with his sister and found the "old bus." It was a spick and span two-seater. He dumped in the stuff, and they were up and away.

"Not married?" he said.

"Aren't I alone?"

"Oh, you might have divorced him. Easy enough out there."

"Unless you live in South Carolina. Then you honk to another State."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Fallen for anyone?"

"No."

"How are Clementine's pups?"

"Suffering from snobs' distemper."

"Like mother."

"Theirs or ours?"

"Both."

Her brows lifted. "But, Teddy, mother's not a snob."

They right-wheeled. "Of course, you were always on her side," said he.

"Rather necessary. You and father are impossible. You don't care. Anyone's good enough for you as long as he's a man. You'd ask a race crowd to dinner if you had your way."

He shrieked. "Imagine Roly's face. Picture him serving them with jellied eels!"

They were home. Rawlins alias Roly opened the door. He had grown fat with long grazing in the domestic paddocks of the Cresswells' and the Bartons'.

"Hullo, Roly!"

"Glad to see you back, Miss Annette."

She raced upstairs.

"Mother!"

"Darling!"

They kissed rapturously after their fashion. Their cheekbones pressed, their mouths opened on the air.

Then a door opened; and a stoutish rubicund man in black trousers and a snow-white boiled shirt walked into his wife's bedroom.

"Father!"

"Annette!"

Their lips met. He wanted to know about American racing—oh, damn the Embassy! No, no—not auto racing. . . . Which was the best two year old in the States, and what did she think of the tracks?

She said they weren't grass; he said they had killed Papyrus. And then he told her she would be late for dinner if she didn't hurry.

They dined alone—it was Annette's home-coming. Very lovely she looked, her face all life, her eyes sparkling.

"Any excitement on the voyage?" asked Teddy in a lull.

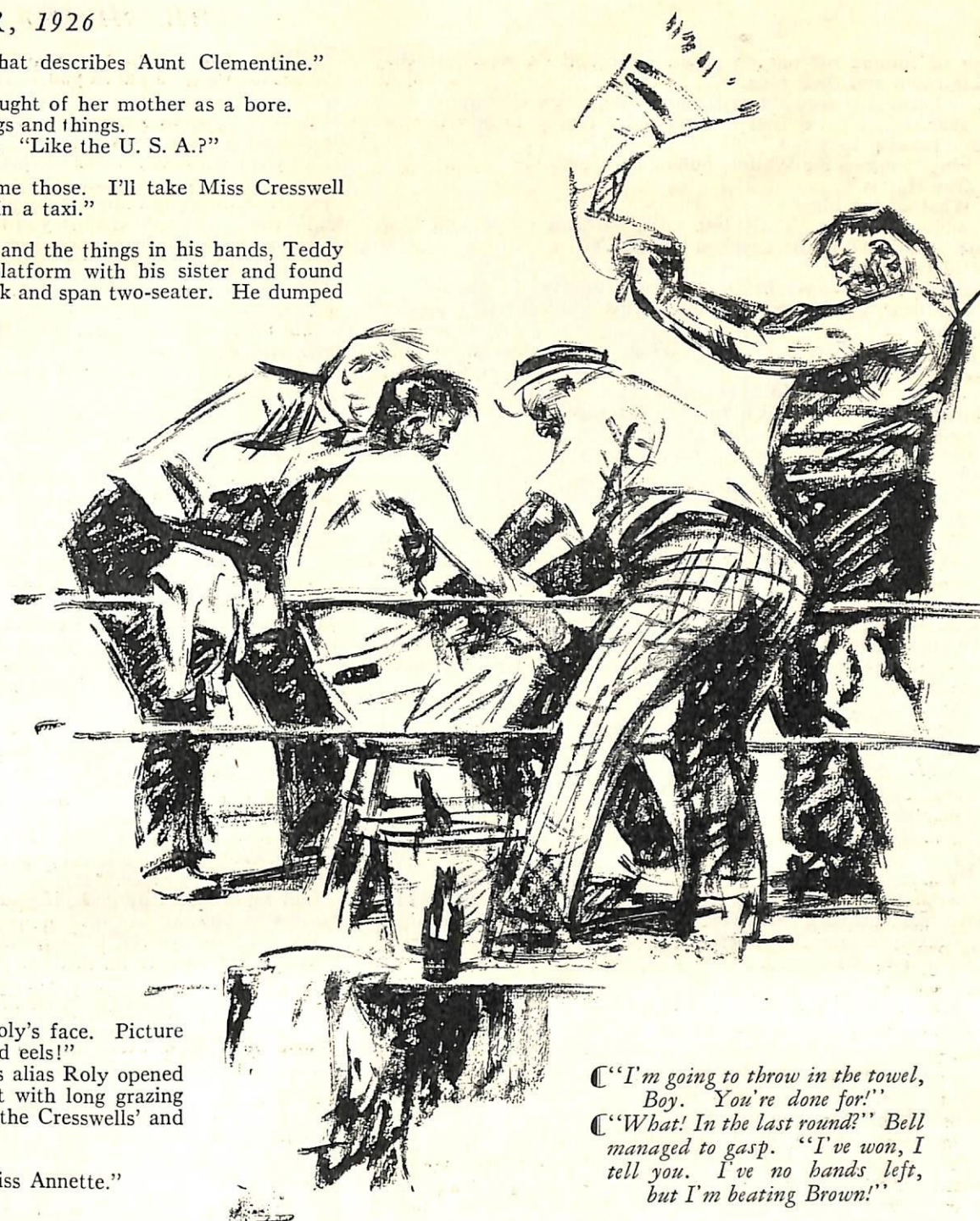
"No excitement. But something rather pathetic. A man died in the steerage, and was buried at sea. They got up a subscription for the widow."

My lady inquired the amount.

"Three hundred pounds."

"But she was able-bodied?"

"There were five children," said Annette.



"I'm going to throw in the towel, Boy. You're done for!"

"What! In the last round?" Bell managed to gasp. "I've won, I tell you. I've no hands left, but I'm beating Brown!"

"Good God!" And then Sir Walter said it was damned cold and wet and miserable, and why didn't they have a fire just because it was June?

And then Annette said suddenly:

"Oh, Teddy, I know what I was going to tell you. There was a boxer on board."

"Was there, by Jove?"

My lady supposed in the third-class.

"First, mother."

THE baronet said they made as much as film actors nowadays.

Annette said this one got two thousand pounds for a fight.

Teddy jumped and shouted: "You didn't come over with Peter Bell?"

"How on earth did you know?"

"He got that for knocking out Gus Harris in Jersey City."

They had reached dessert. My lady had halved a nectarine from the Kent glass-houses. "Annette, you didn't speak to this low fellow?"

She looked up and burst out laughing. To call Peter Bell a low fellow was so screamingly funny. "Speak to him? My dear mother, I played to him."

My lady rose—it was time. She had extraordinarily little

sense of humor for one so great. She and Annette left the dining-room and their men.

The baronet passed the port and Teddy drew nearer. "Thanks . . . So Bell has arrived. Funny Digger Brown should be over here too."

"Why?" asked Sir Walter, puffing to a match.

"Gus Harris."

"What about him?"

Teddy laughed. "Paris last year. Brown outpointed him there. And Bell's just knocked him out."

"I'd forgotten."

"Central News says Bell's over on a holiday."

"My dear Teddy, any of these chaps will fight if you offer enough."

"Wonder. What a match! Would draw London. Which would you back?"

"Neither—nothing in it between them." Teddy's eyes were shining. "I'd get Mellish to promote the show and give me a share."

Sir Walter's shone too. "Have another port. I'd come in with you."

"You would? Perhaps Bell's finessing for terms."

"Just bluffing."

Sir Walter Cresswell was shaving in the morning when Teddy Barton burst into his dressing-room with a newspaper.

"ALL bluff as you said, sir! Bell's out for blood. He'll take on anyone, any weight, any color, at his price. If he wins, twelve thousand dollars. Roughly two thousand four hundred pounds."

"Means Olympia."

"Or the Albert Hall. Sir, you meant what you said last night?"

"Every word of it."

"I'll put up a thousand quid. Will you?"

"Anything you like. Think Mellish will have cold feet?"

"Not if we guarantee the purse."

"You may."

"You're a brick, sir!"

The baronet whose jaws were white with soap flourished his razor and said with excitement: "Teddy—if Mellish cries off—by God, we'll take the Albert Hall and run the show ourselves."

"Forth would come in."

"Right."

Teddy banged out as he had banged in.

Peter Bell was breakfasting at his leisure when he saw a young man making a bee-line towards him. Fair he was, with a little mustache, and darned smartly dressed. And by the way he walked, Bell knew he had a manner all his own.

Yes, by gosh, it was that young man!

His brain flashed quick as it did in the ring. What trick was fate playing? Had she sent him here? The young man held out his hand with a frank smile.

"I recognize you, Mr. Bell. My name is Barton. I'd like a few words with you."

"Sit down, sir," said Bell, with a sensitive laugh.

Without comment Teddy flung down hat, stick and gloves, jerked up his trousers and sat down. "By God, that was a fight of yours! I've come on business, but without breakfast. Was afraid of finding you out. Waiter . . . Mr. Bell, do you mind?"

"Surely not, I'm delighted."

"Waiter—coffee, a sole and the rest of it." And then he laughed, did Teddy Barton, and looked Bell in the eyes. "I've read your challenge. And I want you to give me till two o'clock to fix you up."

"I guess I'm used to hustle in my country!"

"Oh, we can get a move on here once in a while."

Each accepted that.

"You're out for blood," said Teddy. "Good. What about Digger Brown's?"

"Do fine."

The coffee came, the sole took longer.

"I'm pushing off to see him now," said Teddy.

"Heard of Mellish?" Teddy asked.

"Your big promoter?"

"You've hit it. I've been on the 'phone to him. He has a liver and thinks you're greedy."

"Very kind of him."

"I said you had won that fight and you had come across

first-class on the Adric," said Teddy, with an engaging smile.

"I seem to have a pal in you."

And Bell now made sure that that girl was behind it all.

"Well, I've fixed up Mellish," said Teddy; and turned to the waiter. "Sole? Good."

"To cut the cackle," went on Teddy, tackling his fish, "Mellish will promote the fight, with the purse guaranteed. Well, it is—but I didn't tell him. I know what you want if you win; what's the least you'll take if you lose?"

"I don't care a bent nickel. I'm going to win."

Teddy laughed quietly. "I knew you were going to say that, Bell. That's bloody fine . . . So you leave it to me?"

"Absolutely."

"Then we're going to put up a three thousand pound purse, Forth and my step-father and I. The winner's end of it will be two thousand five hundred pounds, the loser's five hundred. Does that suit you?"

"You're giving me more than I asked."

"What's a hundred here and there?" He gulped coffee, and said, "Forgive my hurrying. I've tracked Digger to a dug-out in Bloomsbury, and I'm gambling on his rising late."

He rose. "Then subject to confirmation by two o'clock it's on?"

"My hand on it."

"I say, they're damaged a bit, aren't they?"

"Oh, they'll get over it. I guess the fight won't be staged before three weeks?"

"My hand on that." He picked up gloves, hat and stick.

"Say here, Mr. Barton, you're all there. Wonder can you tell me who wrote this? 'A primrose by a river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more?'"

"God knows."

"I don't believe He does."

"Well, so long, Bell," and he was gone.

"Excuse me, sir."

"What is it, waiter?"

"That er—that quotation, sir, about the primrose. I read poetry—it's a hobby of mine. It's from the British Lake poet William Wordsworth, and it seemed to me funny that the poem should bear your name."

Bell said, "Well, by gosh, if you aren't the only man in the world who knows!"

He went out to see little London, and he bought a book. When he got back to lunch there was a telegram; it read:

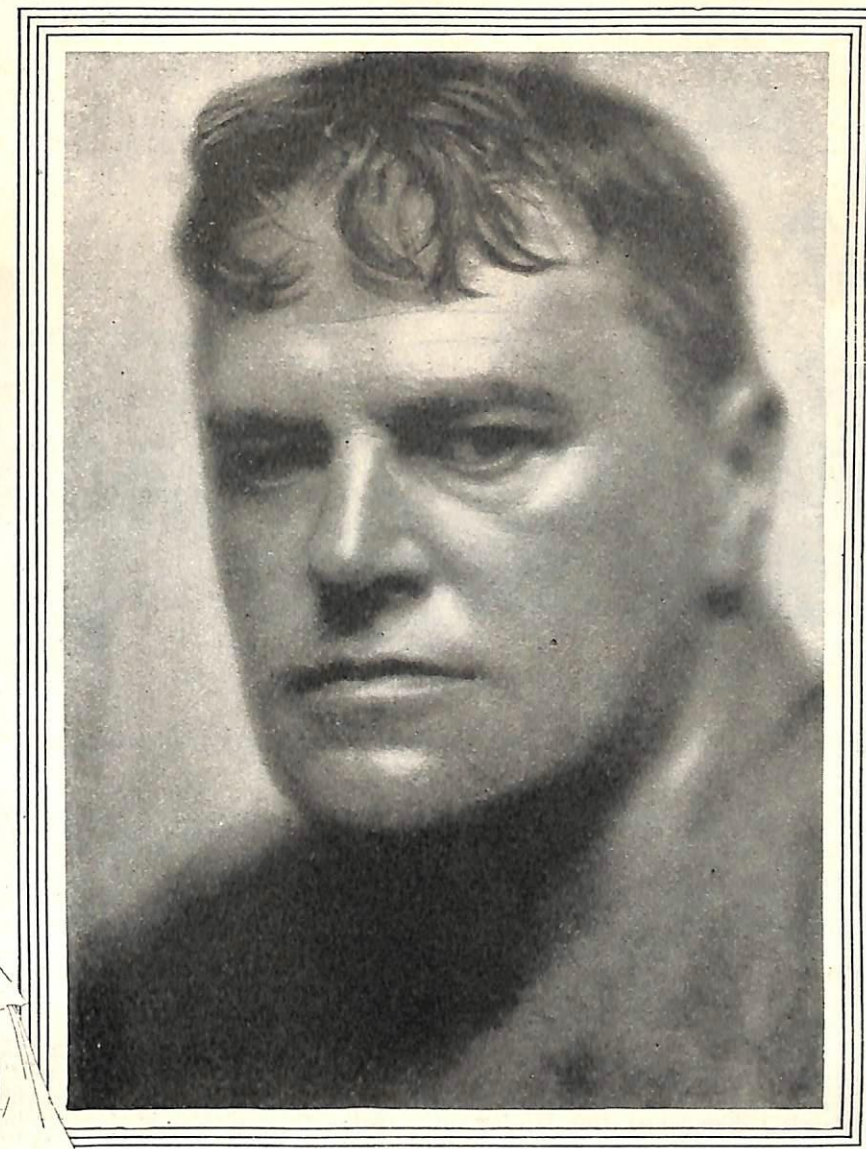
DIGGER BROWN GAME ALBERT HALL
LAST WEEK JULY SIGN ARTICLES
SPORTSMAN OFFICES MONDAY IN A
MUCK SWEAT—TEDDY BARTON

IN THOSE last days of June and the first days of July another than Bell might have lost his sense of proportion. There were others besides Teddy Barton and his stepfather who knew that "a man's a man for a' that." Teddy introduced him to them. There were the sporting peers Lords Forth and Hever who were fans to the backbone. And then there was Captain Cecil Brooker who commanded the King's company; and others from the crack schools and regiments who were hail, fellow! well met with Peter Bell.

But Bell hard and fast as a greyhound had a nose like a whippet. It didn't take him many days to smell the truth. There was a subtle, invisible something common to all these young men who were the best of Britain. They would lunch him; they would nod to him or talk to him at Sandown or wherever it was; they would take him to their clubs . . . but never to their homes. Anything but one thing they would discuss with him freely—their women were sacred. He was as sensible as he was sensitive. He had no grievance. His American citizenship notwithstanding, he was a prize-fighter.

But the discovery was no revelation. He knew all that. He felt it, but wasn't hurt. That girl hadn't introduced him to Teddy Barton—it was against her tradition; Teddy Barton had never mentioned her—it was against his . . . and he supposed too they were engaged to be married. Well, he liked Barton, mustn't grudge him his luck.

He made other acquaintances, of course—knew many already—who were of his own status. Pugs, fans, bookies, publicans—who introduced him to their women. And thank God he wasn't above knowing any of them because he was stopping at a crack hotel. And there was one poor devil he had met as a topline at Madison Square Garden, whom [Continued on page 51]



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE—

—says one of the chief victims of
the World War is Manners



Illustrations by John Held, Jr.
Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Dead MANNERS

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE War killed many who could not be spared. The Motor-car has killed many more unsparables. By digging deep enough in the archives you can find an almost full list of those killed by the War and by Motors. I say, "almost" full, because the name of the most unsparable martyr to the wholesale double slaughter is not enshrined there—the chief victim of both War and Motors.

The victim's name is Manners.

The dual influx of the World War and the automobile combined to slay Good Manners. Good Manners was sick enough without that double push to destruction. But they finished the job.

Now before you go any further—if you have gone thus far—rid your mind of the idea that this is to be an old man's snarl at the manners of the young. It is not. It is just a rambling sketch; citing a few things about Manners, which perhaps you

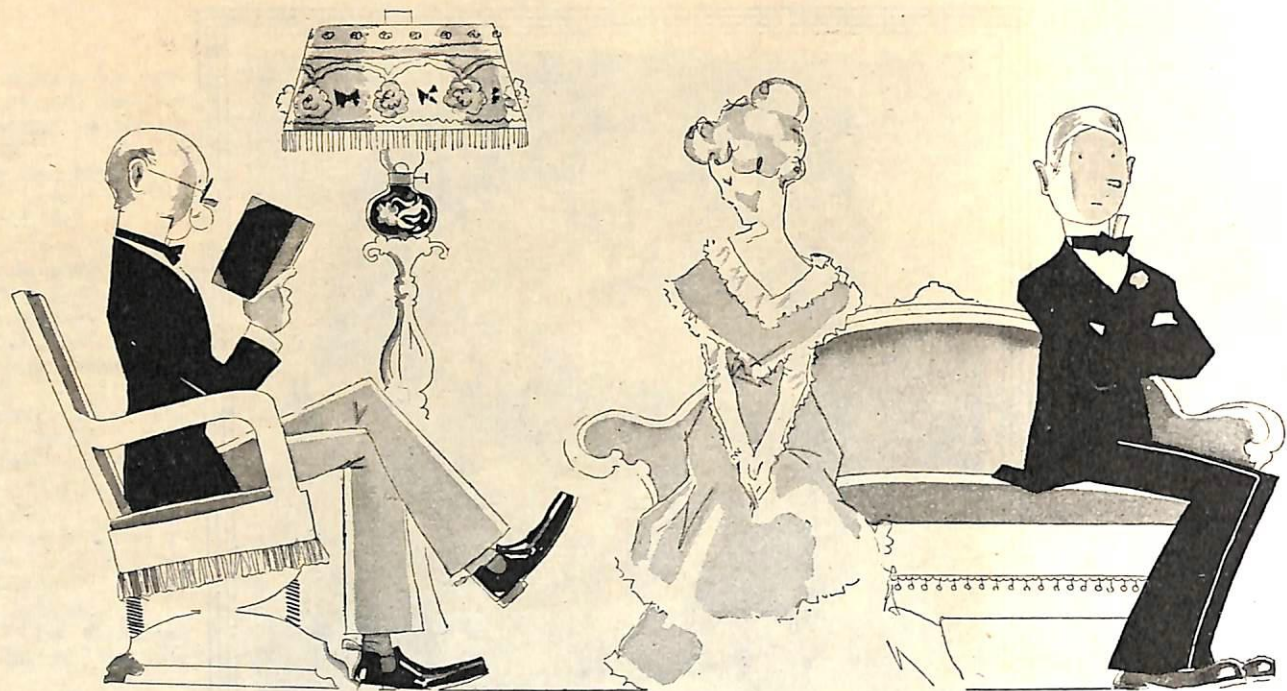
have not happened upon in the square and angle of your work.

As such, it ought to interest you quite as much as would the biography of Tut-an-Khamen or of anyone else who is irretrievably defunct.

I am here to bury Manners, not to praise them. For my own part, I never had overmany of them, at my best. But always I admired them in others; even as I admired the boy who stood on the burning deck or John Brown or the Noble Army of Martyrs. One can admire a thing sincerely, without wanting to imitate it.

By the way, this isn't anything new I am writing about. I'll prove that by telling you of a picture I saw in an art shop. It was on twin panels and it was called "Then and Now."

The first panel depicted an Eighteenth Century beau, bending hatless in the rain, above the hand of a furbelowed dame in a sedan chair. The second panel showed a modern man



(In the days of OUR youth: not much chance of calling her by her first name in the first ten minutes.

talking to a woman in Central Park. The woman was seated in a carriage. The man stood at the wheel, hat on head, cigar in mouth, blowing smoke in her direction as they chatted.

Oh, I forgot to say, there was a date under each panel! The first panel (that of the bewigged and hatless beau and the grande dame in the sedan chair) was 1786. The panel of the cigar-smoking man in Central Park was 1886.

The picture was popular in my childhood. Oldsters shook their heads over it and bewailed the passing of good manners; even as I am bewailing them, now.

Yet that was forty years ago! Long before either the World War or the Motor-Cars.

Eighteenth Century dramatists bemoaned the lapsing of stately Seventeenth Century manners. I have a morbid feeling that Adam and Eve lamented the increasing slump of Cain's and Abel's manners.

To me it is a miracle that Manners lasted as long as they did; considering how badly each new generation sapped them. But, for the most part, they are stone dead, now. I am speaking of the Manners of a bare thirty years ago.

We had Manners of a sort, then, some of us. The oldsters had more of them than did we youths. I used to see white-haired men get up in crowded streetcars and give women their seats far oftener than I saw lads of my own age do so.

We young fellows, meeting a girl of our own class, never thought of calling her by her first name in the first ten minutes; and by her cherished nickname, ten minutes later. It was a matter of weeks, at the very least, before we got to the "first name" phase of an acquaintance.

There was a fellow of my age who acquired a lurid repute among us by telling his father to go to hell. I heard him say it. For an instant I was divided in belief, as to whether the lightnings of heaven would smite him down or whether his father would save them the trouble.

During the past five years I have known several younglings of both sexes, in my own acquaintance, who consigned verbally one or both their parents to such a fate; and nobody seemed to think much about it. Even the parents exhibited so mild a shock that it was evident the phrase had been hurled at their calloused heads more than once before.

I can speak only for myself, of the older generation. My father was a clergyman and a consistent Christian. But he was also a Man, and an athlete. If I had bidden him to go to hell, my later apologies to him must have been voiced from the accident ward of the nearest hospital; from the morgue, I am sure, had he heard me say such a thing to my mother.

Yet, today, it is said not only in words but in overt actions. Parents seem to take it more or less as a matter of course, for the most part.

Youths of my age and of my set would no more have thought of remaining seated when a woman came into the room than

of going to a dinner in their bare feet. Also, few and awedly admired were the lads under twenty who were free to go where they would, every evening, and to stay out as late as they might choose to; without first naming their alleged destination to their parents. I don't say they always went to the same places they declared they were going or that their excuses for getting home at 3 A. M., instead of at midnight, always stood the acid test. But there was at least a nominal control of their hours.

Night after night, as I am taking a five-mile walk, before I go to bed, I see scores of petting parties in cars, along the country roads—petting parties which are in full swing as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. The girls—some of them, anyhow—are of good class. All of them are young.

This means that innumerable reputable girls are allowed to be out-of-doors and with men, unchaperoned, for the best part of the night. These girls may be quite as good, morally, as were the demurer damsels of the Nineties. But if I or any other youth had gone out somewhere—unless to a severely reputable dance—with a decent girl, and had not landed her on the parental doorstep until somewhere around three o'clock in the morning—well, there would have been more trouble for me than I like to think of; and there would have been the smuggest kind of a smear on the girl's name for long thereafter.

There were, roughly, two varieties of girls, in those good (or bad) old days—the kind of girl one marries and the kind of girl one doesn't. No doubt there is the same general distinction, now. But if I were young again, I should be sorely puzzled to guess just which kind is which.

Yes, I admit there is a jolly frankness and goodfellowship between boys and girls nowadays, that we lacked. But—

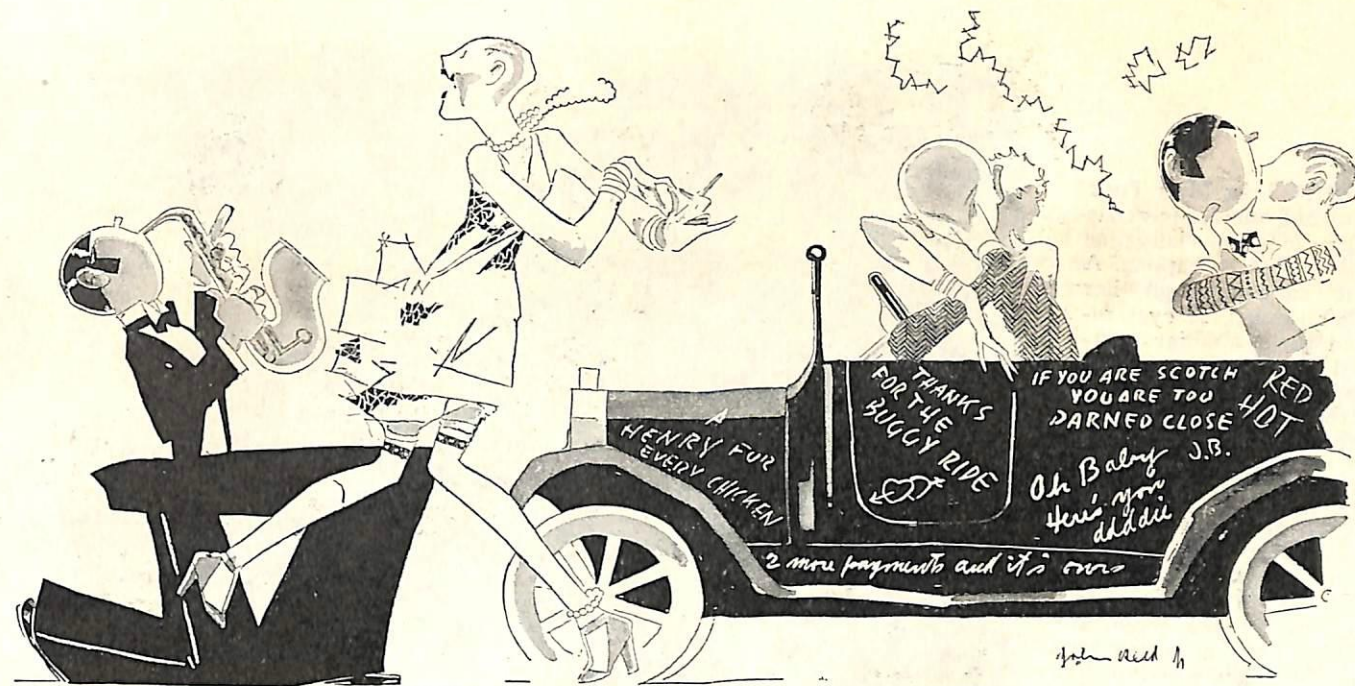
Let it go at that.

There is one plaint of my fellow-fogeys that I cannot endorse: To me the clothes—such of them as there are—worn by the girl of the day, seem the acme of comfort and good sense. Also, they are honester than the garments of yesteryear.

The 1893 girl wore long and cumbersome skirts and she blushed more or less prettily when a vagrant breeze exposed six inches of her lower calf. Yet she wore bathing suits as short as the walking skirts of today and even shorter; and she thought nothing of doing so. Why propriety should have been a matter of sea-level is beyond my feeble comprehension and always was.

So much for sartorial manners. They are better today, and infinitely saner, than yesterday's. Even as a crabbed and snuffy oldster I must admit that.

But that is as far as I am willing to go. It was all a matter of custom and of opportunity—or lack of opportunity—our 1893 mannerliness. It was handed down—if diluted—from an earlier and courtlier generation; and no cataclysm had wrecked it.



(Scene: Almost any country road at two or three o'clock in the morning. A petting party in full swing.

Home was a good deal of a place, then; and family evenings still existed. You've seen pictures of those family evenings—"Home Evenings," we called them—haven't you; those of you who are too young to remember them and who have only heard them croaked longingly about by your grandsires?

The day's work was over. The family gathered in the living-room. Usually there was a big center table with a lamp on it. Some of the children were at work there with their lessons; hurrying to get through in time for the "reading aloud hour" before bedtime. Others of the family were reading or sewing. That sort of thing.

Oh, I concede it was slow, sometimes; though most of us did not know it was slow until we looked back—far, far back and with a throat-constricting wistfulness—at it. There was a placid pleasure and a restfulness about those Home Evenings; and a brooding Peace. The day was done. We were all together, we who loved one another.

Of course there were many nights when the big room was all but empty. Nights when dinners or dances or theater or opera or calls or any of a score of other social engagements depleted the group. But the Home Evenings were more frequent than were the evenings away from home. They welded the family, firm and safe; or so it used to seem to me.

In a comic paper—Puck, I think—back around 1890, there was a merry tale of a boy who fled from home because he could not stand home life. The Judge asked if he had been cruelly treated. In reply, the boy sketched the dull dreariness of one Home Evening after another, year after year; until the court, weeping in sympathy, set him free and bade him keep on running until he had put half the world between himself and such torture.

I tell that incident, in common fairness, to show there was rebellion and scoffing against the Home Evening, in that prehistoric day. But the Home Evening was an institution, none the less. It had endured since the first cave-couple gathered their brood about them, after dark, in front of the fire that kept wild beasts from the cavern-mouth; and whiled away the hours before sleepiness crept in on them, by intimate talk and instruction.

It endured, all over the world, until the War let down every age-old barrier; sowing broadcast the seed of fever-restlessness in the young. The motor-car and the dance halls and a dozen other diversions taught Youth how to abate that restlessness.

So the Home Evening went; and with it went a subtle Something which can never be reborn. Perhaps the "Something" was only Manners. Perhaps it was also something bigger and deeper. In any case, it is dead.

So, at last, there is no place like home—no place anything resembling it—in far too many households. Are the modern substitutes great enough to make up for what they dislodged?

I am asking the question. I am not wise enough to answer it.

Home and Manners were interknit. So were home and a pleasant patriarchal and matriarchal sovereignty which, in most cases was wise and sweet. We used to get wonderfully well acquainted with all our family in those long Home Evenings. As we were thrown on one another for companionship, instinctively we sought the best in one another, rather than the worst. As a rule, we found it.

Please don't think I am old enough and idiotic enough to claim that each and every Home Evening in each and every house was blissful. It was not. In some families it was sprinkled with red pepper and horseradish. In such households it was a nightly-refought battle, without rules; or a sulking in the trenches.

But, in five homes out of six, I believe it was far pleasanter than otherwise; just as I believe five married couples out of six used to make the very best of themselves and of each other, knowing they were life-partners and must depend on each other to the end for whatever family joy and peace there was to be made out of their union. This, before each realized, as now, that divorce is an ever-open doorway and an ever-possible surcease for the flimsiest marital squabbles.

When I was young, a right maudlin song was still in vogue. It began: "Where Is My Wandering Boy, Tonight?" Church-sociable sopranos used to sing it, in pink silk and with pathetic tremolo.

In "The Old Homestead"—a rural drama of much charm for the unsophisticated, like myself—an offstage chorus chanted it while a bereft father mused as to the fate of his wayward son. As the father mused and the chorus chanted, a stereopticon view was flashed, wherein the Wandering Boy was seen draped against a bar, drinking a huge and tempting glass of beer.

Sometimes, in that era, a boy grew tired of the sameness of home and of Home Evenings; and ran away. Not even the most optimistic of the neighbors could imagine him as making good in the world, somewhere, and doing hard and honest work for a livelihood. At once he became the titular Wandering Boy; supposedly drinking himself to death in such odd moments as he could spare from the forging of checks and the robbing of poor-boxes.

He was the exception, not the average. But if every radio, this evening, should wail forth a static-streaked rendition of "Where Is My Wandering Boy, Tonight," the mother who could answer the question correctly would be far harder to find than was the occasional widow who used to burst into tears when she heard the same song thirty years ago.

Not that the present-day mother's boy is wandering, necessarily, into anything more pernicious than a petting party or a night club or a dance-hall or to the quasi-safe picture shows. The point is, she does not [Continued on page 64]

ALL DAY long Miss Tuck had had the feeling that something especially nice was about to happen. A little tune sang through her heart as her timid blue eyes recommenced their familiar journey around the bronze gold walls of the Varney Galleries.

It was the second anniversary of her going to work there and she loved everything about her job. Incidentally it was her thirty-fifth birthday. To Miss Tuck this latter was a fact of very secondary importance. During the thirty-three years she had spent in her somber Boston red-brick home, slave to the vagaries of a neurotic father, her birthday was differentiated from other days only by a deepening of the habitual gloom. Her coming to that home had marked the hour of her frail mother's going and to the moment of his death Jonathan Tuck never forgave his only daughter for that black passing.

Life for Aurelia Tuck began that afternoon two years ago when she presented her father's letter to old Mr. Varney. The letter was his legacy to her. Otherwise he had left her a heavily mortgaged house, a sheaf of unpaid bills, and a deep sense of her own inferiority. He had left her also a knowledge of pictures and an appreciation of beauty such as no other man in America could have bequeathed.

But of these she was quite unconscious. They were as much a part of her as the tissue thin skin on her small, white hands, the cameo cut of her nostrils, or the way she had of drawing in her slim shoulders as though to take up just as little of the crowded world's room as possible. This gesture too was a left-over from those grim Boston years when the dominant concern of her life had been to attract as little of her father's notice as possible. To keep always within call yet outside the range of his displeasure. That was as much as Aurelia Tuck ever hoped of life in those days.

And now she had this . . . All of it. There was a catch in her breath as she thought of it. The lovely gracious spaces of this room. The soft feel of the golden carpet underfoot. April's first sun flooding through the bronze gauze of curtains. Her mind went back to the day when she had seen the gallery for the first time. How kind Mr. Varney had been. She wondered, now that it was past, where she had ever mustered the courage to come to New York and ask for employment. She was like a person who has lived all her life on an island, suddenly during the mainland that has thrilled, beckoned and repelled always.

She remembered the quizzical lift of Mr. Varney's gray head as he raised his eye glass he always wore on a black ribbon,



Very, Very BEAUTYFUL

By Bessie Beatty

(BEAUTY is REAL even in a WORLD of UNREALITY)

and looked intently at her for a long time without speaking. Many people had looked at Miss Tuck but Mr. Varney was probably the first person who had ever seen her. Most people, if they remarked her at all, saw only a drab little spinster of uncertain years, colorless, vague and unimportant.

"Well, well! So you're Jonathan Tuck's girl!" The exact quality of his tone came back to her now as she recalled that interview. "He must have led you a life!" And when she blushed and opened her lips in defense, he silenced her with a wave of two slim fingers.

"Oh I knew him. And I owe him something for that knowledge too. It was he who backed me up when I first began buying the Impressionists. He believed in them when Zola's



(Dr. Pelanc's eyes were upon her, and his voice was deep with content. "You almost make me believe in myself," he said. "I have little faith in my ability to get or keep what I want.")

Very, Very BEAUTYFUL

By Bessie Beatty

(Illustrations by Wallace Morgan)

was the only other voice on two continents lifted in their defense. When my clients deserted me like rats leaving a ship, he swore and told me to let them go.

"Plunge, Varney old man. Buy more. Back them with the last dollar you've got. New clients will come." That was his advice to me and he was right. He was the greatest critic of his day.

Miss Tuck dropped her eyes for a second that Mr. Varney should not see how moved she was. He had done Jonathan Tuck and Jonathan Tuck's daughter a greater office than he knew that afternoon, for in five minutes he had sketched a portrait that was to become a more vivid likeness of her father in Aurelia Tuck's mind, than all the wretched poses of himself he had left in her memory.

When she looked up again Mr. Varney was staring hard at her, two deep lines between his bushy, white eyebrows:

"I won—der?" He speculated half to himself. Then:

"If you have his flair for pictures you will be—"

He left the sentence unfinished and abruptly he brought her to this very room. For a time she forgot all about him—all about everything but the beautiful walls surrounding her. He let her eyes wander uninterrupted, saw them light, applaud, devour. Heard her murmur, "Beautiful. Very beautiful."

Then suddenly he recalled her: "Will you be ready to come to work Monday at nine o'clock?"

And here she had been for two wonderful years. She could come as early in the morning as she liked, and stay as late at night. She was the first to work and the last to leave. Sometimes she felt as though she never left at all. Her body inhabited the tiniest possible cubicle of space up under the eaves of Mrs. Pennington's boarding house but her mind winged back at night to the quiet spaces of the gallery.

And the pictures! These magic windows flinging wide upon a world of beauty. Beauty! The word was like a caress as she spoke it aloud. Her eyes dwelt broodingly upon the somber gray beauty of Pissarro's "Matin brumeux"; the sluggish, gray Seine flowing so slowly beneath the arches of the bridge at Rouen; gray smoke of tug boats swirling to meet gray sky. A slight turn of her small birdlike head brought her into the hushed breathless beauty of a summer meadow. She could almost smell the bleaching hay and hear the hum of unseen bees.

Then the yellow singing beauty of Monet's cathedral façade, tossing music to heaven like organ pipes playing in the sunlight. Beyond it the cold chaste beauty of naked birches against the snow.

Why the whole world was here in this room . . . And all the seasons. Hers to explore and to enjoy. Her eye came to rest at last on the little Renoir nearest to her desk. A pastel. "Deux Femmes." So slight a thing. And so exquisite. Only a sketch, but her favorite. Mr. Varney had brought it home and ordered it hung there just a year ago today. She always kept it for the last.

"Very beautiful! Very, very beautiful," she said it aloud.

They were her best friends, those two women. Often she talked to them. And sometimes they almost answered her. They were always just about to walk away, yet there they stood in the French street waiting for her. At times when she felt especially courageous she fancied herself going boldly up and linking arms with them and starting off to the nearest tea shop.

She heard herself saying, "Lemon or cream?" with the utmost ease. It would be nice to go to tea sometimes; to have someone real to talk to. As quickly she drew back from the idea. People frightened her. Two or three times at Mrs. Pennington's she had almost mustered enough courage to ask one of the women to go on a Sunday afternoon to the Metropolitan Museum with her. Always at the last minute she became self-conscious and tongue-tied. She could not do it, and

acquaintanceships never progressed beyond "Good-morning" and "Good-evening." Even with Mr. Varney, who was almost a god in her eyes, she had little conversation, and young Renshaw, the manager, terrified her so that she could not speak at all.

As if her thought had suddenly materialized him, Renshaw opened the door:

"The old man wants you. He's got some queer penguin down there who wants to meet you."

"Me? There must be some mistake!"

"Now Miss Tuck don't get frightened. Just my little way of putting it. He's interested in extracting one of these obscure bits of erudite information about masterpieces for which you are so justly famous."

Renshaw prided himself on his "line." He was dapper and glib and not averse to exhibiting both of these achievements to any feminine eye, even Miss Tuck's. In the bosom of his recently acquired family where that "line" was rehearsed to an admiring audience of one, it was made very evident just who was responsible for the success of the Varney Art Galleries.

On the floor below, old Mr. Varney and his friend, Dr. Pelanc, were discussing that "line":

"I know what you think of him, Conrad," Mr. Varney was saying, reading the glance the little, dark, middle-aged visitor, had thrown at his manager's retreating back. "The fellow's a fool. But he's useful. Chaps like Himan, with more money than taste, fall for his 'line,' as they say nowadays. He doesn't really know anything about pictures but he knows something about business. And as you used to be pleased to remind me, I'm not averse to turning an honest penny in the name of art or any other."

DR. PELANC smiled and shook his head, affection in the soft tones of his voice and his bright dark eyes. He spoke with the slight over-emphasis of one who talks a familiar but foreign tongue:

"Ah, the same old Varney!"

"It's all very well for you visionaries to lift your eyebrows. But the man who pays rent on Fifth avenue these days must have a sharp eye to the client with the bank account. Besides, I know enough about pictures for both of us. Then—well, there's Miss Tuck, too."

"She is good, is she?"

"Good? Man, she's incredible. I don't dare admit to myself how good she is."

"Perhaps, my dear Varney, it is that your conscience would force you to a reconsideration of her weekly stipend?"

"Exactly."

"Could she be the daughter of Jonathan Tuck?"

"The same. But surely he was before your time."

"He still echoes. I ran across a criticism of his in an old file in the library the other day."

"Good art critic. Must have been a devil of a father. Kept her practically shut up in his house in Boston for thirty odd years. Here in New York she's like a wraith from another planet. But you? The same old bookworm, I suppose. Spend your days in the laboratory and your nights in the library and leave life to youngsters like myself."

"Life?" His visitor nodded whimsically. "That is a variable quantity, Varney. Like truth it is minted anew by every man according to his need."

A timid knock interrupted them. The door opened a very little and Miss Tuck slipped noiselessly through.

"Did you want me, Mr. Varney?"

She stood with her back against the gray oval of the paneled doorway. In her black dress, high to the neck and long sleeved, her ashen hair parted and fastened in the simplest knot, she looked to Dr. Pelanc like a quaint old daguerreotype in an oval frame.

Even before Mr. Varney spoke, Miss Tuck had become aware of the intentness of the stranger's gaze upon her. Miss Tuck was not used to being looked at so. A blush spread over her ivory cheeks and burned red on the lobes of her small ears.

"Two things, Miss Tuck," Mr. Varney was saying. "First let me present my friend, Dr. Pelanc. He wants to know the size of the National Gallery Holbein. He flatters us by coming, Miss Tuck. You'd never suspect to look at him how much he knows about our business."

Dr. Pelanc bowed low over Miss Tuck's hand.

"My friend, Varney, will have his little joke, Miss Tuck. I am a very simple man of science. Of art I am only an amateur critic. With your indulgence, perhaps—"

"Well, well, have it your own way, Pelanc. Get Miss Tuck to show you that new Sisley I brought back last year."

"Yes, Mr. Varney. And is there something else?"

"To be sure. I almost forgot. I'm off to Paris tomorrow? Flying trip. Back in six weeks or two months. Let me have a list of the prices brought at the last Hamilton sale, please?"

BACK in her own quarters Miss Tuck's slim fingers turned the pages of reference catalogues. In the quiet of the gallery the rustle of the paper was like the whisper of a little wind. Dr. Pelanc moved noiselessly from one gold frame to another. Once Miss Tuck looked up for a fleeting second and caught his intent bright gaze upon her. Her eyes dropped swiftly to their task again and the visitor resumed his circuit of the gallery. Quite abruptly he broke the silence:

"Beautiful! Very, ve-ry beautiful!"

Miss Tuck looked up startled. It was like an echo of herself, her words, her voice.

Dr. Pelanc was standing before the Renoir. It was the minute of the day when the afternoon sun striking through a high window, fell in long straight rays, like a spotlight, full upon it. It picked up the yellows on the canvas and danced with them in the Parisian street. It intensified the fleeting transitory quality that made it so completely a Renoir.

Miss Tuck smiled happily. In an age which measures masculine beauty in terms of chin and jaw-bone, no one could ever have called Dr. Pelanc handsome. His face was too narrow at the base for the breadth of forehead and the length of nose. His head seemed too large for a body considerably less than average height and slightly stooped from bending too much over the trying eye of a microscope. But Dr. Pelanc's face partook of the magic of the moment. Lit with the joy of his discovery, it seemed to Miss Tuck a very fine face, almost a beautiful one. And his eyes! Such seeing eyes. They seemed to look right into one, yet one didn't mind. How curious! She who was always so shy found herself speaking quite easily:

"You like it, too? It has been my favorite since Mr. Varney brought it back from Paris a year ago."

"Like it? Ah, but my dear young lady, how could one help it? It is exquisite. I think I have never seen a finer. I must have it. But how? That is the question."

"As these things go, it is not expensive. One thousand dollars. I have wondered that it has not sold before. Perhaps because it is so small. So many who come here want only the large beauties."

"That is cheap. I must think. I must think very hard. Tomorrow—may I come again?"

"Please."

YOU have given me a great pleasure Miss Tuck." He bowed himself out, and it was not until after he had gone that Miss Tuck realized he had left without the information he had come seeking.

Miss Tuck stayed late at the galleries preparing the price list for Mr. Varney. Her eye strayed frequently to the Renoir. She would miss it very much. More than once Mr. Varney and Mr. Renshaw had reminded her when she looked wistfully at a departing favorite, that commercial galleries were conducted for the purpose of selling pictures, not keeping them. It must go sometime. She smiled to think that this friendly stranger who loved it even as she did, would get it instead of some man like Mr. Himan who bought pictures to fill wall spaces and say he owned them. She tried to imagine in what sort of room it would hang. Where did Dr. Pelanc live? Was it a house? An apartment? How did people live in New York?

She walked over to the window and looked down upon the steel gray surface of Fifth avenue slashed with streaks of lights from the street lamps and pricked with the red and green will-o'-the-wisps of the taxicabs, dashing, stopping, dashing again.

All those little black specks down there were people. They all lived somewhere. But where? Mrs. Pennington's was the only house she had entered in two years.

Loneliness swept her. Fear. She felt suddenly terrified of this great New York about which she knew so little. She



(The hard coldness of Mr. Renshaw's tone made it impossible for her to speak. Suddenly there was a clatter and the Renoir, in full view of both men, fell accusingly at Miss Tuck's feet, face up.)

turned from the window and the mood passed. She was back in the friendly arms of the gallery again. Her beautiful job! This wonderful room! Here she was safe. And happy. What an exciting day it had been!

When Dr. Pelanc came the next afternoon they laughed together over the incident of the forgotten memorandum. He noticed that her laugh was shy. Tentative. More the promise of a laugh than the laugh itself. He wanted to hear it again. She really had a dimple when she laughed. It would be nice to make her really laugh . . . Often.

They discussed the Renoir. Dr. Pelanc sighed:

"You see I'm one of these men who lack decision. Not one of your strong business men who see always the black and the white of everything and know always how to choose."

"But one buys a picture for all of one's lifetime. It is important. One should take time."

He gave her a grateful smile:

"You see there is something more to it. In a month I shall receive a legacy that is due me . . . oh a very little legacy. But curiously it is just enough . . . A thousand dollars. I had quite made up my mind to use it to go back to Prague this summer. It is twelve years since I was there and there have been many changes. But it is not fair that I should bore you with my personal problems. Forgive—"

"Oh please." Miss Tuck's eyes and lips; the very way her

slim, little body sat in its chair, urged him to continue.

"You are very easy to talk to—and for me it is not always easy. Sympatica. That is it. I am often timid with people."

"Oh I know. I'm like that too—with everyone—well almost everyone."

It was agreed between them that no one could possibly go wrong on the Renoir. But also that one must weigh things of this sort carefully. He would drop in from time to time to look at the picture. There would be time enough before the money arrived.

In the three weeks that followed Dr. Pelanc came often to see the Renoir. Always he chose that hour in the late afternoon when the shaft of sunlight from the window was full upon it. It was the best moment for the doctor. By that hour he had put in a long day of concentrated work in his laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute and was ready to stretch his cramped body on the avenue.

Young April had fought a hard battle to down the lingering memory of a bitter March and spring in the granite city had never seemed more lovely. There were times those days when Dr. Pelanc whose passionate interest in his work was proverbial with his more easy going American associates, was tempted to throw his test tubes into the hopper and be off long before his conscience would grant permission.

In the gallery life went on as serenely as ever. If Mr.

Varney had been there it is possible his keen eyes would have detected a subtle change in Miss Tuck's appearance: a lift of the head perhaps, a new courage in her soft gray eyes. Mr. Renshaw, engrossed in his own affairs, was unaware of any difference and Miss Tuck herself knew only that to be alive, to work here in this beautiful place seemed each day a greater and a greater miracle.

As the afternoon sunlight drew nearer to the Renoir, she found her eyes straying more and more often to the door. Gradually sometimes in little snatches of conversation and sometimes in intervals of silence, she and Dr. Pelanc learned the important facts about each other's life and tastes. Once Dr. Pelanc spoke of his boyhood in Prague and opened a whole world of new bypaths she longed to pursue. Once when he had come late just as she was leaving, he asked to walk home with her, but she blushed and made some excuse.

He told her of the brick stables in Sniffen's Court where he lived. Of the little horde of treasures he had collected there through the years. He mentioned particularly a Poussin drawing, a seventeenth century thing he would like especially to show her.

Then on a Saturday afternoon three weeks from the day they met he surprised both himself and Miss Tuck by inviting and persuading her to come to tea with him the following afternoon.

"There is a spot for the Renoir I want you to see where the afternoon sun falls just as it falls here," he said.

It was agreed that they were to meet in the Rodin Room at the Metropolitan Museum at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. They would see the new American wing together and get back to Sniffen's Court in time for tea.

After he had gone Miss Tuck walked over to the Renoir: "Did you hear?" She asked of her two friends. "To tea. I'm going to tea. We—"

Voices in the doorway halted her. She turned to see Mr. Renshaw's disapproving look upon her, and just beyond his shoulder Mr. Varney's most opulent client, Mr. Himan. She blushed and hurried back to her desk. Mr. Himan nodded to her and the two men passed on down the gallery.

Their voices came back. Mr. Renshaw was talking the gallery patter with assurance. First he urged the claims of the Pissarro but as Mr. Himan's restless gaze turned to the Monet Cathedral, he as quickly re-aimed the battery of words:

"Yes. I see you have an eye for the best, Mr. Himan. There you have Monet at the very peak of his power. He—"

"What's this?" Mr. Himan had stopped before the Renoir. The afternoon sun was pointing it out with more telling emphasis than any young Renshaw could command.

Miss Tuck's thin, white hands clutched the desk. This man with a scratch of his pen could buy the whole gallery. "Not that," she said to herself. And in the second that she waited breathless for Mr. Renshaw's answer, she willed with all the power of her mind and her slim, little body: "He mustn't! He mustn't!"

"OH THAT," said the manager lifting his shoulders. "A Renoir. But only a sketch. Not bad in its way! But slight. Not your type exactly."

Miss Tuck could have hugged young Renshaw at that moment. He had shamefully belittled her favorite. She knew that he had done it because he was out for bigger game, but for once she was willing to betray artistic justice and let motives pass.

"Nice pair of old girls! Kinda quaint," said Himan, as Renshaw moved him on. Then they were gone and Miss Tuck relaxed in her chair. The Renoir was safe again. What if it had really slipped away before Dr. Pelanc had had his chance? It just seemed as though she could not have borne it.

Sunday was a day Aurelia Tuck was never to forget. In the weeks that followed she lived it over and over again, hugging it to her as though it were the only thing on earth she had to hold to.

She wore the simple black crepe dress of everyday. Life heretofore had made no demand upon her slender pay envelope for a Sunday best and the pay envelope had been spared the pain of refusal. It granted the boon of a bottle of Blackite from the drug store and with this and a bit of black lace from an old treasure chest of her mother's, she refurbished last year's hat. Her fingers trembled as she fastened the last thread and put it on. Excitement colored her cheeks and the eyes

that looked out at her from the small sunblotched oblong of mirror above the marble topped washstand were bright with expectation.

Dr. Pelanc was waiting for her on the broad steps at the Museum. In his striped, gray trousers and afternoon coat, a white carnation in his buttonhole, he seemed almost a stranger. For a panic second she wanted to turn and run down the stairs. Then his bright friendly eyes smiled straight into hers and she was warm and glad again. Safe, and at her ease.

They went first to the American wing:

"The light fails early there," he said. "They have tried to reproduce the Colonial Setting as it was in the days when your very young country was still younger, so there is no electricity."

For an hour they wandered from one low-ceilinged room to another, exclaiming over a cupboard here, the graceful arch of a doorway there, a great carved chest. Old glass. Old silver. The soft silken feel of mahogany surfaces under the touch of sensitive fingertips. They spoke seldom but neither was aware of the silences. They reentered the rooms according to their fancy and looking at his companion Dr. Pelanc found himself merely multiplying her again and again. How perfectly at home she seemed in these old rooms.

After the American wing there was a favorite Madonna he must show her, and one or two primitives. Then a taxicab whisked them downtown and dropped them in a quaint pocket of brick; a courtyard bricked underfoot and faced with old brick stables of fantastic shape, converted now to dwelling houses and studios with gay beckoning doors and bright tempting bits of curtained windows, spilling the red of geraniums out into the twilight.

Miss Tuck stopped at the entrance with a gasp and stared like a child looking at a peepshow:

"It isn't—surely, it isn't New York!"

"THE very core of it," said Dr. Pelanc. "And do you know that is one of the things I have come to love about your skyscraper city—it is so full of surprises?"

Then they were inside. She was sitting beside the tea table. The flames from the open fireplace glowed on the brick wall and touched the fine old timbers time grayed by all the years that had passed over them since the first pair of Younger Vanderbilts kept their first pair of carriage horses here. There was the Poussin drawing and not far away another which she recognized as a Tiepolo. And that bit of old tapestry with the lovely mellow colors—why this was more beautiful than the Varney galleries.

She heard herself saying, "Cream or lemon?" and Dr. Pelanc's "Lemon please, and sugar—two lumps."

He sat deep in his chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. His face was in shadow but she was conscious that his eyes were upon her. When he spoke his voice was deep with content.

How peaceful it was here. She felt herself wrapped around with peace. Yet she had never felt more alive in all her life. And how she was chattering. The sudden realization of it silenced her.

They sat so for some minutes, until Miss Tuck glancing at the window saw that it was quite dark outside and arose suddenly.

"Must you?" Dr. Pelanc asked.

"I have stayed longer than I knew."

"And the little French ladies—would they be happy here?"

"How could they help it? How—how could anyone help it?"

Dr. Pelanc took one of her hands:

"Thank you for that. You almost make me believe in myself. I have bungled so many times in life. I have let so many things slip through my fingers. I have very little faith in my ability to get or keep what I want."

"You mustn't say that. You have so much. Everything. Indeed you mustn't. But I know—I used to be like that too."

"And now?"

"Now? . . . It's all different. Life is so wonderful. But I must go."

"I shall not see you for a week," he said at the door. "I must go to Baltimore to compare notes with one of the men at Johns Hopkins. You will keep the Renoir safe for me?"

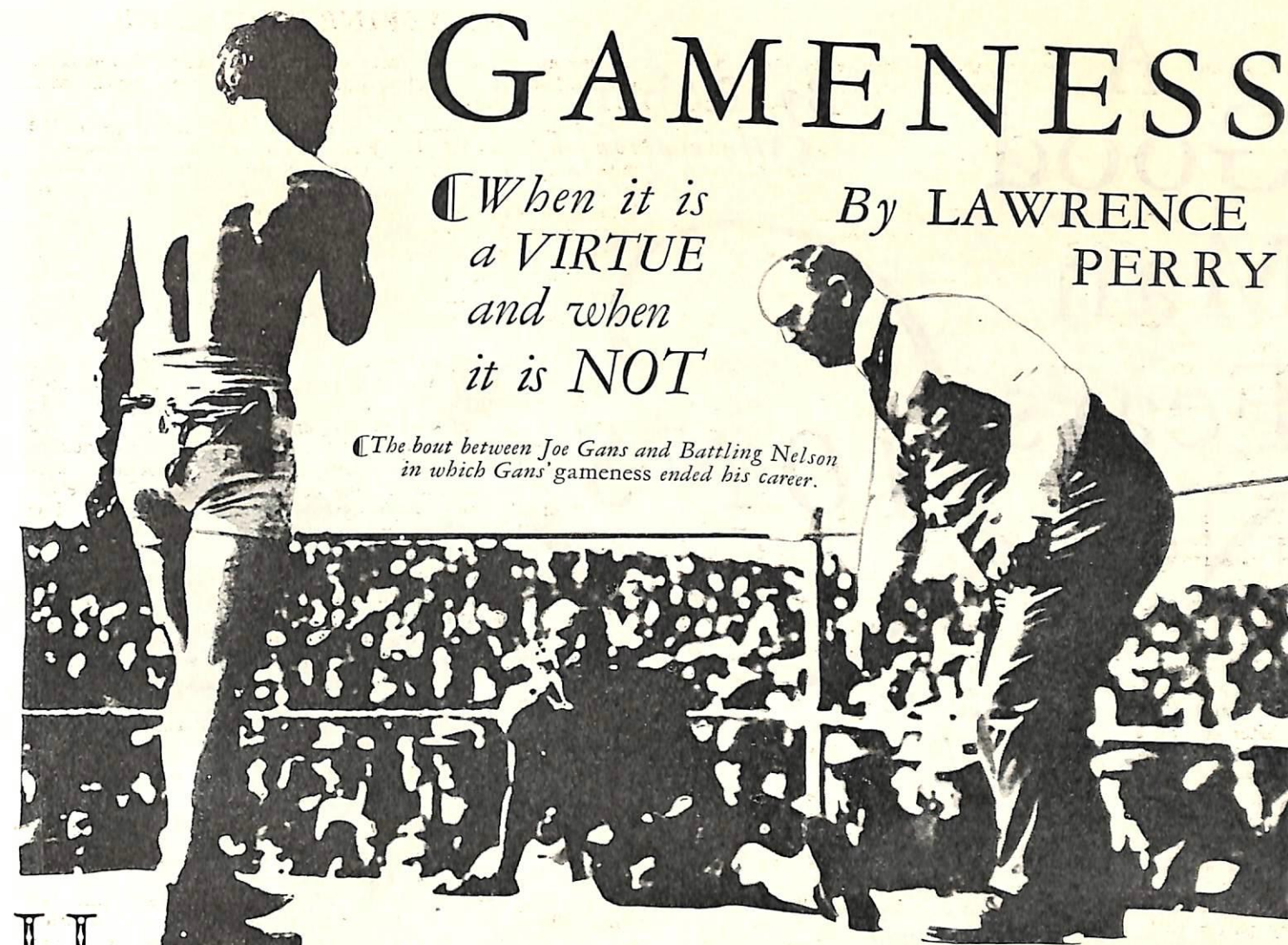
"Oh, yes."

He lifted her hand and kissed it. [Continued on page 62]

GAMENESS

When it is
a VIRTUE
and when
it is NOT

By LAWRENCE
PERRY



The bout between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson in which Gans' gameness ended his career.

HOW far should gameness in sports involving physical contact be carried by an athlete?

If you ask the fan he will answer that it should be carried to the limit—he will not say to the death, although sometimes when you hear the crowd roaring, "Oh you quitter!" "He's Yellow!" and the like, you realize that it would not take very much to carry the blood-thirsty rooters back to the thumbs-down days of the Roman Colosseum.

But to one who for years has sat and watched men "taking it" on the football gridiron, the wrestling mat or the prize ring and who knows athletes who have never recovered from the physical and mental effects of grueling punishment, there is definite realization of the fact that gameness can be carried altogether too far.

When a man is hopelessly beaten is the time for him to stop. Nothing is gained, except the empty plaudits of a crowd of nit-wits, most of whom would quit if someone who looked bigger and better than they slapped their faces or stepped on their toes.

How many of those who cheered Leo Pardello, the wrestler, when Frank Gotch had a toe-hold on him and nearly tore his leg off simply because Leo would not give in, would give him a cheer today? Not a one; because Pardello is a has-been. Or who cares now whether or not Dr. Roller insisted upon entering a second fall with Gama, the giant East Indian, after he had several ribs broken in the first fall?

Or who recalls the two years that Charley Hansen lay upon a hospital cot with a broken back which he received because he fought on with Zbyszko an hour or so after outraged nature warned him to stop?

There are former football players today broken in health, more than one mentally "not there," because they would not stop when they should have stopped.

Among prize fighters who have retired, or in fact who are still in the game, the number of those who are "balmy" from years of battling in which their ability as "catchers" has been more marked than their genius for dealing out punishing wallops is extraordinary.

The fight fan in the last analysis is responsible. He has little or no sympathy for the fighter who drapes his arms in front of his body to cover a vital spot, or runs into a clinch and hangs on until the referee pries him loose.

"Booo! Take him out! He's yellow!" The taunts of the fans rise thunderously.

The writer is not one to assert that a fighter or an athlete in whatever rigorous sport should quit as soon as he begins to feel the gaff. Everybody admires a brave man, and the willingness to stand pain in a contest is one of the elements that make competitive sports so worth their while in their effects upon the character of the participants. But there is a limit to everything.

Does bravery justify the pitiable condition of some of our fighters of the present time? It may be a surprising statement, and one that will not readily be accepted, but the fact remains that a majority of fighters of the present day are a little off mentally: "goo-y" to employ the vernacular of the fistic fraternity.

Out of the great army of fighters who have come out of the ring in the past ten years not a great many have found themselves mentally qualified to take up other vocations that require unimpaired mental faculties.

Recently at a great university when they were holding bouts for the college championship, one boy who had been quite badly punished received a clip on the jaw that glazed his eyes. He was practically helpless, although still on his feet and there was no telling what the next blow would do to him.

Johnny Rocab, who had come from Philadelphia to referee the bouts, stepped between the fighters and announced that the fight was over. The students gathered about the ring and jeered and hissed, ordering that the bout be permitted to proceed. Rocab held up his hands.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "this boy is badly punished. I can see by his eyes that he is practically out on his feet. Another blow might prove serious to him. I suggest that any of those who do not approve of my decision step down here and take this chap's place."

[Continued on page 67]

A Good Man Fears No LIONS

By Robert McBlair

(Illustrations by Kerr Eby)

.... an' it
DON'T PAY to be
NO SINNER!

"FEET, hol' yo' bre'f! Step easy!" Thus admonished, Mr. Fish Kelly's bare black feet took him noiselessly out of the parlor-bedroom, where Little Fish, in the wife's protracted absence at the revival meeting, was sleeping; and conveyed him through the pitch-dark hall and out of the front door of their home, No. 11 Queen street.

He sat down on the damp wooden doorstep and pulled on his shoes. A clock somewhere was striking twelve. The row of ramshackle wooden dwellings across the street mysteriously had disappeared behind billows of impenetrable fog. Only a pale glow around the lamp at the corner emerged from the gray silence.

Fish Kelly rose, and located in his pockets the matches, the oily paper, and the candle.

"Does dey ketch me," he murmured, "gwine be up de James River, bustin' rocks, for Fish."

His depression grew as he shuffled morosely down the foggy street and contemplated the elements of the situation. That morning, while he had been cleaning the rust from some fish hooks, the hall door had opened without ceremony. His light skinned father-in-law, who was a genuine lawyer, with an office of his own and a white clapboard house in the suburbs of the colored section, had stepped heavily into the parlor.

"Where is Macedonia?" Mr. Clinton's manner, ordinarily authoritative and dictatorial, was strangely uncertain. He took off his derby and passed a square yellow hand over a square yellow face. "She home yet?"

Mr. Kelly's prominent teeth emerged self-consciously against his thin inky countenance. "Naw, suh." He picked up the high blue celluloid collar and shrill red tie from the floor, and put them on. "She still prayin' I'll git religion."

"Heh!" Mr. Clinton's disdainful laugh was also absent-minded. He took a turn about the room, fingering the heavy goldlike chain which adorned the gray vest of his bulky abdomen. "Fish," he said abruptly, "I needs money sump'n' terrible. I got to git hold of a thousand dollars."

Fish paused in the act of hitching on a black form-fitting coat. His teeth retreated behind darkly pouting lips and he batted his eyes sullenly.

"Lissen here, Fish Kelly." Mr. Clinton's dark eyes became hard behind their horn-rimmed spectacles. His crooked gray mustache lifted unpleasantly. "You an' dat Jockey Johnson won a pile of money on dat horse Cunnel Carter give you-all

when he was drunk. 'Tain't no use you edgin' away from me toward dat door. I needs money, an' I got to git it. Had you kept dat horse out of dat race, I'd won 'stead of lost."

"Tain't my fault does you go an' bet on de wrong . . ."

"Fish Kelly, you lends me dat money or I sets you in jail."

"Jail?" Fish's prominent eyes became more prominent. "I ain't done nothin' to git me in no jail!"

"Ain't you?" Mr. Clinton's leer was not pretty to see. He whipped off and pocketed his spectacles. "Is you ever heerd of fo'cible entry? Don't answer me back! You had dat horse of you-all's in de stable nigh de Lincoln road, didn't you? You bus' de lock off to git in, didn't you? Well, dat's my stable—unnerstan'? Don't you run!"

FISH KELLY didn't run, but he progressed backwards through the hall, so busy watching the following powerful figure of Mr. Clinton that he bumped into a white gentleman.

"Jedge!" exclaimed Mr. Clinton, coming up, hat in hand. "Would you min', Jedge, tellin' dis no 'count nigger sump'n' I been tellin' him, Jedge, dat fo'cible entry am a prison offense."

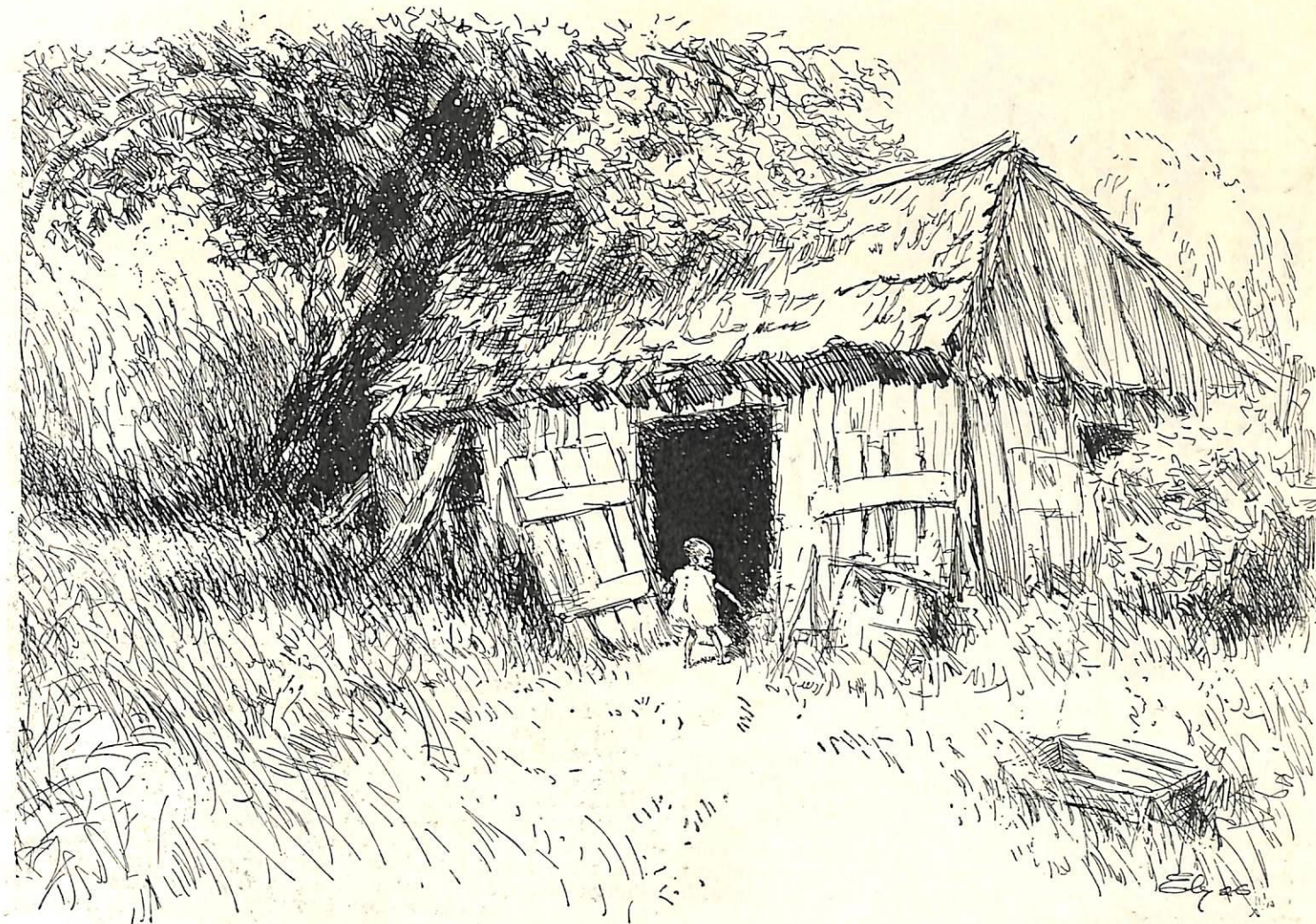
Judge Ambler leaned upon his ebony cane. His plump red cheeks and distinguished red-veined nose, his square-topped derby and cutaway coat imbued his exterior with authority.

"Forcible entry," he answered in a voice as mellow as old Bourbon, "is at least a misdemeanor and often a felony, of course." He brushed off his sleeve, nodded abstractedly and proceeded deliberately on his way.

"You hear what de Jedge done say? You gwine give me dat money, or no?"

"Mist' Clinton, I can't . . ."

"All right!" cried the agitated father-in-law. "You wait!" He whirled and climbed furiously into a small black glass-enclosed car at the curb. Fish's chin dropped in surprise. He had been about to explain that he couldn't draw the money from the bank until the return of Macedonia, who possessed a reading and writing education. Mr. Clinton evidently had



(Something stronger than his terror of the lion drew Fish Kelly on as Little Fish waddled into the stable where the deadly dynamite was about to explode.

thought he meant to refuse the loan. As Fish watched the automobile disappear around the corner he had a sense of relief, as if his luck had changed. But then he remembered Mr. Clinton's indomitable nature and acquaintance with legal wiles, and he felt a sickness at the pit of his stomach. Pulling his black slouch hat forlornly over his eyes, he shuffled disconsolately out the Huntersville road in search of Jockey Johnson.

He found Jockey seated on a stump in the vacant lot where that evening a circus was expected to pitch its tents. Clad in a collarless green silk shirt with a diamond horseshoe sparkling on its chest, his bandy legs encased in close fitting checked trousers, and with a white felt hat on the back of his head, the diminutive Jockey Johnson gave more advice than comfort.

"First thing you know, dat yaller nigger lawyer gwine mix me up in dis, too! Can't law us without no evidence. You got to burn dat stable down."

"Me? Why me?"

"Look here, mule lip! Whose pa-in-law is dis? You think I gwine let him git yo' money an' den turn roun' an' tromp on me? You burns dat shack tonight. Ef you don't I's gwine help dat lawyer jail you."

For more than an hour Fish had stood, a gangling black melancholy figure, blinking a silent argument in rebuttal. But Jockey—chewing rapidly on a straw—talked rapidly, too, until at length Fish was unable longer to bear the miseries Jockey's imagination heaped up for him unless the evidence should be destroyed. He drifted dejectedly homeward.

That night he couldn't sleep. This unprecedented phenomenon added so to his unease of spirit that at length he had risen, put on his clothes, and carrying his shoes in his hand so as not to wake Little Fish, had crept forth into the silence of the night.

The foggy street degenerated into an oyster-shell road. Presently a tin garbage can in the gutter directed that he turn to the right, cross a shallow ditch, and trudge through tall damp grass till his feet found a path.

The silence and pitchy darkness, which had first been fright-

ening, now had become a comfort, shielding him from any peering witness. A faint blot of deeper darkness—the ramshackle wooden stable—rose out of the fog. At the same time, from far down the road to his left, Fish heard a murmur of sound. Above it he caught an occasional shout, a distant chatter, a suggestion of the squealing, whining and roaring of unknown animals. No doubt the arriving circus was experiencing difficulties in a fog which merely threw the beams of a light back upon itself. The sounds, even though he could explain them, made Fish Kelly pause. The thickness of the fog became frightening again.

"Man got eyes an' can't see. Got a han' an' don't know whar it's at!"

He pushed on and entered the stable. Guided by the sense of touch, he stuck the tallow candle in the earth. Around it he packed layers of oily newspaper. By the time the candle flame had eaten down to the paper, he would be home in bed. The blue spurt of the match dazzled his eyes. The bitten manger, the pine scantlings, buckled and writhed against their own wavering shadows. He became hypnotized by an oblong black hole next to the feed box. Two boards had been sawed out of the wall of the stable so as to make a hole through which one might crawl into a large hay-filled dry goods box—the bedroom Jockey had improvised so that he might sleep near his horse. Jockey and the horse, however, had moved. In the pungent horsey stable Fish fancied he detected another odor, neither of horse nor man. With a hand that had begun to tremble, he stroked the match flame against the unwilling wick.

At that moment the cracking of a twig sounded plain in the silence of the outer darkness. Fish blew on the match, crept to the door and looked out. At first he could see absolutely nothing. Then the kinky hair straightened on his head. Looking full at him in the darkness were two green eyes. Eyes larger than those of a dog or a cat and with a fire strange to the eyes of cattle. Eyes like green tunnels of fire.

"Feet, can you run?"



"You tryin' kill me?" shouted Mr. Clinton, as the explosion shook the earth.

Feet already were running. Feet had taken him half way to the road before he heard footsteps in front of him. He darted to the left—and ran *plump* into something soft and hard. Arms grabbed him convulsively and then threw him quickly away. By that time he was almost unconscious with terror. He leapt forward to plunge headforemost over a tin garbage can just as a voice at his right cried, "There he is!" and let fire with the terrific *bang* of a shotgun.

FISH never knew how many shots were fired or who they hit. He nearly scared Police Officer Johnson to death as he shortly dashed past him in the fog. And he awoke Little Fish as he plunged into bed at No. 11 Queen street and buried himself beneath a blanket. The baby raised a startled wail.

"Sh-sh-sh!" Fish pleaded through chattering teeth.

"Wow-uh-u-b?" quavered his offspring from his crib beside the bed, and Fish understood the question.

"N-nothin' de matter, honey," he chattered. Armed cohorts deployed by a clairvoyant Mr. Clinton, and actively aided by the devil himself, were not things easily to be explained to a child of four. "Yo' pappy done j-jes' learnt hisse'f not to do—do wrong—dat's all!"

Morning dissipated many of the terrors of the night. He felt sure that no one could have recognized him in the fog. That Mr. Clinton had been on the watch was most unlikely. Those folks who had fired the gun must have been after someone else.

"Dem eyes must-a belonged to a tom-cat," Fish ruminated after breakfast. "You Fish!" he shouted to his baby in the next room. "Me an' you gwine up de road. Us gwine look at some dee-stroyed evidence." He was not certain whether he had lighted the candle at all last night, but he gave himself the benefit of the doubt. "Lawd, hep me to git right!"

Fish Junior toddled into the doorway where—balanced precariously upon legs like bent sticks of licorice—he clung to the red cretonne curtain. His egg-shaped cranium, his skinny black arms, his pink rompers—even his long black feet—were so plastered with feathers that he seemed a new combination of the bird and animal kingdom. Thumb in mouth, large white eyeballs gleaming, he awaited developments. The parent emitted an adoring cackle.

"You done got dat 'lasses mixed with dem chicken feathers, ain't you? You sho' is a genuwine baby—what I mean."

A moist dish-rag drew off a portion of the feathers. Father and son emerged into the cheery sunshine of the street. Most of the occupants of the decrepit

unpainted wooden dwellings were off at work, but not a few colored ladies and gentlemen sat contentedly in the warm sun on sagging doorsteps. "Howdy, Fish! Mornin', Mr. Kelly." Fish returned their salutations. Feminine eyes might rest in pity or wrath upon the feathers that still clung to his offspring, but Fish felt with accurate intuition that his child was happier if not too clean. A celluloid collar of baby blue and a fore-in-hand tie of a rather shrill red helped to relieve the blackness of his own appearance and indicated that he was on comparatively good terms with the world.

Where the street changed into an oyster-shell road, Fish walked slower so that little Fish might enjoy his desire to toddle ahead, drop into the long grass of the field, and cunningly hide himself from his father's eyes. But he took the baby's hand as they approached the end of a wall of weeds and bushes.

"Here 'tis," he announced. "Evidence done burnt to a crisp!"

But beyond the tall grass, intact and unchanged, the gray weather-beaten stable leaned as if with boredom against the spotted trunk of a sheltering sycamore. As Fish stared, he heard a popping and rattling and looked down the road to see Mr. Clinton approaching in his small black glass-enclosed car. An uncertain driver, Mr. Clinton's hands and attention were busy with the wheel, but as he clattered past he managed to cast at Fish a triumphant leer.

Mr. Clinton's look meant trouble. The worry of the previous day came back at Fish with a rush.

"I got talk 'bout dis to Jockey," he announced to his child. "An' I ain't got no time to tote you wid me. You knows de way home. Go on home!"

"Wah-ah-aaa!"

"Gwan home!"

Little Fish staggered around and began waddling rapidly away, rolling his white eyeballs over his shoulder to see if perchance he was to be followed by a missile. Fish looked after him for a while; then turned and swung into a rapid shuffle. Pretty soon as he passed a copse of young magnolias the huge gray tent of the circus came into view. Across the road he spied Jockey Johnson seated on a stump in a weedy field.

"What you lookin' so solemn 'bout?" was Jockey's salutation as Fish drew near. "Ain't you done what you ought to?" Fish sank down on the warm grass, gloomily pouting his lips. He jumped to his feet as a heavy *boom* shook the earth.

"Tain't nothin' but Natty Hardy dynamitin' a stump," explained Jockey as a shower of small earth clods rained down upon them. "Whyn't you answer my question?"

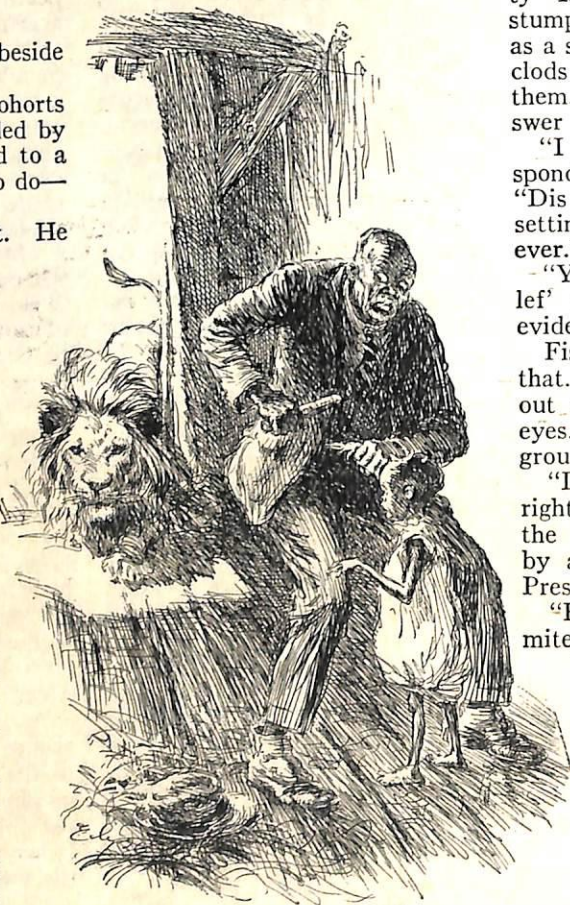
"I set de candle," responded Fish mournfully. "Dis mornin' de stable settin' dar, jes same as ever."

"You mean say you lef' dat candle for mo' evidence against us!"

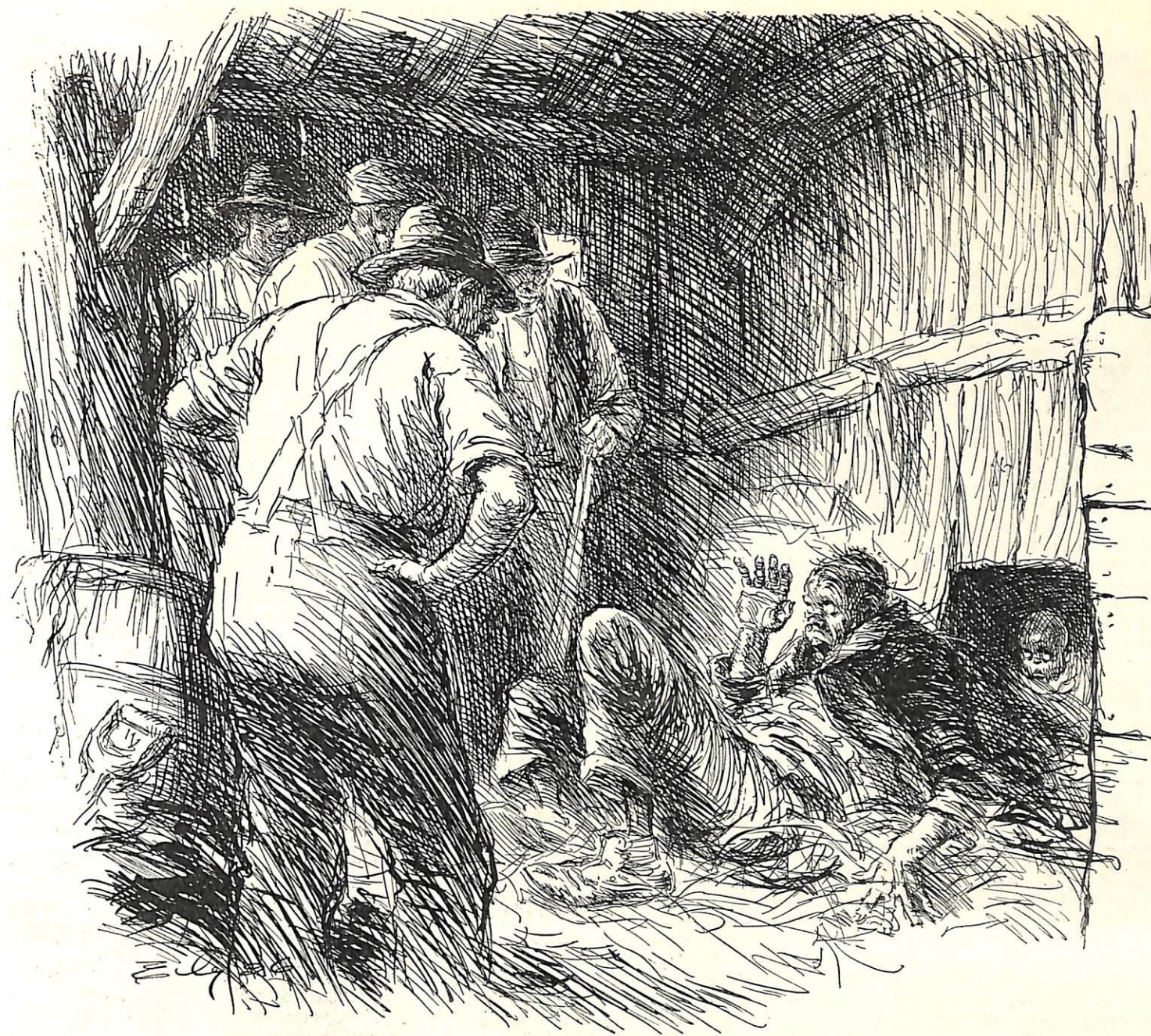
Fish hadn't thought of that. He looked at Jockey out of the corner of his eyes. Jockey leapt to the ground.

"Don't jump. I be right back." He ran to the colored man digging by a stump in the field. Presently he came back.

"Here. Take dis dynamite," he commanded, and



Just as Fish extricated the lighted candle from one little black fist and the dynamite from the other, he knew the lion was behind them.



Gargling with dread, Fish skidded suddenly out into the stable to where a circle of men were roaring with laughter. "I don't know which was the frightnest," said one, "this colored boy or poor old Leo."

extended a round stick, about an inch thick and two feet long.

"Look out! Dat stuff liable to go off, Jockey!"

"Dat's what it made for. You makes it go off under dat stable 'fo' Mr. Clinton gits back from town."

"Naw, suh. I ain't gwine look no' nother gun in de eye!"

"Tain't no use tryin' he'p a fool." Jockey became ominously calm. "You goes yo' way. Me and Mr. Clinton goes ourn."

"What you mean—you an' Mr. Clinton?"

"What you reckon dat bad-drivin' man run dat car way out here for? Reckon he payin' me jes' a sociable visit?"

Fish Kelly moistened his protruding white teeth.

"He want me he'p him git you," said Jockey. "You done left dat candle now, an' we gwine git right. Dat's all."

"Jockey, you know I's wid you. But I done tol' you dey shot at me las' night."

"Shot at you! Who gwine waste a shell on you. De white man thought he was shootin' at de lion. But de other white man say he knowed it was a man, 'cause he felt him."

"Did you say lion?" Fish inquired.

"You heard me say lion. De ol' lion what got out in de fog las' night. Fool white boy cleanin' empty cages in de fog went an' lef' his do' unlocked. Dey ain't got him yet. How come you turnin' white?"

"My baby," Fish explained, when he was able to speak. "I lef' him to go home by hisse'f. Sometime he stop an' play!"

"Well, dey ain't no use of yo' worrin'. Look! Jockey

pointed across the road. A red-and-gilt circus cage, with three men on the driver's seat, and four others on its top, rolled creakingly out of the circus tent. The driver whipped up the horses and the equipage went flying down the road in a cloud of white dust. "Dey done foun' him. You can see dat. Now you lissen." Jockey waved the dynamite stick for emphasis. "Dat Mr. Clinton gone into town for to git fillums for his camera. When he come back he gwine take pictures of dat busted lock an' hasp. Wid dem pictures he gwine to law. An' if he find dat stable standin' when he gits back, I gwine tell him who put dat candle dar. How long you think you'll git for fo'cible entry an' arson both?"

"It's willin' to len' him de money he want," Fish began, but Jockey cut him short.

"Does dat yaller man git dis evidence he gwine have me by de neck, too. An' he ain't a man I trust—he got a bilious eye. Naw suh. You squench dat stable."

Fish accepted the stick of dynamite and drifted hopelessly toward the road. He didn't want trouble. He was willing to give up anything. But life, apparently, was more complex than that. Jockey, following along, was talking in his ear.

"Set de candle to ketch dis here dynamite jes' like you set it fo' de paper. Dey's a can o' gasoline over de feed box. Sprinkle dat aroun', too."

Fish was too despondent to reply. A lighted candle, a can of gasoline, himself and dynamite all in a small shack together.

"Don't pay no 'tenshun to dat lion talk," continued Jockey. "Dat animal he ol' as de Rock of Ages. Trainer say he got out once befo' an' a billy-goat butted him clean back to de circus."

Jockey's staccato voice ceased and Fish turned into the road. "Ain't nobody never gwine ketch me buttin' no lion back to no cage!" he murmured, as he came within sight of the spotted sycamore. A gentle breeze ruffled the tall yellowing grass. Along the ditch behind the ramshackle stable a procession of young weeping willows screened the flat country beyond. A peaceful scene, covered by a cloudless sky. A scene to discourage crime. Fish Kelly's momentum left him. But a little reflection started his long flat feet to shuffling again. There was nothing else he could do. Before him, in the city, Mr. Clinton was scurrying here and there in his car, like a busy malicious beetle. And behind him waited the acid and unforgiving Jockey Johnson. He gravitated mournfully toward the stable.

A burnt match lay on the door sill. Within, the candle had been buried in the ground by some heavy step. He might have done that himself in his excitement the night before. He propped the stick of dynamite against the straightened candle, about a quarter of an inch below the wick, so that it would meet the flame when the wax burned lower. He observed the little red can of gasoline, stoppered with a plug of potato, over the feed box, but he decided that the situation was sufficiently explosive without it. His fingers trembled as he struck a match and saw the candle wick sputter to a clear yellow flame.

"Feet!"

He scuttled out of the door and raced for the road, where he turned in irresistible fascination to watch the effects of his handiwork. In a few seconds the heat of the flame would fire the stick—send the old shack heavenward in one stupendous boom. As he watched, he heard shouts from the road beyond the screen of willows. A wheel creaked. Two pistol shots rang out.

FISH bent his lanky knees to run, but stood stationary in a momentary indecision as to direction. If retribution was due him, he certainly did not wish to meet it by dashing blindly into the lion's claws. The creature might be anywhere. Even as he hesitated he saw a shaggy yellow body leap noiselessly from the screen of willows and creep almost invisibly through the tall yellowing grass toward the open shack door.

Fish was afraid to flee lest he draw the beast's attention. He crouched stealthily and held his breath. The noises beyond the willows had ceased. The old stable, the spotted sycamore—the whole flat green world seemed heavy with suspense, waiting for the explosion that would rock it to its base. The breeze had died and there was no motion except a significant undulation, like the wake of an invisible ship, in the sea of the yellowing grass.

And then in the shorter grass between the lion and the stable and only a few feet from the open door there was a brief movement, revealing the contrast of black and pink. A moment later there came into view a small egg-shaped skull, with two tiny tan feathers stuck to its flat top. It rose higher to reveal the pink rompers and feathered licorice-stick arms of Little Fish Kelly.

The baby hadn't gone home. And now, looking neither to the right nor the left, it began to waddle through the grass, straight for the open stable door. At Fish Kelly's half-choked shout of warning, Little Fish turned a startled eye and only waddled faster.

Fish Kelly hadn't forgotten the lion. But now something stronger than fear, stronger than himself, drew him like a magnet and set his feet in motion. He couldn't leave his baby to die—alone. He raced across the field as Little Fish—rolling his eyes over his shoulder in alarm at the strange shouts of his pursuing parent—waddled hurriedly out of sight into the stable.

As Fish neared the stable, he closed his eyes against the dynamite's expected blast. He opened them at the doorway. Little Fish was standing in the rear of the stable, at the oblong hole which led to Jockey's dry-goods box of a bedroom. In one tiny black fist the baby held the stick of dynamite. In the other he clutched the lighted candle. His large eyes were fixed upon his parent in mingled delight and apprehension.

Fish Kelly's knees grew weak.

"Baby," he begged, "put it down—easy!"

Little Fish knew that he was not allowed to play with fire.

He relaxed his grasp and the candle fell to the straw, which flared up for a moment before straw and candle went out, leaving a widening ripple of sparks.

"Don't move, baby. Min' yo' Pa! Don't you drop dat stick!"

Fish crept nearer. Little Fish inserted the end of the stick into his mouth and began thoughtfully to chew. Trembling, Fish caught the little black wrist and gently extricated the dynamite from the succulent clutch of those prehensile lips. He was drawing a quivering sigh of relief when from immediately outside came the sound of shots, followed by a snarling roar.

Fish saw his baby's eyes widen. He knew, before he even looked around, that the lion was in the stable. Grasping Little Fish in his arms, he plunged into the dark hole of Jockey's straw-filled bedroom.

As far in the corner as he could get, Fish peered back into the stable. The animal's shaggy shoulders and clipped flanks circled the stable and then crept with the stealth of a gigantic cat back toward the stable door. At the threshold a shotgun belched the flame of a blank cartridge into its face. The creature, with a lifted protesting paw and a deafening snarl of fear, sprang blindly backward crashing against the side of the stable. Then, as the shotgun spoke again, the big animal, with bared fangs and a fearful snarling roar, leapt for the sanctuary of the dark hole that led to Jockey's bedroom.

It was thus that the lion and Fish Kelly met.

The lion's bulk closed the entrance to the dry-goods box; transformed Jockey's bedroom into a trap of pitchy darkness, suffocating with the odor of fur and fetid breath. With a paralytic squawk, Fish twitched his knees up against his face. From outside came the sound of another shot. The box trembled horribly. Fish shrieked as he felt the heavy surge of the animal's body against his feet.

Once again, something stronger than fear, something deeper than himself, galvanized Fish Kelly's limbs. He pushed violently until his legs were comparatively free and then began a hysterical bombardment with his feet against the lion's ribs.

Snarls, deafening in the constricted box, competed with Little Fish's wails. Fish Kelly flailed madly with all his strength and for a moment felt his feet hitting only the side of the box, as if the lion had moved back to leap. There was an ominous cessation of the creature's roar. Then Fish felt himself grasped by the leg and drawn irresistibly forward.

"Awk-ah-aaa!" Terror paralyzed the scream in his throat. Writhing hysterically, gargling with dread, he skidded suddenly into the stable on the seat of his pants.

For a moment the light blinded him. Then he saw that five rough-looking white men, dressed in blue overalls, were standing in a circle in front of him, pressing their hands to their sides, swaying and roaring with laughter. Beyond them, at the open stable door, stood the rear of the red-and-gilt circus cage. Safe beyond its locked gate and crouched in its farthest corner, a graying lion nervously licked its chops and looked at him with dim reproachful eyes.

"I don't know which was the frightenest," chortled a burly white man, "this colored boy or old Leo!"

Fish essayed a sickly grin. The white man stopped laughing. "Say," he cried, "this smoke seen that lion, but he kept on coming to save that pickaninny. Ain't I right, colored boy?"

Fish glanced over his shoulder to see Little Fish, gray in the face, and tear stained, but safe and sound, crawling out of the dry-goods box. Then he rolled his eyes from one man to another, moistened his protruding white teeth, and nodded. The men looked at one another. They were no longer laughing as they drifted from the stable. In a moment the cage rolled creaking away.

Fish, exhausted, stared at Little Fish for some while.

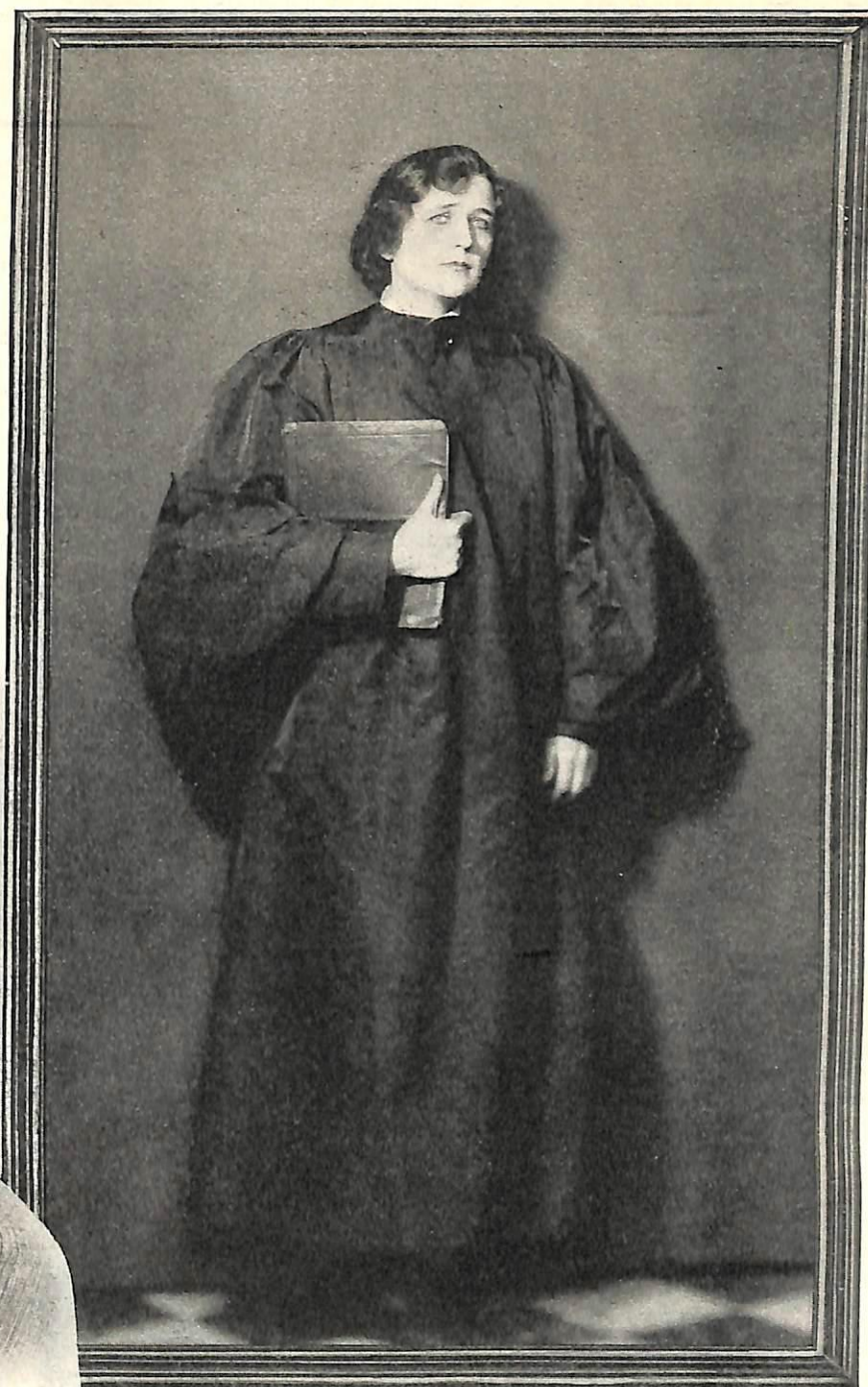
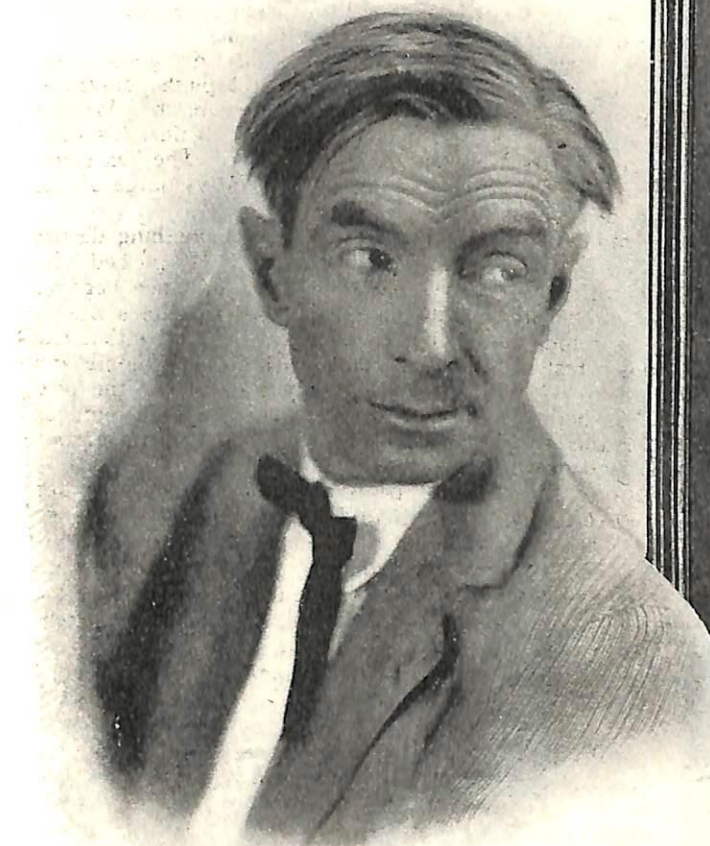
"Little Fish," he said presently, "dis sho' have been a lesson to me!" He picked up the stick of dynamite, placed a generous foot upon an area of sparks in the straw, and led the bow-legged baby out of the stable. "Yo' ma is right. It don't pay to be no sinner. Go on to de road whilst I th'ows dis stick away." He shambled toward the brown and green of cat-tails in the swamp.

"You Fish Kelly!" The yellow and burly Mr. Clinton was approaching across the field. "See dis here camera? Jes' watch me whilst I takes de pictures of whar you busted dat lock an' hasp. You gwine be sayin' 'Good night' an' 'Good mornin' to de turnkey, come next week!"

Fish rejected the impulse to [Continued on page 65]

The JUDGE'S HUSBAND

By William
HODGE



(Lovely Mary Kirby (GLADYS HANSON) as Judge Kirby, tries her own divorce case, while her husband Joe, (WILLIAM HODGE) as plaintiff, has himself as his own brilliant lawyer.

—with a Court-Room Scene full of Whimsy and Tenderness

W HIMSICALITY, cleverness, loyalty and tenderness—all these things go to make up Joe Kirby (WILLIAM HODGE) of Wave Crest, Connecticut.

Joe is a lawyer—one of the droll, dry, uncatchable kind. His beautiful wife, Mary (GLADYS HANSON), began to study law in his office after she was married, walked away with the family honors and has been made Judge. So we find Joe relegated to the post of housekeeper—else who would see that dinner is ready o' nights for Her Honor and Alice, the darling daughter of the house!

Now Alice (RUTH LYONS) good as pie ordinarily, has lately got herself into a mess—some of that modern young set stuff—and Joe has gone to the rescue. But now that everything is all right again, there is little need to frighten Mary with the story, no need to harry the Judge and the mother. The two conspirators will keep the tragic little escapade a

secret, and Alice has sworn to lift her feet high as she steps, henceforth, avoiding the wet spots. But—you can't fool a clever wife. Mary knows that something is being hidden from her behind the closed door in Joe's heart. Jealousy assails her.

Mary—Joe, why have you lied to me so much about where you were those two days and nights you were away?

Joe—Mary, I've told you a dozen times I wasn't any place those two days and nights that you need think or worry about. I took an oath that I wouldn't tell you, but I'll break it just to prove that I love you. I was up in an airship and I ran out of gas and couldn't get down.

Just the sort of answer to madden any woman!

Mary—You have told me some very original stories about all those attractive young waitresses you have had come and go since you've been running the house—especially that very beautiful French girl, Florette Sheftele.

Joe—That one certainly bothered you, didn't she, mother?

Mary—She does yet—it was right after she left that you disappeared for two days and nights.

Alice—How about all the nights that you've been out to dinners and lectures and political meetings? Dad doesn't worry about those things.

Mary—Alice, dear, we never worry about things we aren't interested in.

Alice—If I were Dad, I'd be jealous because Mr. Reynolds takes you out to all these public dinners and meetings.

Joe—Atta boy! Atta boy!

The daughter gets a moment alone with her father. They whisper together.

Alice—Gee, Dad, mother is getting desperate about where you were those two nights.

And are you going to keep your promise, Dad? . . . The promise you made me that you'd never tell mother what I did?

Of course he'll keep it. There never was a more loyal soul than Joe Kirby. But, in return, will little Alice keep her promises to him?—that she'll never lie to him any more—that she'll never sneak away to any more parties? "Dad never knew how it would hurt to lose you until that night when he held you in his arms and thought you were gone."

Alice—You were wonderful, Dad. Do you know, since that night I have felt that I really know you!

Joe—And I want you to dance and have all the fun you can—that won't make you sorry after it's over.

Alice—And ashamed . . . Dad, how are you going to keep from telling mother when she keeps on asking you all the time?

Joe—Now you let me try and work that out . . . You just make believe you don't know anything and stick to it. Will you remember that?

Harry Fitch, Alice's sweetheart, bangs into the scene just about here. Harry has his own load of care. He is out on bail for having driven his car recklessly, not to say tipsily, and landed a fellow motorist in the hospital.

Harry (ALEXANDER CLARK, JR.)—I've told you a thousand times that I love you more than anything on earth.

Alice—But when are you going to prove it?

Harry—As soon

as I get a chance.

Alice—You have

your chance now

By keeping

every promise you

made last night . . .

Harry—I'll keep

them—you just

watch me. And are

you going to keep

the promise you

made last night after

I had coaxed all

the way home? . . .

To come to dinner

with me tonight?

Alice—If you

don't carry a flask

and don't drink any-

thing.

Harry—I give

you my oath I'll

never touch whisky

again as long as I

live.

After the young

people go, the

Judge and her hus-

band once more

take up the ques-

tion of Joe's strange

and disquieting dis-

appearance.

Judge—I won't

stand it any longer

—I demand an ex-

planation, for I've

got to know where

I stand.

Joe—You mean

with me? . . . Why, Mary, you know better than I know how to tell you.

Judge—Well, if you're going to continue to follow pretty girls to New York and remain away two days and nights at a time, of course I know exactly where I stand.

Joe—Oh, Mary, for Heaven's sake, don't let yourself get serious about this.

Judge—I am serious. You object to my friends and everything I do—I object to your friends and what you do—so why go on?

Joe—Well, Mary, you must admit that I've done the honorable thing about where I was those two nights.

Judge—How?

Joe—I've admitted that I lied to you each time you asked me about it. Now, that's telling you the truth about it, isn't it?

Judge—Joe, when are you going to be decent and honest enough to tell me the truth about where you were?

Joe—Well, Mary, I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen, that I was two hundred miles up in the air, stuck up there, leaning over the side of the airship, crying out to the world 'gas, gas, gas' and I yelled up there until I woke up the entire neighborhood and found myself there in that strange country completely surrounded by a flock of naked angels—

Judge—Stop! I'll never ask you again.

Joe—Well, now, can I depend on that?

Judge—Yes, for I shall do now what my friends have been calling me a fool for not doing months ago.

Joe—Gee, Mary, a few of your friends have been trying awfully hard for a long time to pry us apart, haven't they?

Judge—Yes, and I realize now I should have taken their advice long ago.

Joe—Well, Mary, I advise you not to try it, and I'll make you a little bet. I'll bet you this house and every dollar I have in the world that it can't be done!

The Judge takes him up on that—and the wager is launched. Mrs. Kirby is to speak that night, after a dinner to which she goes off with Dan Reynolds—one of those friends who want to "pry" the Judge and her Joe apart. Reynolds, a lawyer, loves (in his own crooked way) the beautiful woman before whom he has tried many of his cases.

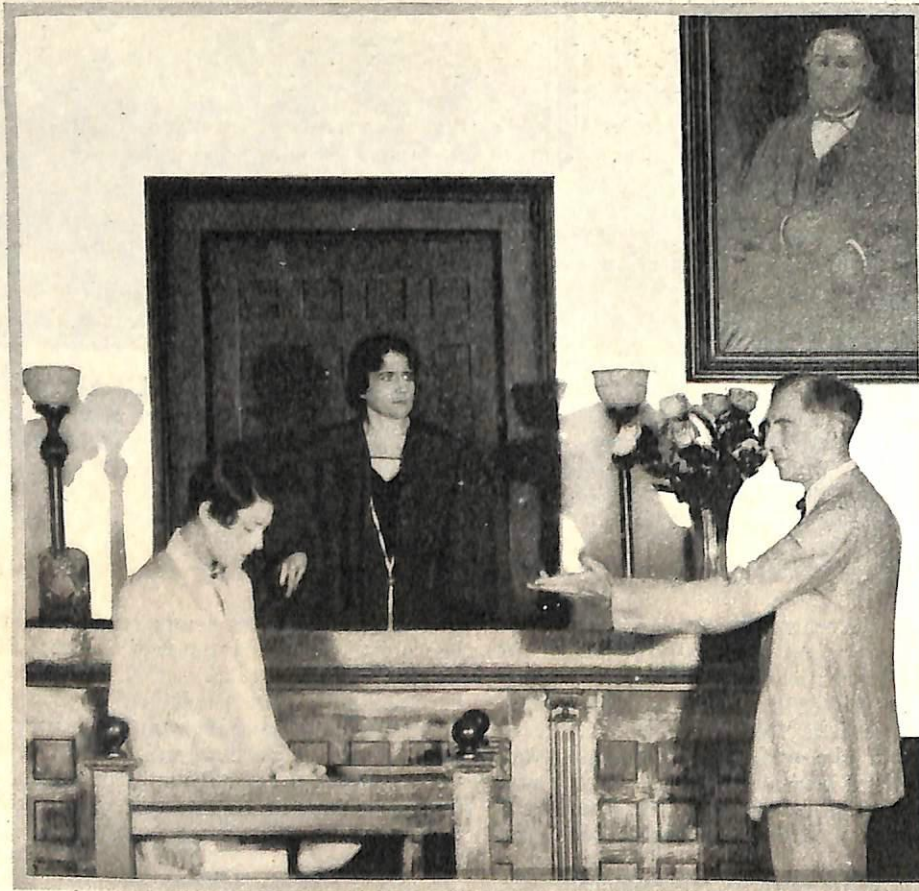
The Court room, presided over by this same lovely Judge, has also fallen under a sort of feminine spell: flowers—generally Reynolds' contribution to the scene—glorify the Judge's desk; and tea is served to the attorneys during recess.

When the divorce case of Kirby vs. Kirby is tried before Mary Kirby she bravely shoulders the dual burden of Judge and Defendant; Joe, as Plaintiff, has himself as his own brilliant lawyer, and thus they keep, so to speak, a lot of "trade" in the family.

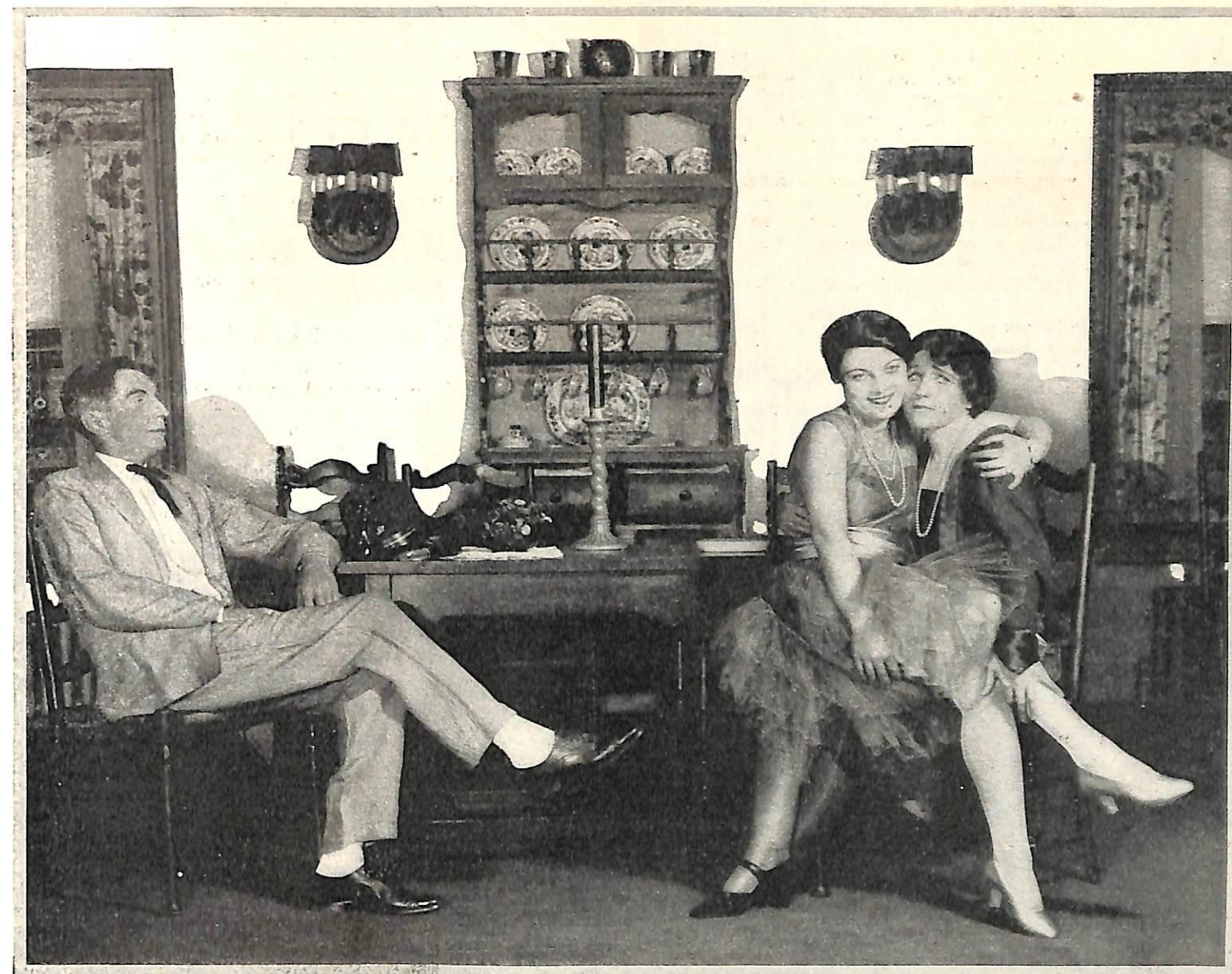
Dan Reynolds (RICHARD GORDON) calls Joe, as defendant, to the witness stand. He grills him about those two dubious days and nights that Joe admits he spent in New York.

Reynolds—Where in New York?

Joe—Many places.



Joe—turns to the Judge—I am trying to prove through your daughter's testimony that I have better grounds for divorcing you than you have for divorcing me.



(Alice (RUTH LYONS) But, Mother, Father never worries you with questions when you go to all those lectures and meetings. Mary—Alice, dear, we never worry about the things we aren't interested in.

Reynolds—At which one of those places did you sleep?

Joe—I didn't sleep those two days and nights.

Reynolds—You were in New York two days and nights and didn't sleep?

Joe—I was busy every minute.

The mysterious Florette Sheftele is drawn into the case.

Reynolds—She worked as a waitress in your house, did she not? . . . How long did she work for you?

Joe—Oh, for a waitress, it was an awful long time—three weeks, I think.

Reynolds—You didn't visit her the two days and nights you were in New York, so busy you forgot about sleep?

Joe—No.

Reynolds—Will you sit there and tell the Court that you were not seen on those two nights walking back and forth, past Miss Sheftele's apartment? . . . that you were not seen entering Miss Sheftele's apartment on either of those nights?

Joe—No.

Reynolds—Then you were in her apartment on both of those nights?

Joe—Yes.

Reynolds—That's all.

Very clever—but after recess, during which tea is served Joe puts Reynolds on the stand and proves him a liar. Joe, through brisk examination, shows the man as having been divorced by his wife for cruelty and, further, as having been ordered off the witness stand in his own divorce case for perjury. Joe hopes to prove to Mary that she has been accepting information against her husband from a most unworthy source.

Joe—Miss Clark, will you kindly request Her Honor, the Judge, to take the stand?

The legal wrangle over this is won by Joe who is filled to

the brim with authorities for such a unique situation. So, here is the Plaintiff and the Judge meeting in one sweet person. Joe hammers away.

Joe—Did you ask your husband to let you work in his office? Did you study law under his tuition? Did you become a lawyer? . . . And you are now a Judge?

To each of these questions Mary answers "Yes."

Joe—Sitting on the witness-stand in your own divorce trial?

Judge—Yes.

Joe—The only way for Ma Ferguson to get ahead of you is to go and swim the English Channel or something.

THEN the Sheftele girl looms up again. The portentous fact is disclosed that she used to sew Joe's buttons on for him while the Judge was meting out just deserts to town offenders. It evidently annoyed the plaintiff.

Joe—Well, your Honor, if a wife does not sew buttons on her husband's shirts, should the husband go around without his buttons?

Judge—He should not. If the wife is employed on more important business he should hire it done.

Joe—When he's popular enough to get someone to do it for nothing?

Judge—I refuse to answer such an idiotic question—and I insist that you respect the dignity of this court.

Joe—Are you speaking now as the Judge? . . . Well, I was speaking to the witness.

Joe wants to know if—granting it is proved that the defendant was in Florette Sheftele's apartment the two days and nights in question—Mrs. Kirby's [Continued on page 68]



Ewing Galloway

Ⓒ In large factories there are sure to be found trouble-makers. The old way was to fire them. Now, the man-engineers go among them and reform them.

ONE of the largest shoe factories in the Middle West was having a tough time with competition. Although this factory has held high place in its particular field for many years the sales records showed that it was beginning to slip. A very brief study of costs and trade prices proved that it would have to make shoes cheaper in order to sell them cheaper or its salesmen would be outquoted.

There was a conference of executive powers. The situation was freely discussed. Facts were handled without gloves. The president put his finger on the fundamental difficulty. "The fault is not with our raw materials," he declared. "There is no weakness in our selling organization. There is no criticism from the trade, of the quality of our line. We're being outsold and losing our logical markets because our factory overhead is too high. There is too much waste of time and material in the manufacturing end. We must turn out our shoes at less making cost or close up shop. That's straight. We must have more cooperation from our factory employees."

Getting the

Solving Industry's Hardest Problems by Combining Science with Common Sense

A general nod of approval greeted this pronouncement. "That's the stuff," the sales manager agreed.

"We're not getting employee cooperation," the factory superintendent admitted.

"Then we must get at the source of the problem," the president ruled, "I'll tell the factory men and women, too."

The president proceeded to tell, in an announcement duly printed and posted on all factory bulletin boards. "Unless every member of the working force swings into an economy program and gives it full support," this announcement ran, "this factory will have to make drastic changes."

Department foremen were ordered to convey this message, also, by word of mouth. Then the president and his aids awaited the necessary results. Six months elapsed. Cost sheets did not indicate any material progress. Salesmen labored mightily with the trade, but labored vainly, for rival shoe manufacturers were still offering more favorable price inducements. Another conference of high-ups was held.

"Why don't the men and women swing into line?" the puzzled president demanded, "We're paying them about \$15,000 a week. That's three quarters of a million dollars every year. We're not having any labor troubles. I see no signs of discontent. The payroll people must surely see that we can not manufacture and sell at a loss, and keep it up indefinitely. They must know their interests are the same as ours. And yet they seem indifferent to an economy program which alone will keep them on their jobs. Why can't we get them into line?"

The superintendent and department foremen shook their heads. "We've warned the hands in every way we can," they answered defensively.

"Why don't you hire some man-engineers?" this suggestion came from the new advertising manager.

The president shuddered, "I've had enough of efficiency engineers," he almost shouted. "Never again for me."

"Beg pardon, chief," the new advertising manager hastened to explain, "I said 'man-engineers'. They're something else again. They work with the men, on the same plane, and sell them on what the factory's all about. They show them that the money my department spends is not mere waste for 'splurge'—money that they think should go into their pockets—but something that makes more sales and hence more jobs for them, if they will do their parts. The plan was tried successfully in the last factory I helped advertise. Why don't you try it here?"

It took two hours of oratory to sell the president on the plan. But the advertising manager, perspiring in every pore finally made his idea stick. Five of the engineers went unobtrusively to work at different jobs on different floors. While working at machine or bench they picked out employees with constructive minds, and sold them on economy. "The boss isn't trying to put over anything on you or me," each engineer declared. "The boss has to pay the bills and meet competition, in the selling field. He can't do it unless we trim wastes and cut down on spoilage." This leaven, working in the labor loaf, from the constructively minded workers to those of neutral mind, finally raised the spirits of the workers with those negative minds which are the most difficult of all to get in line.

The attitude of the manufacturing force began to change noticeably. The atmosphere became charged with interest in the game. Suggestions began to come from the working force of how the factory could be improved and production costs cut, now here, now there.

One worker called attention to the cluttered aisles. A foreman passed this suggestion to the sweeper boys. The boys, because the suggestion came from 'one of them,' bestirred

MAN and his BOSS TOGETHER

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

themselves and cleaned up the aisles. Another worker said, "Why doesn't each of us clean up around his bench or machine each Saturday afternoon?" The idea was passed along the floors and it went big.

The fitting room girls took a hand. "Our machines get no natural light," they told their foremen. "So we work by electricity all the time." A check-up on all the floor's machines followed. Half the operations on that floor were carried on under artificial light. The positions of the machines were changed so that all could be worked under natural light. Then it developed that the windows were so grimy that very little natural light got in. A window-cleaning campaign ensued. The effect was equivalent to a burst of big arc lights. The cost sheets showed savings in many ways—in more accurate work, better quality and a saving of two-thirds the previous lighting bill.

In the lasting room the foreman had long worried over pincer marks made on velvet, satin and suede material. He discussed this problem with one of the workers in that room. The worker suggested using a bit of smoked elk on each pair of pincers from which came the marks. Another suggested that if the delicate material were covered while in work the finished shoes need not be cleaned. The economy program was on its way. The factory was being engineered from the bottom up.

Once interested in the general scheme of improving production for their own gain, the hands set out to make a reduction of twenty percent in production costs. The engineers, until then working unobtrusively, now assumed general charge. The factory was fifty lots of shoes behind. In thirty days all the back orders were turned out and the factory program was up-to-date. But another obstacle asserted itself. It had been the custom to fill orders on the rotation plan. Some orders, entered on the first of the month were for delivery on the twenty-fifth, while others received on the thirtieth, might not be delivered for ninety days. A lot of finished stock therefore littered up the shipping rooms, awaiting shipment on the specified dates. A worker suggested that orders be made up to match the shipping dates. His suggestion was followed through, and saved much unnecessary tie-up of capital.

The shop had been so short of lasts that many lasts were pulled as fast as the operators finished shoes. Such shoes frequently got out of shape before they reached the dealers hands and were sent back to be relasted, at the factory's expense. One of the employees said: "Why not use 'followers' in place of the regular lasts?" The percentage of shoes returned for relasting visibly decreased.

In these and many other ways the five engineers justified their jobs. Foremen and workmen were playing the game. The workmen had long recognized the laxities under which they



Ewing Galloway

Ⓒ When production is dropping off the man-engineer steps in unobtrusively working with the men on the same plane. After gaining their confidence he must make them see that it will be to their advantage to cut down on waste and speed up on production.

worked, but sneered at them. It was none of their business to effect reforms. But—and a big but it is—they did not enjoy a slovenly shop. Employees do not respect inefficiency. Once on their mettle—as cooperators—they cleaned up that shop in every way. The factory reduced its manufacturing costs. The salesmen—again able to compete in price as well as quality—made up their sales losses and held their trade. And the president beamed upon the head book-keeper, for the factory was no longer in the red.

This case selected at random from a thousand which I know, is illustrative of a modern method, by which business can take up its slack through the creation of a mutual understanding between employer and employed. The man and his boss are getting together, not by the boss giving a fancy clubhouse to the man and his fellow workmen; not by bestowing group insurance upon them; not by labor representation on the Board of

Directors; not by any new theories or methods designed to bring harmony in industry, but by going back, to a large extent, to the days when master and man worked side by side and, through workshop discussion, learned to know what was in the heart and mind of each other.

There are men living in that part of Connecticut where I reside who can recall the last of those pioneers of New England industry who came to the factory as early as any of their workmen, who donned apron and set example for others who were to do an honest day's work for hire, who mingled with those workmen, not only during long factory hours but also in town meetings and in church and lodge.

Under those relatively simple industrial conditions master and man were in almost constant contact. Problems of production, of merchandising, of politics, of religion were subjects of joint debate while the day's work went on. If master and man were at variance on any burning question of the day chances were that their final opinions would be merged into something that partook of the viewpoint of each. They generally got together, mentally as well as physically. At any rate the employee's state of mind and the employer's state of mind certainly affected each other. Consequently production was of a high order and labor trouble, or at least labor inefficiency, was comparatively rare. And then industrial conditions changed.

From the old, simple boss-workman status, the guiding genius of the factory found it necessary to give more and more time to the technique of business and less and less time to the technique of production. As factories increased in size and number the employer had less and less time to contact his employee. The employer moved from the employee's side into an office, then into a different building and possibly into a different city. The old first-hand contact between master and man became second-hand, then third-hand, then fourth-hand, as enlargement of the business compelled the employer to hire departmental assistants. As a result there developed a wide gulf between the Big Boss in his big office and the man who worked for day wages in the distant factory.

AMERICAN industry has come dangerously close to falling into that gulf during the past fifty years. Influx of foreign-born labor and increase in means of communication, paradoxical as it may seem, were the principal contributing factors to this threatened disaster. Regardless of how far apart they may be in social and industrial scale, if the man and his boss have the same racial and national traditions they shy away from an open breach. But if the man's workshop companions bring into the factory ideals and ambitions springing from other soils, and if the American-born workman is entirely cut off from the influence of his boss, the new and perhaps revolutionary ideas may fall upon fertile ground. The language of the breeder of discontent may replace the language employer and employee once spoke in common.

Knowing the artificial gulf which has long separated the man and his boss in American factories, and knowing the amount of pressure brought to bear on the man by the malcontent during the past few decades, a student of industrial sociology must take off his hat to the sanity of the great body of factory employees who have kept their own little ships on even keels.

In a crude, stumbling way the average employer has been trying to combat the influence of the slacker, the trouble-maker and the floater. But until the past few years the orthodox method of combating has been to fire the offenders. Firing is one of the most prolific sources of turnover and turnover is among the most expensive items listed on factory cost sheets.

A new employee enters the factory of an Ohio town. The factory is a bit short-handed and not over-particular. However the new employee looks like fairly good stuff and on the payroll he goes. After passing the vocational and physical muster he proceeds to make friends in the factory. Then he proceeds to spread dissatisfaction.

As he and Tom Jones are leaving the factory one night he asks, casually, "How much you making, Tom?"

To which Tom replies with a touch of pride, "Oh, I knocked out close to \$46 last week."

"What?" the newcomer scornfully replies. "You, a man like you only making \$46 a week, doing the work you're doing? You earned at least \$55."

Tom Jones, mulling this remark over that night, begins to think he isn't getting all that's coming to him.

Another week elapses. The newcomer passes Tom's machine.

The machine has broken down. Tom is on piecework. He has been rather fond of that machine until the newcomer comes along and sneers: "Broken down; again, eh? What can you expect from such junk."

Tom automatically resents that word "junk," but it sticks in his mind, especially as the newcomer adds, "I've worked in a good many factories and I've never seen a worse deal than we get here."

The floater sows his seed of discord and discontent in various parts of the factory. His harmful words are uttered with a smile. He is even something of a mixer. A jovial sort perhaps. But he is decreasing the output of that factory without doing anyone any good. And after his true nature is discovered and his doctrine has been spread from bench to bench and from floor to floor the management can do one of two things—fire him or reform him.

Factory managers used to fire trouble-making floaters invariably. They are learning to reform them. They reform them by hiring, as companions, skilful man-engineers. It is the man-engineer who is getting to the bottom of most of our industrial difficulties and demonstrating to both man and master how they can be solved without economic loss.

This man-engineer is relatively new. The pioneer in the promotion of this idea is John F. Sherman, President of the Sherman Corporation, Boston, who has built up a large international organization with offices in the principal industrial centers. Mr. Sherman has made a close-up study of labor problems in America for fifteen years.

"The principle and practice followed by our organization in helping management iron out problems," says Mr. Sherman, "are founded on the fact that science is replacing rule of thumb in all successful business. Current facts, or effects in industry, can be traced to causes. Treatment of these causes can and will aid in changing the effects."

"In all factories or production centers there are three distinct classes of employees, the constructive, the neutral and the negative. Generally speaking, the constructive employee likes his job and gives his best to it. He is ambitious, forward-looking and satisfied that his job offers him the desired opportunities in life. While he is seldom much of a talker, his production is consistently up to the normal of what a man should accomplish without strain. He may have his off days but his total output gives his employer one hundred cents on the wage dollar. Because there is a direct ratio between a man's personal satisfaction and well-being and the amount of energy and ability he puts into his work, this constructive worker gains in self-respect and material advantage. In spite of certain influences which seek to swing the pendulum of work from too much to too little, in spite of the struggle for less work and more pay, in this and other countries, there are thousands of these constructive workers in America, and they are the foundation stones of American prosperity."

"The neutral workers merely 'ride along,' doing just enough to get by—for what they can get out of it. They are apt to gravitate toward the constructive worker class, under proper conditions, or they may join the class of negative workers. The latter are in direct contrast to the constructive workers, and their negative attitude shows up in their output. The constructive workers are usually too well satisfied with their present, too sure of their future and too busy at all times to do much talking. The negative workers are usually very vocal. Many of them have unusual ability. Frequently their negative, even destructive attitude, can be traced to inherited disposition or unfortunate surroundings or experience. At any rate, such negative workers are liabilities and not assets to the factory which has them on its payroll. And, furthermore, the negative attitude is a liability to the man himself, and to his best interests as a worker and a citizen."

"For many years it was common factory practice to fire a negatively-motivated employee. There is no more reason why a human being should be scrapped without some effort first being made toward rehabilitation than for junking a machine which may have developed a defect. A negatively-motivated man or woman is not necessarily a hopeless case. I have seen thousands of such workers converted into factory assets through the scientific, sympathetic treatment which is a part of the functioning of our engineering organization. Firing a man does not get at the foundation or the fundamental cause of the waste and loss resulting from his state of mind. There are many better ways of handling him."

"A Michigan chair factory had on its payroll a Pole whose

radical tendencies had brought him within speaking distance of discharge many times. We installed a suggestion system for his management's employees. The Pole—about to be fired—came forward with a suggestion that materially reduced production costs. He was promptly sold on the idea that it paid to be constructive instead of destructive. He took natural pride on the idea he had offered, and in its result. He became enthusiastic about his job. He is a hundred percent payroll asset today.

"For a New England woolen mill we installed a method of centralized employment. One of the foremen who had a large following in the factory, resented the innovation bitterly. He became the center of a pronounced negative influence, but the management was loath to let him go. A determined effort was made to sell him on the constructive attitude idea. After patient treatment he was developed to see that the centralized hiring plan was the best for him and for all parties concerned. He became one of the strongest adherents of the new plan, and today is an outstandingly constructive influence in the mill."

This method of getting the man and his boss together without doing damage to the interests of either meets the approval of men in high places. This is partly because it is based on sound psychology and practical economy. Industrial strife, whether it be manifest openly in prolonged strikes or hides itself under the blue coat of a slacker in a stove factory, causes loss to workers, bosses and all members of the great body politic. American industry's biggest problem is the substitution of an active good will for indifference and ill will. The outstanding virtue of the method I am now discussing is, as I see it, that it actually solves this problem. It takes the "blah" out of industrial relations and gets them to the bed-rock of mutual understanding—in fact as well as name.

There is something reminiscent of the oratory of an old-time Fourth-of-July celebration or the exhorting of a backwoods circuit preacher in the addresses-from-the-throne read or delivered in a good many factories. On the one hand the addresser appeals to the patriotism or loyalty of the freemen who work for him. On the other hand he threatens them with the damnation of discharge if they don't behave. Most of these addresses, whether they are printed or spoken, are honestly conceived. The boss is up against several kinds of a tough proposition and can see no way out of his difficulty unless the payroll people come through with more work or less pay or both. The payroll people could be made to see things straight if the boss didn't talk down to them, and at them.

Payroll people are human beings, with the same hopes, joys, sorrows and aspirations as the boss people. They like to be talked with but they resent being talked at, especially if they are scolded, threatened or commanded. It is a well known principle of psychology that the mental sequence of a child is: First, to do; second, to feel; third, to understand. But adults, in or out of a factory, follow a different sequence. With them it is: First, to understand; second, to feel; third, to do.

Unfortunately for industry, the child sequence has been pretty generally followed until the past decade. Labor has been told what to do before any attempt has been made to let labor understand why a certain thing should be done. The new school is trying to make labor understand before asking labor to do.

A factory boss spends his days and nights combating waste. He has to fight the depreciation of the raw material dollar, the plant dollar, the machinery dollar and the sales dollar, but the payroll dollar is also quite necessarily on his mind—and the depreciation of the payroll dollar begins with ideas. The workers' state of mind is the chief cause for holdbacks, restraint of effort, waste and loss which combine to form an immense liability not disclosed on the factory balance sheet.

Some authorities hold that thirty percent of the value of production is wasted in one form or another. In many cases twenty-five percent of the payroll dollar is wasted through inefficiency on the part of the workers or their equipment. As I have already indicated, workers are more apt to sneer at laxity in factory management than they are to try to cure or overcome that laxity. One of the chief jobs of the man-engineer is to develop workers up to a mental condition where they will want to correct any faulty methods or systems in management.

A method much in vogue to gain payroll good will is to give the workers something. An Illinois manufacturing concern sought to establish an entente cordiale with its payroll people by presenting them with a magnificent clubhouse, with all modern conveniences and a large number of luxuries. The boss figured that the clubhouse would be a ten strike. It was a flop. The workers stayed away from that clubhouse so unanimously that it was closed after a dismal month's run. Nearly a year elapsed. Then as a result of the type of engineering effort which I have described came the suggestion

from the workers that they should have a clubhouse. The suggestion gathered weight like a rolling snowball. The workers organized, to own their own clubhouse. At the proper juncture the factory management presented the original, empty luxurious clubhouse, but in response to the requests of employees. They have been enjoying it ever since—because the idea was theirs; after the man-engineers had been among them.

In another factory a department was established for salvaging old tools. This department was at some distance from the main plant. It was soon observed that a great many workers were lugging tools from the main plant to the salvaging department, where they were tested, found in good enough condition to be re-used, and were then returned to the main plant. The carrying charge against each piece was often in excess of the tool's value. The engineers, in analyzing causes,

found that many of the workers were scrapping tools on the slightest pretext, merely because there was a salvaging department. The man-engineers stopped that waste in the waste-salvaging department by getting at its cause, and convinced the workers that each of them was hired to use his tools up to the limit of their usefulness and were not to discard them without good reasons.

In this case, as in all others, the man-engineers did not indulge in glittering generalities. They went into each specific case with specific statements. They dealt only in facts.

As Mr. Sherman puts it: "The need for pure facts in mental re-sanitation is as important as the need for pure air or pure water. Out of a wide experience in dealing directly with the minds and viewpoints of employees, it has been shown that 'bunk,' from whatever source, does not go for long. Rumor, half-truth, and unsound ideas with an employee bias can not be displaced, permanently, by a different variety of rumor, half-truth and unsound ideas with an executive slant, but only by facts that bear the stamp of truth. Whatever is 'sold' to employees must have intrinsic soundness."

You cannot get a worker to show pep, enthusiasm and loyalty if his work is delayed through faulty delivery of raw material to his bench. It is the tendency of workers to place the blame for stoppages, wastes and defections, on tools, routing and other errors in factory equipment or management. This tendency grows if the management takes no steps to improve the tools, routing and other things with which the worker finds fault. But the employees' negative attitude may be corrected by consistent effort to make changes in response to their complaints.

One of the handicaps under which [Continued on page 68]



Ewing Galloway

One of the results of the man-engineer system is happier, more contented workmen, because there is a direct ratio between a man's personal satisfaction and well-being and the amount of energy and ability he puts into his work.

The VEIL of MYSTERY

finally lifts from the
FACE of GUILT

DULY the tumult and the shooting died, the coppers and the copper decamped; these latter under escort to a thug, bar a bare half-dozen whom luck or nimble wits and legs had led to loopholes in the dragnet of the law—the rest for the most part in patrol wagons, though more than a few waited where they had fallen to be removed by ambulances.

It was long, therefore, ere Queer Street refound any likeness to its wonted calm and the famished lovers felt safe in forsaking the refuge of the old house in quest of food; not that they had more to fear from November and his crew so much as that they were loath to risk being recognized, pointed out by eye witnesses as the focal axis of the late unpleasantness, and so put in peril of police attentions.

It followed that, when at length a taxi put them down at Claremont, they found the resort thinly frequented, the gayer dinner guests all gone; and if the array of empty tables on its lawn did distil a lonesome atmosphere for folk bent on making the most of a brave occasion, at least they hadn't to wait their turn to dine al fresco, and felt their shabbiness to be less staring.

Better yet, they were able, behind the waiter's back, to trade mute delicious reassurances as to the constancy of each other's affections by holding hands in the folds of the cloth, and the purblind world none the wiser.

As if the storm just weathered had broken the tedious season of their discontent and, passing, left a rainbow in the sky, every circumstance of this rare treat conspired to smile on their delight. The night was clear, there was even to be discovered in this divorce from walled-in city ways a moon, a slow sweet draught breathed downstream to temper the rigors of the warmth and make weary flesh forget the torments it had known as long as the sun lasted—there was music, not too near, as though the sighs and vows of all the lovers at large in the scented dark had fused and found a single voice in song. Below the small green island of their anchorage in that lake of ebon asphaltum whose surface answered with a plangent and sonorous drone the strumming tyres of motor traffic, the dumb black river writhed like a mythologic worm belting the world with its folds, lamps adrift striking fire from its burnished scales. But best of all, lore won in lands where living is more an art than a free-for-all had ordered a little feast as well composed as a good painting, and Youth and Love and Laughter were their guests.

And if their communion took a pensive turn over the coffee and cigarettes, those two were incapable of finding unhappiness in that.

"Penny," May made a reckless bid to end one little spell of silence.

"For my thoughts? They're worth more; but I'll knock them down to you for nothing, dear."

"Is love nothing?"

"It's not legal tender; and what's given as a free gift can't be metamorphosed offhand into a price."

To this the girl gave a small wail: "O dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"I'm thinking how hard I'll have to work to be an author's wife—"

"Is the prospect so appalling?"

"A good bit. Dear; I don't suppose it's usual, but I wish

QUEER STREET

By Louis Joseph VANCE

(Illustrations by Donald Teague

you'd let me name my gift from the bridegroom. Will you?"

"I can deny you nothing."

"Well, then . . . I'm afraid it'll be terribly expensive, because nothing will do but the best, you'll think I'm a gold-digger . . ."

"You let on to be in love with me, and sit there grinning like La Gioconda and delaying to put me out of my misery! Have a heart—if you've none of your own, have mine—and give your wedding present a title!"

"Oh very well: Webster's Unabridged."

"Just for that, you shall get it and—what's more—I shall make it my business to see you read every word of it."

"I'll have to—to understand you. But you haven't told me yet, you know, what your thoughts were, whatever it was you were taking so seriously."

"I was only thinking about the first number on the program for tomorrow, our journey downtown to get a license."

"It's about time," the girl affirmed, "you proposed. Though I expect you'll turn out much the same as every married man, once you get used to it, and tell people I did the proposing, talking all the time about taking a course to be an author's wife, as bold as brass!"

"I shouldn't wonder," Palmer thoughtfully agreed. "I fancy the best any wife ever gets of her husband is the worse she expects. It mightn't be a bad bet to hope for better things. Besides—"

"Besides," May caught him up, "you're mistaken. The first thing you'll do tomorrow will be to look through your mail for that check and get it cashed, and the next to buy yourself a new hat and a pair of presentable shoes. I hope I'm not too fussy in insisting that the man I marry must have some standing better than the bare soles of his feet. As for that hat—!"

"I always hate to take it off," Palmer professed, "for fear I'll find some bird has built a nest in it."

"It would be a cuckoo," Mary darkly surmised. "I don't suppose," she went on more soberly, "you've even stopped to consider what you'll do if that check doesn't come in the first mail."

"Take that bad thought off this blessed pre-nuptial celebration."

"No. I mean it. What would you do?"

"Get Mr. Deacon on the telephone and ask him to find out why."

"That wouldn't help much; and he'd think it funny you couldn't wait another day—you can't afford to annoy anybody who's being so kind to you, Jack. But suppose it really doesn't show up when you expect it—?"

"I don't quite know," Palmer blankly acknowledged. "We'd have to muddle through somehow."

"But I haven't a dollar, and you won't have much more by the time you've settled for this banquet, dear. I couldn't go to a hotel tonight, as you want me to, and risk waking up to find I'd have to wait in my room till your check did come and let you ransom me. Of course, there's seven days' pay waiting for me at Summerland—"

"I'll not let you go back, not while all of November's friends who weren't pinched tonight know enough to look for you there, if one of them should take it into his head to act as Red's avenger."

"You're sure he's dead?"

"I only know what I overheard the police saying while they stood guard over his body, in front of the house next door, waiting for the wagon to come and take it to the Morgue. They were sure enough, and worried, too, because one of those who got away was Ike the Bite. They said, when he found out November had been killed, he'd fill himself full of hop and go on the war-path to get even—run amuck, I imagine, as the Malays

do. I've seen them, killing right and left like mad dogs till somebody shoots them dead. And that settles that," Palmer summed up with decision: "No more Summerland for you, my dear, not if you never get what you've earned there, so long as the Bite's on the loose. You'll get some hotel to take you in for tonight, and trust me to make it all right for you in the morning."

"And you?"

"Back to my digs, of course—don't you worry about me—for my last night in Queer Street!"

"But no hotel's going to take me in, Jack, unless I bring baggage or pay in advance. I can't do that, I'd have to go back with you to get any baggage and if Mrs. Fay caught me trying to sneak out with a handbag, even, she'd have me arrested. It's no use, dearest—it's either call at Summerland to collect what's due me, or go home with you to Queer Street. And once in my own room, there'd be no sense in going out to sleep in a hotel, would there?"

Palmer groaned and vehemently protested, but in the end had to bow to the inexorable force of May's argument.

"And anyway," the girl demurely informed him, when he had thrown up his hands in token of defeat, "if you think for a minute I meant to put up in a hotel and let you run whatever risk there is in going back there without me, you're the most mistaken man that ever breathed. I suppose there's more than one way of being in love; but to let the man I love face any danger I'm afraid to share, isn't my way."

So back to Queer Street, very late and tired and more in love than ever, they went in the end together, and regained the

When the battle in the street became general, a chance bullet caught Machen just as he was about to shoot through his window at Palmer.

Suddenly faced with a rival gang November's gunmen turned their attention from their victims and began shooting in every direction.

shelter of the old house without the slightest misadventure—meeting, indeed, no more within doors than without to lend a pinch of color to Palmer's misgivings. Machen's door continued taciturn as any tomb's, Mrs. Fay if up so late was for once incurious, and every landing drowned in a hush and a wan blue glimmer of low-turned gas that was to be discriminated from every night's by nothing a body could put a name to. The atmosphere carried distinctly strange value for all that.

"I can't make it out," Palmer puzzled while they lingered over their reluctant good night at May's door; "I expect it's all imagination, but I can't seem to put the impression away that the old place knows something has happened to turn the page on a bad old chapter in its life and open a new and better one."

"It's funny," May agreed—"I feel it too: as though it had some happy news to tell us and was trying to in whispers just too fine for ears like ours to hear."

"THAT'S it," Palmer cried—"exactly! As if it were saying to us: 'Tonight at last you can sleep in peace, and so shall I!'"

"I do hope you will, dear—you've lost so much of late."

"If I don't, I shan't feel the loss of it, I'm too happily excited. But what I can't make out is, how the old house knows."

"It knows a lot," May gravely surmised—"more than we do, I shouldn't wonder."

But the vanity of an author had been touched, if in a fashion that carried its own balm. "I could feel it, but it took you to find the right words—and you pretend to doubt your fitness to be a novelist's helpmate! What a lucky fool I am, to have fallen in love with such a fraud!"

"I'm not," the girl indignantly declared and the minute her lips were at liberty resumed: "I'm not a fraud, I'm just afraid: you're bound to be a great success, I can't afford ever to let you find out you've married a failure."

"I'll never," he laughed, "that's certain!"

"You're not even a little bit afraid I'll turn out a failure? Honestly, Jack!"

"I know, if you do, I'll never know it, you're too completely a woman to let me."

As though this strange new tranquility which the old house breathed were truly soporific, the rest they parted presently to find on their respective pillows was dreamless altogether.

Palmer was punctually roused notwithstanding by an inward alarm whose mechanism he hadn't wittingly instructed, and was hanging out of a window in a feverish fret when the postman in his own good time turned the corner.

In some hope of being beforehand with Mrs. Fay and escaping a second rehearsal of that lady's wrongs at the hands of her husband, he was at the head of the last flight of stairs, looking down into the lower hallway, when the double knock sounded with the whistle in sequel which warned the household that the morning delivery of mail had been shot in through the brazen maw of the front door letter-drop.

In the same heartbeat, that befell which halted the young man and held him back in the dusk up there, unseen, for a full minute.

The postman's might have been a signal which Mrs. Fay had only been awaiting to make an entrance to the hallway which, in other ways than the most obvious, was tolerably arresting.

She made it, to begin with, from a quarter which had been for her forbidden ground ever since that skirmish which she had fought with Old Mortality night before last, and furthermore with all the stealthy gesture of a sneak thief making a getaway in immediate terror of pursuit.

Palmer saw the woman back out of the black walnut doorway, pause long enough noiselessly to latch it behind her, then furtively slink toward the basement stairs, shaking as with alcoholic palsy and at every other scuffling step turning a face of white dread overshoulder as though expecting nothing better than to see Machen at his maddest throw himself out in chase.

But nothing of the sort happened. She disappeared directly from Palmer's view, and was heard descending to her lair in shambling haste.

Palmer had a smile of pity for the abject creature as he went on down to the front doors. It wasn't difficult to guess what had happened: how Mrs. Fay, thinking—with whatever end in view—to take her crossgrained spouse unawares, had used a passkey to let herself into his suite at an hour when she had some reason to believe the old man would be asleep, but had

found him to the contrary disconcertingly astir in his den, if perhaps not vigilant enough to catch her in the act of violating his taboo.

At all events, her fright had been so thorough that she had forgotten all about the mail; and that in Palmer's sight was 'all to the good', since it spared him an unwelcome encounter; and if something in the incident troubled the dregs of ancient memories, he was too intent on the scatter of letters that littered the checkered tiling.

He sorted his own out of the thin handful . . . and in what was to all intents and purposes his next conscious moment, stood breathless on the fourth floor landing, thumping May's door and calling through its panels.

"Did I wake you, dearest?" he contritely asked when drowsy accents answered. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't wait to tell you: I've got that check and—"

"Wait—O please, Jack! That's no way to bring me such glorious news!"

Bedsprings complained beyond the door, bare feet found a bare floor, then their slippers, a pause ensued long enough to permit an active young woman to shrug into a kimono, heels came tapping, the lock grated: May drew her lover in and gave herself, all warm and fragrant from her slumbers, to his arms and lips.

"What does it matter what people might think? Before tonight you'll be my husband!"

"Before noon, unless you want to take a big chance and wait till after luncheon—"

"Not I, beloved—too much of a gamble!"

"Not that I like to be matter-of-fact at a time like this, but you must bear in mind, my dear, you're marrying a struggling young author, who can't afford to be late for an appointment with the dean of American editors, even if he has to leave his bride to eat her first meal of a married woman alone."

"She won't mind, so long as you don't let anything come between her and the wedding breakfast. Because she's famished!"

"How soon can you be ready, then? But I'm forgetting: we've got to wait till I can get this check honored—Deacon gave me yesterday a card of introduction to the paying-teller of his bank—and that means some time after ten, I'm afraid."

"So much the better, hungry or no hungry; it leaves me a little time to give to the mysteries of the bride's robing. I've simply got to press my other skirt and wash a pair of stockings! So trot along now—only tell me where and how soon to meet you."

An offer to call back for her with a cab was met by the reminder that they had no time to lose if they were to make a proper breakfast, shop for a wedding ring and the bridegroom's new hat and shoes to boot, secure a license at the bureau in City Hall and be made man and wife before noon . . .

IT WAS in the untimely upshot well after that hour when Queer Street opened out its bleary vistas to the windows of the taxi which fetched those wistful bold romantics uptown again, that Mrs. John Palmer Franklin might get on with her packing while her husband went on about his momentous business, and his first glimpse of it was enough to make that hapless son of fortune release his wife's hand and waist and sit sharply forward, with the croak of a fatalist who sees a cruel presentment on the verge of coming incurably true.

"I knew it, couldn't last! something cussed was bound to happen! Now what?"

And May, rousing out of her corner and her dream, too, knew a catch at her heart which forbade any answer other than a sympathetic hiss of breath indrawn.

In front of the old house one of those little knots of inane busybodies had gathered which seem veritably to seep into being through the seams in the sidewalk when anything untoward occurs, or gives the slightest promise of occurring, in the streets of New York. Yet nothing in the lineaments of the house itself gave any clue to the event, whether threatened or already of record, which excused this manifestation, it wore to the shrewdest scrutiny its worn and hopeless aspect of everyday unchanged.

"Had you better stop?" May doubted. "Wouldn't it be wiser to tell the chauffeur to drive right on to the Knickerbocker office? Whatever this means might delay you . . ."

"That's precisely why I must stop," Palmer fretted. "I don't dare go on to meet Mr. Deacon and that detective without finding out the latest developments here—if any! I might



"If you think for a moment that I am going to put up at a hotel and let the man I love face that danger alone, you're mistaken, dear," May informed her lover.

make them waste hours of their valuable time planning to do away with some obstacle that's decided all of a sudden to quit being such."

He had fare and tip ready when the cab pulled up; and hopping out, he helped May alight and was running up the steps with her before any neighbor in the gaping crowd could mark them as numbered among Mrs. Fay's roomers. As the front door closed on them a child's voice below screamed something in a key of warning, but the words were indistinguishable, and even had they been heard and heeded, it was too late . . .

Opposite the drawing-room suite, one door to which stood ajar, two plain strange men were waiting with a policeman; this last as soon as Palmer and his wife entered turned and, with a murmur of apology brushed by them as if to leave the house, but didn't, halted between them and the street door instead. At the same time one of the plain men took off a hard black hat and disembarassed his mouth of a ragged cigar, as he turned to Palmer.

"Mr. Palmer?" he civilly inquired. "We was kind of hopin' you'd show up before long. This [Continued on page 76]



Wide World

Here Is LITTLE UNDERSTOOD GREATNESS

By Fred C. Kelly

I HAVE just been talking with a great man who, because of his modesty, is seldom heard of. Comparatively few persons know that he is alive. Yet he is not only one of the most important inventors of all time, but a shrewd business man, a wonderful philosopher, and best of all a real human being with a sense of humor.

The man is Charles F. Brush, who invented the first practical electric light, the modern industrial dynamo, and the storage battery.

Imagine the world without electric lights, dynamos or storage batteries! These inventions almost revolutionized life on this well known planet. It seems well nigh incredible that the man who may be called the father of commercial electricity is still able-bodied, hale and hearty, keenly interested in life, and carrying on important work. He is only in his 77th year at that.

Perhaps Brush early showed as much talent in his knowledge of people as in his work with electricity. When electric street lighting first became practical, due to the birth of the Brush dynamo in 1876, and the Brush arc light in 1878, naturally the inventor was not popular with corporations that sold gas. But he bade them be of good cheer.

"You'll sell more gas than ever," he said. "People have been living partly in darkness and have organized their lives on that basis. But when they get used to light, they'll want more of it. After seeing brilliantly lighted streets and stores

they'll want more light in their homes and will burn more gas." That seems logical enough now, but it required genius to foresee it then.

From the first Brush knew it would be a slow, tedious process to educate the public to the new light because people in the mass are conservative and suspicious of novelty.

The chief difficulty was the propensity of everybody to stare directly at the brilliant arc and then complain that the light was too dazzling.

"It will never do," people said. "After looking at it, everything else looks dark. We'll all ruin our eyes."

To which Brush replied: "If you wish to be dazzled or have your eyes ruined by a bright light, why don't you stare in the same way at the sun? It is vastly brighter than electric light."

Yet the habit of staring at the arc light hung on for many years. People did so partly, perhaps, because they were wondering where the light really came from. One of the first arc lamps ever hung out for the public to look at was a 4000-candle power light sold to Dr. Longworth of Cincinnati and hung from the balcony of his home. A big crowd gathered and the inventor was purposely in the crowd to hear comments. In the gathering were a few men of the type who, if they know nothing about a subject and find others who know nothing about it either, will stop to explain it to them. Brush listened to one of these telling his audience: "That little thing at the top holds oil—and the tube at the side conducts the oil from the can to the burner."

He said nothing whatever about electricity and his hearers marveled at his clear understanding of the new light.

Another trouble that Brush had to contend with in the early days was the fact that users of electric lights could not be induced to let them alone. Meddling with them threw them out of order and the inventor got the blame rather than the fellow who monkeyed with them. To get around this, Brush had the mechanism of the lamps purposely as difficult to get apart as a Chinese puzzle. It was entirely devoid of screws that could be taken out and lost. All adjusting devices were fastened at the factory in a way to discourage tinkering.

Possibly his experience with the dear old public is what makes Brush today a little dubious of the intelligence of the average man on the street. But if he doubts the average person's wisdom, he is not intolerant or unsympathetic. While fairly inaccessible, he can still be seen at his office by those who have a semblance of an excuse to take up his time. His office is on an upper floor of an arcade building he owns in Cleveland. Years ago, after retiring from active business he had painted on the glass of his office door the astonishing statement: "Office hours, 12:30 to 1."

Those office hours became famous. Local papers made comment and in due course paragraphers all over the country had something to say in behalf of such a genteel working schedule.

But Brush was working harder than he let on. He was in his office long before 12:30, though not until then did he unlock his front door. As soon as the reception room contained enough people to occupy him until about two o'clock, he locked the door.

That seemingly brief office period struck Brush as so funny when he told me about it that he could hardly talk for chuckling.

Today, his "12:30 to 1" sign, as well as his name, has been removed from the door.

He comes to his office now only three days a week, for an hour or so, around noon. His secretary sizes up callers through a hole in the door, before letting them in.

"If you don't wish to be bothered, why do you have your office number in the telephone book?" I asked.

"Oh, it somehow doesn't seem fair to keep one's telephone number secret," he replied. "Occasionally somebody drops in who is entitled to see me, and without access to the telephone to make an appointment, how would he find me?"

Thus it appears that his unflattering opinion of the capacity and abilities of the average man hasn't lessened his kindness.

When he leaves his office, Mr. Brush usually goes to his home, one of the old Euclid avenue mansions, and devotes himself to scientific research. His basement is well equipped as a laboratory and he works with the same zest that he did before his inventions brought him fame and fortune. Just now he is giving almost his entire [Continued on page 76]

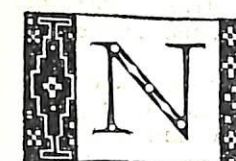


round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

Decorations by Allen Lewis

The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine



OBLE, I envy you.

You are as bright as a new tin dipper just bought in the five and dime store.

I am so dumb, someone ought to hang me on the wall of the gymnasium with the rest of the dumbbells.

I allow other people to live my life for me while I money grub, digging up cash to pay them for doing it.

You live your own life. I only live vicariously.

The baseball I get is that played by Bucky Harris, Walter Johnson, Joe Judge and the rest of the boys on the Washington team. I never play it myself. I just hire those fine chaps to play it for me. I buy the tickets to the game while they have all the fun. You doubtless play baseball in some Sunday School league or with some amateurs on a Shrine or Blue Lodge team.

In winter I pay Red Grange and a group of professionals or buy tickets to college football games. I do not really get the fun of playing. I just sit and shiver and take my football by proxy.

Same thing when it comes to making love! I buy novels, go to a lot of movies, paying to have a bunch of other fellows make love for me. The heroes of the printed page and silver screen have all my emotional fun for me, because I am a dumb-bell.

My religion is vicarious, also. I am not like you. I do not go to church regularly and teach a class in Sunday School. I keep my religion in the names of my wife and mother. I get little joy or comfort out of it. Of course I pay the preacher regularly and buy the rather nice clothes my family wears to church, but I am fool enough to let someone else practice my devotions for me.

You knock off work every now and then and go traveling.

I am dumb about this, too. I subscribe for the Geographic Magazine and go to hear Burton Holmes and Elmendorf lectures. I do my traveling staying home! The Geographic editor and the lecturers do my traveling for me. They have the fun while I grub for the dough to pay them for it.

You take your children with you in the summer and get better acquainted with them than you can when they are in school all day. If I had children, I bet I would take my parenthood vicariously also. I doubtless would send them away some place to a boy or girl camp and hire a camp leader to stand in loco parentis. They would have all the fun of being a parent. I would be dunce enough to stick around my business and work like the dickens to pay them for leading my life for me.

You realize the need of getting out in the open two or three times a week and pound a gutta-percha ball all over a cow pasture. All I do is pay high dues to a good country club where I sit on the veranda and let other fellows play my golf for me. I never played but once. I stayed in the rough so long the greens keeper came along and paid me off, thinking I was working there.

In politics I quarrel and bow wow about the mismanagement and graft in my city. I swear dark purple oaths against professional politicians. But when election day comes I neither vote nor try to get the better element of our citizens out to vote. Then I pay for it in high taxes and wasted public money because I am dumbbell enough to think my business is more important than my city. I hire a gang of professional politicians to run my city for me and break my back earning money to pay them for it. They get all the fun out of it, too. You don't do that, I know. You vote every time.

In my Shrine Temple all I do is pay dues. I let the young men hustle for all the petitions, do all the work, serve on all the committees and get all the fun out of Shrine life. I, poor blind idiot, think I have done my duty when I send the Recorder twelve dollars a year.

In the neighborhood moving picture house I see a news reel depicting President Coolidge landing a small fish, and someone down in the Gulf of Mexico hauling [Continued on page 60]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

WOMEN CANNOT BECOME SHRINERS BUT LADIES' NIGHT SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED IN ALL TEMPLES

THE Imperial Council has expressed itself plainly on the relation of the ladies (Allah bless 'em) to the Mystic Shrine. The Shrine is a man's organization and it is intended that it shall ever be so. The laws of the Order provide that no ladies may take part in Shrine parades, that there can be no Ladies' Shrine, that there can be no lady members of the organization.

So be it. We all, ladies included, agree that this is right. But the Children's Hospitals have brought the Shrine closer to the home than ever before. This is a type of work which appeals to women and in which they can and have helped.

The Shrine needed to be "sold" to women. All too often in "the good old days" (which were bad old days indeed), the Shrine was an alibi for many an erring husband. Thanks be to Allah this day has long passed, yet in the minds of at least some of our ladies there lingered a doubt as to the organization.

When we know folks we love them. Half the dislike in the world is due to a lack of contact. No man doubts the refining influence of good women. Both women and Nobles profit when they meet socially. What about that Ladies' Night, this fall?

It is good for all of us that such functions be frequent. Any woman who has spent an evening with a group of Shriners, danced with them, chatted with them, come to know them, realizes that they are the cream skinned from humanity.

Let us shake the moth balls out of the soup and fish burnoose, let us get into the patent leather sandals and assemble the women of the tribe and feast and dance a few. It is good for us and them and makes our batting average with the girls rise like a balloon at a county fair.

The wise Illustrious will put some ladies' affair in his autumnal program that his name be not forgotten after the next elections.

IF POTENTATES PERMITTED LESS SPEECH MAKING AT CEREMONIALS NOBLES WOULD BE MORE ATTENTIVE

THERE are few criticisms made of the average ceremonial session. Most of them are conducted in ideal form. A Shrine Ceremonial gathers several thousand men whose hearts and minds are tuned for a good time, an evening's relaxation, with every Noble in holiday spirit.

This being true, not always does the membership give the best of attention to speakers talking for some particular objective, distinguished guests responding to the compliments of the Potentate or orating as a part of the entertainment.

There is a disposition to emulate the old Romans at the arena who from time to time cried, "Bring on the Christians!" The crowd wants the Ceremonial to begin! In anxiety for the fun to start they at times forget the courtesy due to guests of the Temple and to speakers invited to address it.

A speaker usually gets the attention his speech deserves. If he is dull he gets little. If he is snappy he gets a lot. But not all big men, big Masons, big Shriners are good speakers. We

should accord the man who has the floor the same respectful attention he would receive in a Masonic lodge.

It is not always the Nobles who are to blame. More than one Potentate has allowed a Ceremonial to be talked to death. It is pleasant for him to invite his Shrine friends to his Ceremonial. It is a joy to him to call them to their feet before the Temple, cover them with verbal bouquets and have them tell him what a nickel-plated wonder he is. But after all has this sort of thing any real place in a Shrine Ceremonial?

The less speech making at a Ceremonial, the better the attention. Let's call it a fifty-fifty break as to blame. Let's suggest to the Nobility that they give better attention and then ask the Potentate to reward them by cutting down the number of speech makers so he can get busy at the real life work of the Shrine, which is to teach the proud and lofty in spirit that after all they do not amount to much in life's general scheme.

INTER-TEMPLE VISITS WITH OUR NEAREST SHRINE NEIGHBORS SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

HOW about a joint picnic or ceremonial with your nearest Shrine neighbor? Those who do not love us do not know us. It is certain our Temple could organize a baseball team which could "lick the stuffing" out of those other fellows! And golf! What a golf team we could organize in that Temple of ours if the honor of the Temple were at stake! It is almost unthinkable that our golf gang could not beat any other lot in Shrinedom!

There could be a rival Patrol drill. With the two bands dispensing sweet music just think what a dance we could have that night after the picnic was over! We could parade our winning ball team across the ballroom floor, all of them armed with brooms to show what a clean sweep we made. The defeated team of the other Temple would march behind us, each with a black eye put on with burned cork.

We could parade our golf team and make the defeated rivals from the other Temple walk behind carrying a caddy bag for the victors. Likely we could think up some way to parade that wonderful patrol of ours and make their defeated rivals sweep the ballroom floor with the brooms our baseball team carried and thus get it ready for the dancing.

The whole thing would be quite a party. Of course our Temple would win all the events and thus establish forever in the minds of the Temple closest to us how very superior we are. It is really worth while to show them, too.

If we are raising an extra contribution to a Children's Hospital or if we are building a mosque or establishing a country club, it would be simple enough to charge a small admission of say a dollar or two. The money could go to the purpose we have in mind. Everybody would get their money's worth, except those fellows in that other Temple that we defeated so signally. They, being Shriners, will take their defeat gracefully and good-humoredly.

Of course, if by some carelessness they should happen to wallop us good and proper, it might be good for our immortal souls. That Temple of ours is pretty cocky!

At all events we would get a couple of close neighbors into close harmony, like singing Sweet Adeline, and it is good for brethren to dwell together in unity. This sort of thing helps to accomplish it.



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

EVERY RIGHT THINKING SHRINER IS BEHIND THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL IN THE INCREASE OF DUES

NOW and then some ill-informed Noble asks the same old question as to why the Shrine increased its dues. Perhaps the following decision from the able pen of Grand Master Boyton of California might help to answer the question. This decision is not unique. It is one of many and is quoted because it is a fairly recent one.

"We make no pretense of controlling or attempting to control any other organization, but we do have full penal jurisdiction over all Masons within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of California, whether affiliated here or elsewhere, and in the exercise of such control I now declare and order that from and after this date any Master Mason who conducts a lottery or sells tickets or chances in contravention of Section 319 of the Penal Code of California, or who otherwise violates the laws of the land or of Masonry, shall be charged with unmasonic conduct by the proper officer of the Lodge having jurisdiction, a just and fair trial given, and upon conviction, full and adequate punishment, in good faith, shall be inflicted."

Just what inspired the edict is not known outside of California and this is just as well. Some allied body of Masonry erred. Every right thinking Mason, Shriner or otherwise, is squarely behind the Grand Master in his decision.

The same Imperial Council law which increased the dues, eliminated all games of chance, lotteries and paddle wheels as a method of raising money.

The increased dues take away any excuse for this sort of thing and with this thought in mind every Noble is now "sold" on the new rate which will doubtless stand for the lifetime of every present member.

A POTENTATE'S SUCCESS DEPENDS LARGELY UPON THE WORKING QUALITIES OF HIS COMMITTEES

THERE was a time when the Potentate was a Pooh Bah, a veritable "cook and captain bold and mate of the Nancy Lee." He was expected to plan and carry out all ceremonial sessions, and do the ritualistic work and all the speech-making, as well as planning the financial policy of the Temple.

Now that Temples have increased till numbers are thousands instead of hundreds this plan is no longer possible. The most successful administration is that in which the Potentate divides the work of the Temple between several standing committees.

The Potentate is ex officio a member of every committee in his Temple. He should be the guiding hand in all their work but the actual carrying out of the details must perforce be left to the committees.

As the success of the administration depends on committees, so does the success of committees depend on the working qualities of the Nobles selected. Many Potentates make the mistake of putting figure heads on their committees. It is not the big names which make the committees function but the disposition to get out and hustle.

Past Potentates, Past Grand Masters, Mayors, Senators and

men of great wealth look well on the monthly notice but if busy men of this type are depended on to handle the details of a Temple the chances of success are slim. In every Temple are willing workers, Nobles who may occupy humble stations in life, who have a deep abiding love for the organization. Such will do ten times the work of so-called "big" men. To these be all honor and glory and all committee work.

The Program Committee is, from the standpoint of the membership, the most important. At the beginning of the Shrine year this committee should budget the program of entertainments, ceremonials, picnics, ladies' nights, and dances as the income of the Temple justifies.

Glad Hand, Finance, Commissary, Charity, Budget, Sick and other committees suggest themselves so naturally that a detailed outline of their work seems hardly necessary. The Potentate who has such committees and refers to them matters which come within their scope has the better organization and more leisure to function as a Potentate.

A COMMITTEE SHOULD RELIEVE POTENTATE AND RECORDER IN THE PLACING OF UNEMPLOYED NOBLES

THE most frequent call on the Potentate and Recorder is from members of the Temple temporarily out of employment, or those who want influence used to better their positions. While some men are out of employment through fault of their own, they have wives and children to feed. It is the duty of the Temple to do all in its power to better enable them to support their families and contribute to the relief of worthy brethren.

In every Temple are Nobles whose interest in placement and guidance makes them willing to take up this work for the Temple. Such an agency or committee costs only a small amount annually for clerical work and stationery. By listing members of the Shrine who are employers of large forces and cataloguing the qualifications of men out of employment, the supply and demand for employees and employers in the organization can be satisfactorily meshed.

Other things being equal, the Shriner who employs would rather have a Noble for an employee. He feels that his interest will be better safeguarded by such a man. Other things being equal, the Noble looking for a job would rather work for a Shriner.

Widows' Funds, Luncheon Clubs and Hospitals for Crippled Children show the organization to be taking on an attitude of practical idealism. Establishment of an Employment Agency or Employment Committee, to take care of the unemployed, is well worth while for any Temple.

It is not enough to secure a position for a Noble. By systematizing the work, as this committee can, it is possible to see that the employer gets a man able to qualify fully. The employer is also a Noble! He is as much entitled to a worthy employee as is the unemployed Noble to a good position.

To use the Shrine for political preferment, or its influence for undeserved positions is far afield from the true function of such a committee. If the Potentate or Recorder is able to refer all such applications to a committee, it relieves them of much work and quite a little embarrassment.



Noble Will Rogers
Akdar Temple
Tulsa, Okla.

Past Potentate
H. G. Getchell
Moila, St. Joseph, Mo.

Noble Howard Thurston
Mecca Temple
New York City

The Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot
Bishop of Bethlehem
Irem, Wilkes-Barre

ON THE membership roll of Mecca Temple, New York, appears, modestly and simply enough, the name of Noble Howard Thurston. He is a mild, gentle soul. But—don't play cards with him. Not unless you want to have heart failure. He wouldn't take your money, but the temptation to make the flying pasteboards do strange things would, you might expect, be too much for him. For Howard Thurston is he who, billed simply as Thurston, the Magician, turns them away, year after year, from coast to coast and with the crowned heads of Europe looking on.

It wasn't always so. A nephew of United States Senator John M. Thurston, young Thurston was intended for the ministry. He went to Dwight L. Moody's school, but he couldn't, somehow, keep his mind on theological studies. So little could he do this that once, at a college dinner, he persuaded Moody himself to stand up and took a pack of cards from the general neighborhood of the famous evangelist's left ear!

Now, cards were not welcomed in that school, and there was a great to-do. They were going to expel Thurston, but Mr. Moody had a sense of humor, and Thurston escaped. But there was a general feeling, which he came to share, that he was in danger of missing his real vocation, and the end of his devotional studies soon came.

I REM TEMPLE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., numbers among its Nobles the Right Reverend Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Bethlehem—the see formerly known as Central Pennsylvania. But Bishop Talbot's greatest fame came to him when he was Missionary Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, thirty years ago. Everyone who ever read Owen Wister's great tale of the vanished frontier, *The Virginian*, knows about Bishop Talbot. It was he who was the original of the Bishop of that novel; he who married the Virginian cowman and Miss Molly Stark, of Vermont, after the death of Trampas.

Bishop Talbot was a great figure in the cow country. He would have been a great figure anywhere, at any time. He was of the church militant, like that other prelate, Leonidas Polk, who, Bishop of Louisiana in 1861, laid aside the crozier for the sword and became one of the great generals of the Confederacy.

Bishop Talbot rode over his vast diocese like the cowboys who were his spiritual charges. He could and did sleep in the open when there was need; a bunk house sheltered him more often than the ranch house of the boss. How much he did, how great a part he played in the winning of that vast domain, is still matter for historians.

Bishop Talbot was born in Fayette, Mo., in 1848. He is an old man now, as most folks reckon age, but he is still a great figure. His years on the great plains built up in him reserves of health and strength not yet exhausted, and he has lived the full and active life that wards off the ravages of time. A fine and forceful speaker, Bishop Talbot, in the pulpit, has never seemed a preacher. His was always a rare and unusual ability to make himself one with his hearers. No man was ever better

Who's WHO

loved and more respected than was Bishop Talbot by the wild and unruly youngsters who, in the late eighties and early nineties, rode the plains of the great cattle country.

And it may not be out of place to say that no one who is interested in the history of that time, as picturesque and thrilling a decade as America has ever known, can afford to neglect Bishop Talbot's own book—"My People of the Plains."

PAST POTENTATE H. G. GETCHELL, of Moila Temple, St. Joseph, Mo., has seen every Noble of his Temple take the degree, which is believed to be a record. He was a founder of Moila Temple, and is now an Emeritus Member of the Imperial Council. It was he who first saw the possibilities of Pet Clayton and persuaded Ethelbert F. Allen, of Kansas City, then Imperial Potentate, to place him at the foot of the line. Then he stood by until Noble Clayton was himself Imperial Potentate. He was the first man who ever took a camel to an Imperial Council meeting—and the camel was named Pet.

Cap Getchell is not a native Missourian; he has only lived in the state forty-two years, in fact, and went there with a complete Masonic connection.

Noble Getchell is one of the great drill masters of the Shrine. He can still make an Arab Patrol step lively. Years ago he organized the Blaine Flambeau Club in St. Joseph, and kept it going until the Plumed Knight was finally nominated for President—only to have Grover Cleveland beat him when the Rev. Mr. Burchard made a few remarks about Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. In business he is a laundryman in a large—a very large—way.

SOME men just haven't any home. Will Rogers is one of them. Try and find him. He's as elusive as a hopping flea. Just when you think you have him roped and hogtied, and that you can see him any night (provided you have enough financial standing to buy a seat from a speculator) twirling his rope on the stage that is devoted to the glorifying of the American girl, he turns up in London, making "wise cracks" about the Prince of Wales and making London like them. Follow him there and he skips to Paris. Try to nail him down there and you'll find him giving Mussolini riding lessons.

There isn't, there never has been, an odder, freakier figure in the whole world of the theater than Will Rogers. He comes under no rule, no classification. If you had told anyone, a few years ago, that a tall man in a big hat, with a wide mouth, could come out on the stage and do tricks with a lasso, the while he drawled out ridiculous stories, and become one of the greatest of all drawing cards, they would have laughed at you. (So would he, by the way. One of the most engaging things



Past Potentate
James T. Rogers
Kalurah, Binghamton

Noble Bennett S. Gaitskill
Mirza Temple
Pittsburg, Kans.

Dr. O. W. Burdats
Osiris Temple
Wheeling, W. Va.

Potentate Louis J. Breuner
Aahmes Temple
Oakland, Calif.

In Shrinedom

about the man is that he has never let his amazing and unparalleled success fool him about himself. Will Rogers kids the whole world every day, but he never kids himself.)

Unique is a word that most writers ought to bar from their vocabularies, but it goes in this instance. Rogers is unique; just that. Who else could command front page space in the New York Times for a cabled joke about Secretary Mellon? Who else, at the same time, could use up space for which advertisers are clamoring in the Saturday Evening Post to describe Benito Mussolini?

In the Shrine Will Rogers is a Noble of Akdar Temple, Tulsa, Oklahoma. But it wasn't in Tulsa that the hot sands burned his feet. Maybe he just couldn't get home; maybe, being a wise lad, he decided that they knew him too well out in Tulsa. Anyway, it was in Minneapolis, under Potentate Andy Rahn, of Zuhrah, that, at the request of Akdar, Rogers was ennobled. And he certainly got his at that ceremonial! Rahn is an artist when it comes to the torture of novices, but what he did and had done to Rogers stands as his masterpiece.

NOBLE BENNETT S. GAITSKILL, who lives in Girard, Kansas, but belongs to Mirza, of Pittsburg, also in the Sunflower state, is a Democrat. He is probably, at times, a little lonely, but he keeps on being a Democrat, and if a miracle happens he'll be a United States Senator, because all the other Democrats in Kansas are going to vote for him for that office and it might rain on Election Day.

Noble Gaitskill comes by his politics honestly. He was born in Kentucky, and he knew Woodrow Wilson when he studied law at the University of Virginia. He was elected Mayor of Girard once, and he was Prosecuting Attorney of Crawford County for three terms—which, for a Democrat in Kansas, is a certificate of high standing. He was Master of his Blue Lodge for four years and has been Eminent Commander in the Commandery. Originally a Noble of Abdallah, Leavenworth, he withdrew to petition for a temple at Pittsburg, and, since that request was granted, in 1909, has been one of its Imperial Council Representatives, except in 1913 and 1920.

DR. O. W. BURDATS, of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, West Virginia, has been a Mason for thirty-four years and a Shriner for twenty-eight. He was Potentate of Osiris in 1910, and in the same year was for the first time Representative in the Imperial Council. An inveterate office holder in Masonic and other bodies, Dr. Burdats is a famous jester. His Italian impersonations have made him famous, but he can still throw as convincing a fit as any Paris faker, and to see him fall

downstairs for the first time is calculated to lead anyone to turn in a call for an ambulance.

Dr. Burdats is one of the leading dentists of the Alleghany region, and if he ever shows traces of pettishness it is when he finds that some people are disinclined to take his profession seriously. (If they happen to come to him later for treatment he sees to it that they don't repeat that mistake!) He is President of the Wheeling and West Virginia Dental Societies, and a State Examiner, passing on the qualifications of neophytes.

UP IN Broome County, New York, they take politics as seriously as Kansas takes wheat. Any man who can keep on coming out on top in Broome County has something—and whatever that something is, Past Potentate James T. Rogers, of Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, has it. He is one of your born office holders, anyway, in both political and fraternal circles. He started young—he and some fellow criminals organized, when he was about fourteen, the Knights of Mystery, with as bloodcurdling a ritual as the world has ever known. The only difficulty was that at the first initiation the knightly goat, borrowed for the occasion, failed utterly to make any distinction between officers and novices, and butted the whole order into the next township.

As a boy Jim Rogers had to work pretty hard, and he worked his way through college first and then studied law while holding down the job of clerk of the Surrogates Court of Broome. Later he represented his district longer in the Legislature at Albany than any man has ever done. He is a Permanent Member of the Imperial Council and has served on many important committees.

SOMETHING about being close to a great city seems to stir up a smaller community and fill it with pep—a desire, possibly, to cease to be the tail that is wagged, and to wag the dog in turn. Oakland, California, is like that. It looks across the bay to San Francisco every morning and proceeds to cut loose. And Aahmes Temple is full of the Oakland spirit.

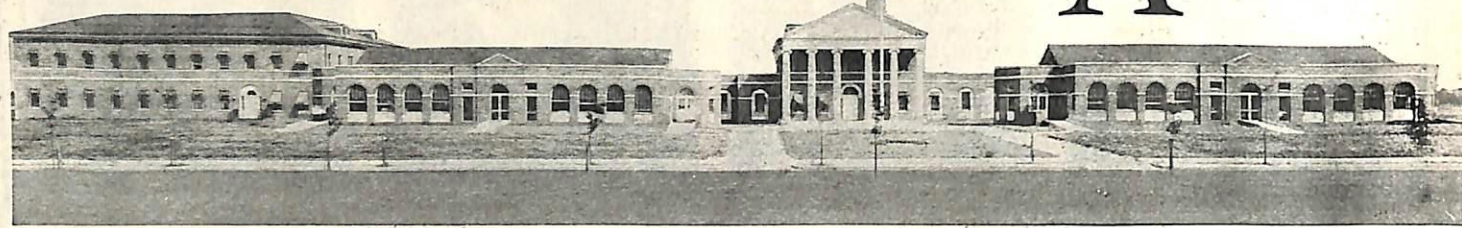
This year its Potentate is Louis Breuner, and Aahmes thinks that it is under the youngest Potentate of the year, at least—if not the youngest Potentate in the history of the order. Breuner is only thirty-one; they think, out in Oakland, that when he gets his growth he may be quite a man.

Potentate Breuner has laid great emphasis on the future of fellowship in his administration of his Temple. And the great entertainment features he has planned and directed have been for the families of the Nobles as well as for the Nobles themselves.

Under Noble Breuner the work of building up the Shrine in the suburban and country districts through the organization of local Shrine clubs has gone on a pace. Aahmes has been a pioneer in this activity, which is now being developed all over the country.

Turning LIVING LIABILITIES into ASSETS

By David McCord



THE WORK of the SPRINGFIELD SHRINERS HOSPITAL

FOR my visit to the Springfield Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children I picked, somehow, one of the hottest days last Fall. I forget just how far above ninety the thermometer stood, but I remember that the heat in the train from Boston was too much, even, for sleep, and that when I descended at the station a hospital was the last place I wanted to visit: or was it the first? Most hospitals into which I have stepped have been situated on a hill, and I was happy to discover, as the taxi boiled upward and along, that the tradition was not to be broken. On the wide, clean crown of Carew Street Hill, I found it a low, extensive brick structure of southern Colonial style with six white pillars rising, unobtrusively, at the front of the administration building. On that violently hot afternoon, superior location declared its points, for if there was any breeze at all, it stirred about me, and if there was anything in the day that could be commended it lay in the lofty isolation of the site. I was told that not only are the six and one-half acres which comprise the hospital grounds protected by law from encroachment by other buildings in the immediate vicinity, but that no house or apartment house lying down the hill toward the city may have the tops of its chimneys higher than the level of the hospital floor. Thus is the permanent dominion of the Springfield institution assured: trees, I was told, will grow to lend it shade and dignity, but no mushroom upstart of buildings or factories shall ever hem it in.

But superiority and detachment only begin on the grounds and driveway. This, I was soon to discover, is a small world quite unto itself. Feeling much like an out-patient, and not knowing a soul, I declared my presence in the front office as a writer and visitor who wanted to see and learn as much as possible about everything in the compass of a few hours. I was glad to feel that they were to be cooler

hours. Indeed, a special current seemed to blow through the long corridor as if it had been dragooned and refrigerated for the purpose.

The effect of it and of the quiet and inviting atmosphere of administration had put a new angle on the venture. I began to share Mr. Wetjen's hospital enthusiasm expressed in the July number of The Shrine.

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Was Mr. George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors, to be seen? No, he was not. He was at his home some miles out of the city and would not (on account of the heat) be in. But Miss Ruth H. Cummer, the Superintendent, came to my rescue; and during the afternoon I met, through her, the majority of the hospital staff, from Dr. R. N. Hatt, the Chief Surgeon, down. Honest, abundant enthusiasm and love of work are, apparently, indigenous to all the Shriners hospitals. From the principals to the lowest menial, association with the children seems to be regarded as a privilege and a personal delight. There was to me, in ample evidence, such a fine philosophy of service and inexorable devotion to a labor which cannot be too highly praised. I shall not begin to describe it. I shall only recall it, and set down my impressions of the place with it in mind.

Miss Cummer, after a little preliminary explanation of my visit, and some telephoning to Noble Hendee, took me to the latter's office where I examined, under her enthusiastic guidance, the scrapbooks of the hospital. An institution of this nature is peculiarly able to keep an informative photographic record of its patients. There, page on page in a number of books, are paired the pictures of each child as he or she appeared at the dates of admission and discharge. The difference between these "befores" and "afters" is perfectly amazing. Some of the most unbelievable deformities have been straightened and corrected by major operations: children that have never walked, or

have walked only on their hands, come into the hospital and leave after a few months, erect and walking in a practically normal manner. Appalling cases of bow-legs, club-feet, and spinal curvature are taken in hand and so remedied and improved that it is often hard to believe in the identity of the two photographs.

After I had seen the scrapbooks and was thus prepared for an inspection tour, I was taken by Miss Cummer to meet the subjects themselves. Perhaps this was quiet hour at the hospital; certainly I heard no shouts or cries escaping from rooms yet unexplored, and as we passed through door after door on our way to the girls' ward, I was somewhat surprised to find that no bedlam was breaking loose. And yet there was anything but general solemnity. Here were little girls in casts and braces, some in almost strait-jackets, and yet they wore, as a group, the happiest and most serene of faces. Some of them were very shy, I found; others were extremely, advancingly friendly. A hand would go out of a crib to rub one's coat and touch one's sleeve, or a face would light up in a clear, innocent smile when you spoke the name that belonged to it. One very small girl was having the cast on her leg opened around the toes. She cried a little.

"Don't they suffer terribly, sometimes?" I asked.

Miss Cummer assured me that they suffer hardly at all. Several, she pointed out, had just been operated on the previous day; one even that morning.

There they lay in their little white casts apparently without any pain whatsoever. That to me is almost as remarkable as the results of the operations themselves. To be able to lie on one's back and play, abstractedly, with various toys when one's leg has been deliberately broken in two or three places but a few hours since seems almost incredible. Yet before me was the living (and smiling) truth. But I must not belittle what, when the occasion arises, is a Spartan type of courage. The very thought of almost the least of these operations would strike terror into your heart or mine, had we to undergo it. With what double fortitude, then, must a small child of twelve endure the days immediately preceding their great adventure? Parents, who are permitted to see their children but once a week, are not advised of the actual operation until it is all over. So there is no hand-holding and emotional preliminary which might unnerve even such stalwart patients. On the other hand, the child must lean, more or less, on him or herself. A small incident made me the more curious about this. There was a boy who was wheeling about his ward with great energy

Shrine Gifts to Florida

Within a few hours after news of the devastation in Florida from floods and winds came over the wire Imperial Potentate Crosland, who was in Chicago, had consulted with the proper authorities and had set machinery in motion for the Shrine to do its part in the work of relief. Five thousand dollars was placed at the disposal of Recorder Fred W. De Laney of Miami for immediate use, three thousand of which was distributed by Florida Grand Lodge. Later ten thousand dollars was donated to the Red Cross and two thousand dollars to the Tampa district, making seventeen thousand dollars in all.

Before taking action it was necessary for the Imperial Potentate to get in touch with the members of his Divan to get authorization to make relief contributions in excess of one thousand dollars. Happily Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar and Imperial Chief Rabban Frank C. Jones were with him in Chicago. Telegrams were sent to Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, chairman of the Finance Committee, and Past Potentate Albert H. Ladner, Jr., of Lu Lu, Philadelphia, chairman of the Jurisprudence and Laws Committee. The unanimous verdict was that the Imperial Potentate be authorized to act as he thought best. Potentate Edward J. Burke, Morocco, Jacksonville, was requested to visit Miami and make recommendations. The five thousand dollars, as already stated, was then placed at the disposal of Recorder De Laney, he having wired that, in the absence of Potentate John B. Orr of Miami in Europe, he was using the Temple funds for immediate relief needs, which action he felt sure would receive proper sanction on Noble Orr's return.

The Imperial Potentate then appointed Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, and Henry C. Heinz, Yaarab, Atlanta, to represent him at Miami and in other sections where relief might be needed. Noble Heinz was prevented from going to Florida by illness in his family, but Commissioner Rahn after conferring with government Red Cross officials in Washington joined Commissioner Burke in Miami. Conferences were held with Recorder De Laney, W. Cecil Watson, Deputy Grand Master of Florida, and A. L. Randell, executive secretary Masonic Relief Association of Washington, D. C., and the work got under way.

had observed was very neatly trimmed, is cut once a week by Mr. Joe Taylor, a local barber, and his staff. Since the hospital was started, Mr. Taylor has given up his Sundays to this work which he does entirely out of the kindness of his heart. I did not ask if there were not other such exemplary acts performed at the hospital: but I strongly suspect that there are.

In the boys' ward there was, as I imagined, a little more of a racket, but sporadic rather than continuous. That particular morning was "balloon morning" and all the children, girls and boys alike, were amusing themselves inflating and deflating small rubber balloons of which a Springfield benefactor (Mr. P. A. Williams) makes them a weekly present. Very bright and animated were most of these youngsters, playing in what (for them) was a vigorous fashion, and with all manner of simple and inexpensive toys. I caught sight of a book under the pillow of one, and learned that there were classes for some, and reading for all who could. It was explained that every attempt was made to improve the mental as well as the physical side of the child.

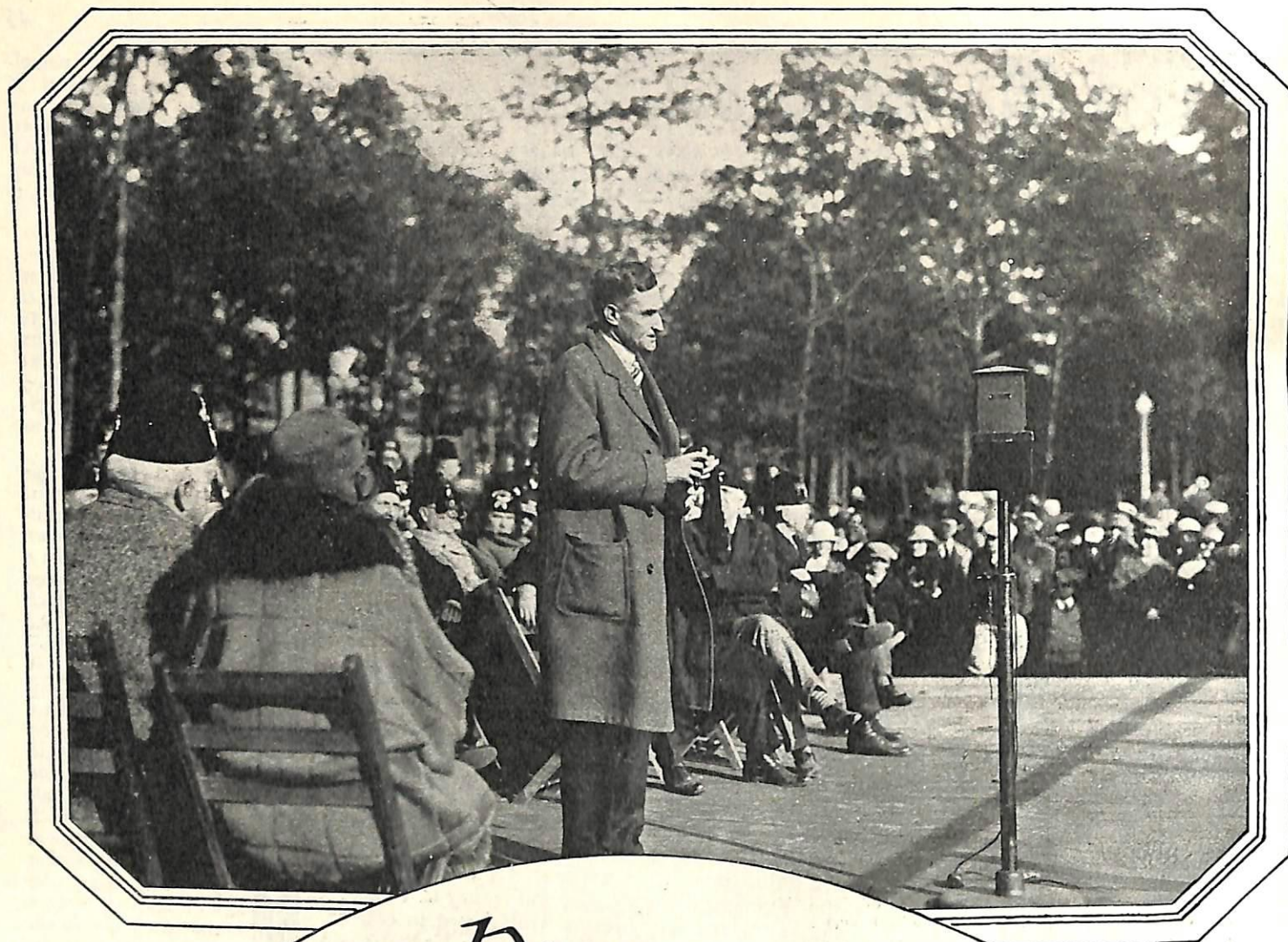
Many crippled children, through no fault of theirs, are backward in mental development. It is one of the rules of admission to a Shriners' Hospital that a child must have normal mentality, but it is also part of their business to build up and strengthen the mind. I did not need to be told that perhaps the majority of these children from a few years of age up to fourteen have never been so happy before in their lives, and dread the day of departure far more than they have ever dreaded the mysterious and unknown operating table. Home-sickness, even in the instance of a [Continued on page 69]

on a small velocipede. I asked if the sight of one such lad so able to be up and about didn't depress his less fortunate brothers.

"No," said Dr. Hatt, "on the contrary, it seems to stimulate them to do their utmost to improve their own condition against the day when they can ride a velocipede as well as he."

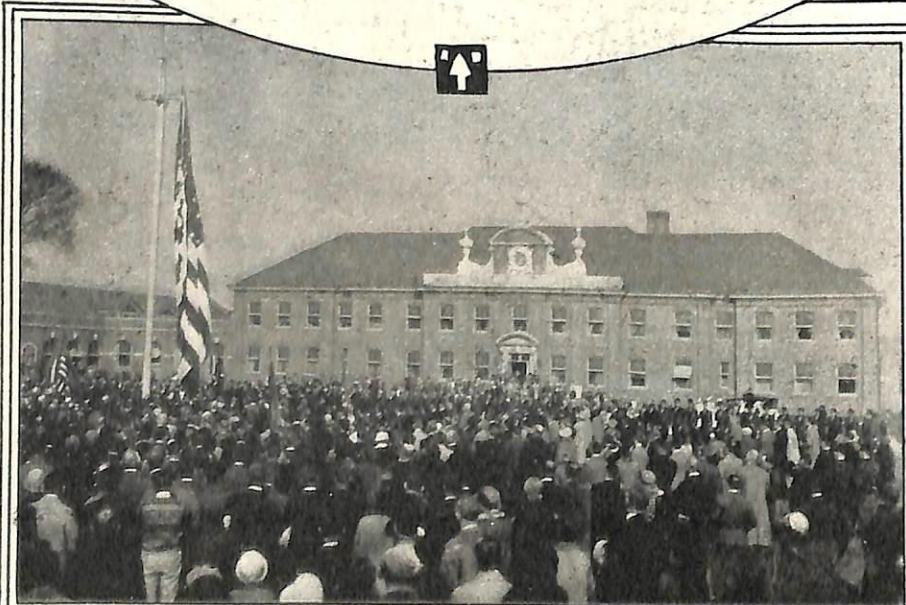
And there is philosophy for you!

Many of the children were as brown as a Canadian guide. I was taken to a window which looked out on the back of the hospital grounds. A long ramp led out to a concrete square. Children are wheeled out in their beds, of a fine morning, and allowed to sun. Each bed, I was shown, has a small awning which may be drawn up over the patient's head. And coming to heads, I was told of a most interesting piece of altruism and self-sacrifice. It is just such a story as may be duplicated in any of the other hospitals of the kind; the children's hair, which I



MEDINAH TEMPLE Runs Out of CLIMAXES

(Above: Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland dedicating Medinah Temple's Country Club, situated just outside of Chicago, and one of the largest and most beautiful social clubs in America.



(Left: The same week as the Country Club Dedication the splendid Chicago Unit of the Shriners Hospitals was dedicated. After the impressive ceremony 5000 people inspected the Hospital.

MEDINAH, that little Temple of 24,000 members in the "miniature" city by Lake Michigan, is by way of doing some very, very large things in a particularly big way. And it took a whole week to complete the program—a week that for many years in Shrinedom will hold the world's record for bunched activities.

Even the weather man entered into the spirit of the thing and took the cork out of the water bottle and poured rain after rain on to the devoted city, hour after hour, day after day, but always turning the spout off just at the proper minute to avoid interfering with any of Medinah's activities.

Yes, Medinah had a big week, the last week in September. It laid in a large supply of climaxes, enough to meet even extraordinary occasions, but the shows were so many and so varied that the supply was completely exhausted before the last taps had been sounded.

Officially, things began to hum with the arrival of Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland on Sunday night. Potentate Mills, Imperial Oriental Guide Thomas J. Houston and a large number of members of the Divan and active members of the Temple meeting him at the station on arrival and conducting him to the Sherman Hotel, where by way of showing their possibilities as entertainers par excellence they placed at his disposal a seven-room house built on the roof for living quarters. That was probably the largest amount of space ever presented an Imperial Potentate in the way of housing accommodations and was marked down as the first call, on the stock of climaxes.

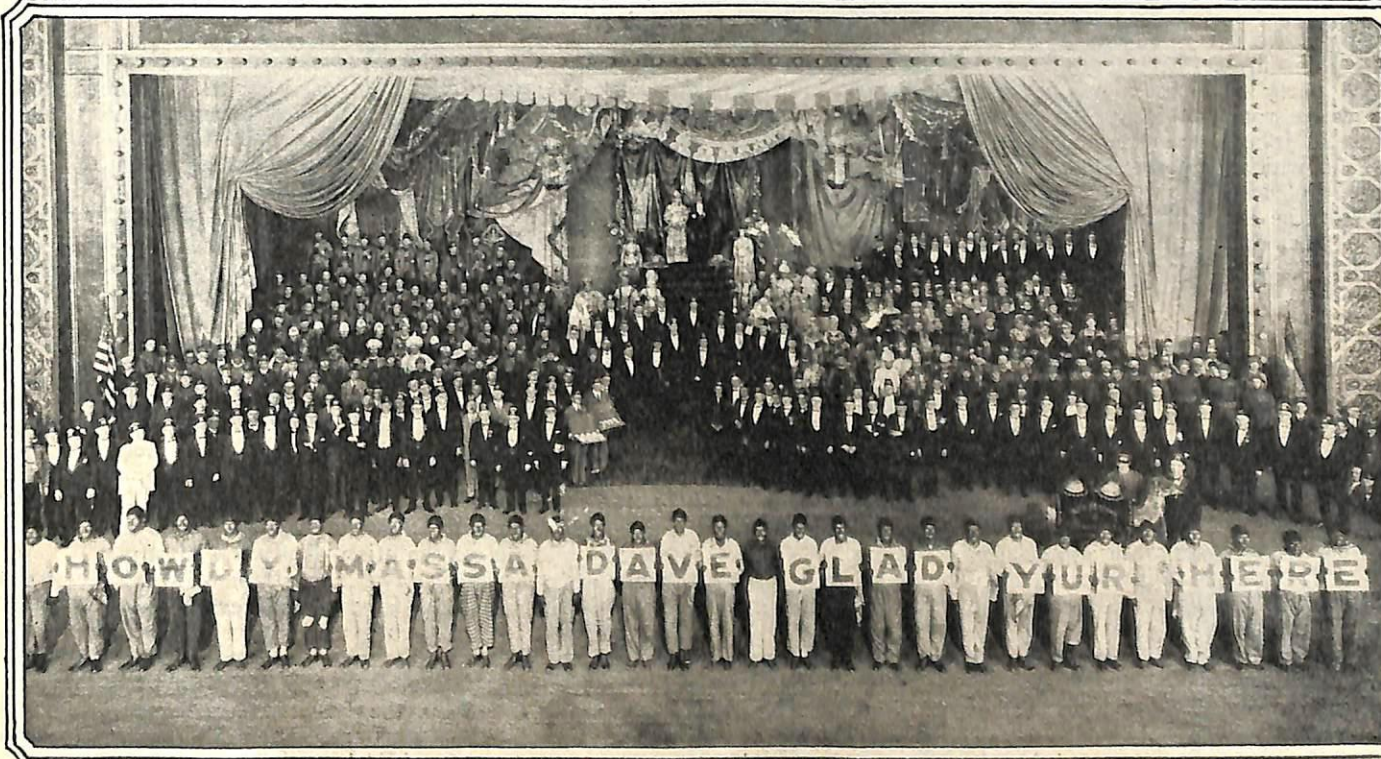
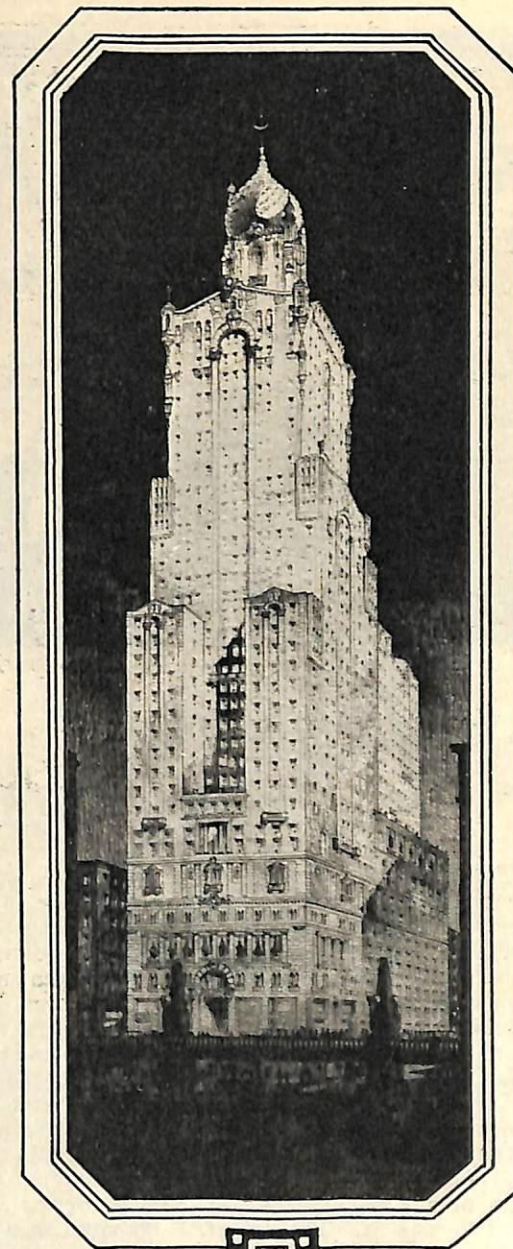
On Monday evening, a banquet was served at the Drake Hotel and it was attended by about 1,500 people. It was composed of the membership of one of the recent small activities of Medinah Temple members—the Medinah Athletic Club. This club is to be limited to 3000 membership and at the meeting it was announced that only 150 vacancies existed at that time.

The club will be only a \$6,000,000 enterprise and ground has been purchased at a cost of \$1,000,000, and it was to announce progress and give a report on the work done to date that the jubilee dinner dance was scheduled.

Past Potentate Thomas J. Houston is president of the club and was in charge of the affair, which was a great success, using up another bunch of climaxes. It was announced that Noble Walter W. Ahlschlager's competitive plans had been adopted and that ground will be broken January 1, [Continued on page 60]

(Below: At Medinah's most elaborate Ceremonial the Senior Patrol introduced a Southern flavor to welcome the Imperial Potentate.

(Right: The 41-story Athletic Club which Medinah is to build.





Ismailia's banquet in honor of the Imperial Potentate. Nearly a ton of sand was used to give the desert setting for the pyramids.

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

AT Montreal the Imperial Deputy Potentate and Noble Watt left the party, the Imperial Potentate going to Bangor, Me., where he was met by Potentate Reynolds and the entire Divan, "Pinkie" Pierce joining and adding to the color scheme of the gathering. A dinner was served to the Divan and guests at the Country Club and in the morning the Divan and Uniformed Bodies escorted the guests in motorcars to Presque Isle. Regrettable as was the enforced absence of Potentate Reynolds, Chief Rabban Carus T. Spear, ably led the hordes and the Ceremonial was peppery and ritualistically perfect. It was here that the oldest inhabitants and the best scouts and hundreds of the community were turned loose to produce a worthy testimonial for the Imperial Potentate. This took the form of the skin of a whopping big black bear, covering about 18 square feet of space. The Imperial Potentate had already delivered himself of a splendid oration but his second effort in acknowledgment of the gift was pronounced the equal of his official speech.

Thursday, Bar Harbor was visited, where luncheon was had, after which the party returned to Bangor, leaving there on Friday night for St. John, N. B. Potentate Dobson and Recorder Robinson met the train and escorted their guests to the hotel. A party of fourteen was organized for a trip into the woods, where roughing it was the order of the day. On the return to St. John an informal meeting was held at the Masonic Temple at which Imperial Potentate Crosland delivered his message. Poland Springs was the next stopping place and here in place of the anticipated rest, hospitalities ran to motoring, formal dinner and dancing. Here the party was augmented by Imperial Captain of Guards Dana S. Williams, Imperial Recorder Ben W. Rowell and Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens.

Lewiston, Me., was next in line of march and here Potentate Merrill of Salaam, Newark, with his official family, Past Potentate Herbert Crocker of Luxor, St. John, and Potentate Boutwell of Bektash, Concord, were among the visitors. The party proceeded first to the state fair grounds, where a parade was held around the race track, the races viewed, then a parade down town and a Ceremonial that was lively enough to satisfy the most exacting. Noble Crosland was presented with a silver pitcher and his remarks were appreciatively received.

Wednesday was spent in Boston, detail matters were gone over with Imperial Recorder Rowell, who was host at a shore dinner at Marblehead.

Troy was next visited. Imperial Potentate Crosland was met by Past Potentate James R. Watt and Potentate Lewis, Oriental, who drove their distinguished guest from Albany to Troy. A reception was held at the Temple, following a dinner at the hotel which was attended by the guests, Divan and Representatives. The Imperial Potentate spoke informally,

promising to attend their silver anniversary during the winter. Secretary Watt consumed the following day with hospital routine matters, followed by a motor ride through hills and valleys and winding up with a dinner at the Albany Club.

Utica was the city next in line. Potentate Charles A. G. Jewett and his Divan met the party at the train and escorted them to the hotel, where a most inviting dinner was spread. The Imperial Potentate was the recipient of a great ovation when he arose to make his speech, the Potentate having made reference to the fact that Alabama was trying to depopulate Utica, having taken two of their cotton mills. The Imperial Potentate admitted the charge, but stated that it was merely an exchange of courtesies, inasmuch as Utica was using its best efforts to secure the entire Negro population of the South.

Following the little by-play, a serious message was given and met with hearty approval. As an evidence of the esteem in which Ziyara Temple held him, the Imperial Potentate now has an extra wardrobe trunk, which, incidentally, was entirely in order, the baggage smashers along the line not handling Imperial baggage with any greater degree of care than obtains with that of the ordinary run of individuals. It was at this Temple that the Imperial Potentate was presented with the minutes of the entire meeting, neatly typed, including the text of his remarks, immediately after adjournment, this being the regular procedure of Recorder Heber E. Griffith—having the minutes approved at the meeting which they record.

Leaving Utica, the oasis of Binghamton was invaded and Kalurah Country Club made the center of the entertainment. Potentate Samuel J. Bailey was an ideal host and the club was a most delightful place for entertainment. This club is being conducted on a very safe and conservative basis, but gives promise of one day being the equal of most of the Shrine Country Clubs in all its appointments. A dinner was served, the usual addresses made and a fraternal visit enjoyed.

At Watertown, the next stop, Potentate A. Raymond Cornwall of Media, quartered the party at one of the clubs and a gathering of the Nobility was had at the Masonic Temple, where a reception was held and a dinner given, the Imperial Potentate making two speeches, one on topics of interest to the membership and the other in recognition of the courtesies shown him and the presentation of a piece of silver.

It was at Syracuse that Noble Crosland startled the natives. The Imperial Potentate, Ray E. Porter, Noble George E. Scherrer, water commissioner of Syracuse, together with 75 Nobles of the Temple were given a wonderful dinner at the country home of Noble Krebs on Skinnatles Lake, 25 miles from Syracuse. This is the base for the water supply for Syracuse and a few questions arose about the system by which the water was turned off and on. The Imperial Potentate shut off the water and declared that [Continued on page 80]

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SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
OF THE
TEMPLES

COMING EVENTS

- DECEMBER 1ST
Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
- DECEMBER 2ND
Terrace Garden Revue,
Mizpah, Ft. Wayne
- DECEMBER 3RD
Past Potentates' Ball,
Yaarab, Atlanta
- DECEMBER 4TH
Ceremonial, Al Kader, Portland
- DECEMBER 7TH
Ceremonial, Osman, St. Paul
- DECEMBER 8TH
Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh
- DECEMBER 9TH
Charity Ball, El Jebel, Denver
- DECEMBER 9TH
Formal Dance, Ben Ali,
Sacramento
- DECEMBER 10TH
Dance of Gray's Harbor
Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
- DECEMBER 11TH
Ceremonial, Moolah, St. Louis
- DECEMBER 13TH
Ceremonial, Salaam, Newark
- DECEMBER 17TH
Ceremonial, Paramount,
Zuhrah, Minneapolis
- DECEMBER 17TH
Kiddies' Christmas Party,
Crescent, Trenton
- DECEMBER 18TH
Ceremonial and Dedication, Ararat
Shrine Temple, Kansas City, Mo.
- DECEMBER 22ND
Christmas Ceremonial and
Entertainment, Yaarab, Atlanta
- DECEMBER 24TH
Christmas Frolic Ball,
Yaarab, Atlanta
- DECEMBER 31ST
New Year's Eve Party,
Moolah, St. Louis
- DECEMBER 31ST
New Year's Party,
El Jebel, Denver
- JANUARY 5TH
Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
- JANUARY 7TH
Potentate's Ball, Yaarab, Atlanta
- JANUARY 7TH
Winter Frolic, Ben Ali,
Sacramento, at Lake Tahoe

JANUARY 13TH
Terrace Garden Revue,
Mizpah, Ft. Wayne

JANUARY 28TH
Dance of Gray's Harbor
Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.

FEBRUARY 25TH
Terrace Garden Revue,
Mizpah, Ft. Wayne

Itinerary of
Imperial Potentate

- DECEMBER 3RD, 4TH
Visit Antioch, Dayton, Ohio
- DECEMBER 4TH, 5TH
Visit Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio
- DECEMBER 7TH, 8TH
Visit El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D.
- DECEMBER 8TH, 9TH
Visit Abu Bekr, Sioux City, Ia.
- DECEMBER 9TH, 10TH
Visit Tangier, Omaha, Neb.
- DECEMBER 11TH, 13TH
Visit Moolah, St. Louis, Mo.
- DECEMBER 13TH
Visit Rizpah, Madisonville, Ky.
- DECEMBER 14TH
Arrive Montgomery, Ala.

THAT CANAL ZONE TRIP

Osman Temple, St. Paul, which discovered the Canal Zone in a Shrine way, has made two trips to Panama, putting on a Ceremonial on each occasion, and has now perfected plans for the most inviting pilgrimage to that interesting country that it has yet fathered. The Orca, with 25,500 tons displacement, has been secured and the trip will be one of comfort and luxury, so far as appointments and cuisine are concerned.

The itinerary is much more pretentious than any of the previous trips, the boat sailing from New York January 8th, proceeding to Havana, where the Shrine Club of that city will see to the proper guiding of the visitors, then on to Jamaica, where the quaint old city of Kingston will be visited and a trip taken across the island. On the afternoon of January 19th, the Jockey Club at Jamaica has arranged for races at the Knutsford Park Course, the race being especially arranged for the benefit of the Shriners. The next point is Colon, Panama, where the Imperial Potentate will join the party and a Ceremonial will be staged by Abou Saad Temple, who will see that the visitors have every facility for inspection of the Panama Canal. While the Nobility is engaged in ironing out the kinks of the candidates, the ladies will be entertained either on shipboard or ashore by the local ladies. Abou Saad will then join the party, which will proceed to Porto Rico and a Ceremonial will be put on at San Juan, a good sized class being already in waiting. These candidates will be members of Abou Saad and the Ceremonial will be in charge of Potentate Cotton, captain of the port at Cristobal. A short stop will be made at Curacao, and Bermuda will be visited. From there the party will return to New York direct, arriving about February 2. A committee is at work at present on entertainment plans and it is safe to predict that those who avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the tropical countries, will enjoy themselves to the limit.

COFF FOR THE CANAL ZONE

Imperial Potentate Crosland has signified his intention of making an official visit to Abou Saad in January and correspondence as to the date is now being conducted. Arrangements are being made for the running of a special vacation tour landing at the Canal Zone the day of the Ceremonial and proceeding from there to Porto Rico, where a Ceremonial will probably be put on under the supervision of the Imperial Potentate, the work being done by Abou Saad.

AL MALAIKAH'S NEW RECORDER

Noble George J. Ramsey, who succeeds the late George A. Fitch as Recorder of Al Malaikah Temple, has been a Mason for sixteen years and a member of Al Malaikah for ten years. That his ability was recognized is evidenced by his continuous service of nine years on the relief committee, by no means a sinecure in a city like Los Angeles. He was appointed Recorder of Al Malaikah June 26, 1926.

Karem Temple, Waco, Texas, celebrated its seventh anniversary with a program, formally opening its club rooms at Waco.

The club rooms will be open from ten o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, daily, and will be a general meeting and waiting place for all Shriners and their families.

Following the opening of the club rooms a formal business meeting was held, during which the ladies prepared the club rooms for a dance later in the evening.

Arid scenes of oriental splendor, greetings from two widely separated points of the universe—Arabia in the East and the Philippines in the West—were extended to Illustrious Potentate Col. Henry F. Baldwin of Palestine Temple, Providence, at the Ceremonial held at Rhodes-on-Pawtucket. Following the drills of the uniformed units, Noble Alpheus B. Slater and Major Clarence H. Greene, U. S. A., members of Palestine since 1889 and 1894 respectively, who recently returned from the two ends of the universe, gave token of their fealty by presenting a large Shrine emblem which will be temporarily placed in the room of the Shrine Club, and later transferred to the quarters in the new Masonic Temple under-going erection.

Noble Slater who formally presented the emblem, appeared in full Arabic costume of his rank of Junior Sheik of the Beduoin Tribe, and was accompanied by Mrs. Slater, also in full native Arabic costume.

Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar was the special guest of the evening.

More than 100 members of Aahmes, Oakland, put in nine days in an honest to goodness pleasure trip through the Rockies and Yellowstone Park. At Ogden, the party was escorted to the hotel in the canyon, where dinner was served. At Salt Lake City a committee from El Kalah took the pilgrims in tow and tendered them a dinner and dance, with special organ recital in the Mormon Temple. Four days were spent in Yellowstone and the return made by way of Feather River Canyon.

Friends of the late Past Potentate Henry Lansburgh, Almas, Washington, D. C., known throughout the jurisdiction as "Call me Henry," are at work preparing a memorial in his honor. It will be a bas relief portrait in marble and bronze and is expected to be completed some time this month. It will be placed in Shrine headquarters at Washington. [Shrine News Continued on page 52]

DON QUIXOTE OF THE RING

[Continued from page 12]

he met again selling bootlaces in Leicester Square... Yes, and he had seen that lawyer too, and fixed things right up.

He had made arrangements for one Jack Goad to train him. He had run across him in San Francisco and old Jack had a gymnasium at Richmond, Surrey, and a reputation for curing hands. Came the end of the first week in July, and he was to set out. On that last day Teddy Barton asked him to lunch, and brought along someone he had never expected to meet.

"Sir Walter Cresswell."

He felt a thrill, knowing somehow he was shaking the hand of that girl's father.

And there they were, the three of them in a famous Fleet street tavern, drinking stout and champagne out of tankards. My, that old boy knew racing like a book; made him roar with laughter at his stories of Newmarket Heath when King Edward was Prince of Wales.

They all went out together; walked back past the Law Courts and along the Strand. They said good-bye to him at his hotel and wished him luck.

He paid his bill. His luggage was waiting. He had it put on a taxi and drove to Waterloo. Luxury was behind him; privation was in front of him—he was going to be bored stiff.

He got in a train. He didn't want to fight. He wanted to get away back to America and forget.

They were at Richmond before he knew where he was. And then the cab turned into the drive of a drab-looking house.

He thought, "I'm in for a lively time of it," and rang a bell. Nothing happened, so he knocked. The door opened then.

"Say, Jack, you've lost some hair since we last met."

"And by the lord, Bell, you've won some fights!"

"Yes, and I'll win another if you can fix my hands."

Goad picked one up and whistled. "Why didn't you come down before?"

A dark woman showed in the dark hall. "He'll do the trick if anyone can. You trust my old man's oils."

"My old girl," said Jack.

"How do, Mrs. Goad?"

"Nicely, thanks. How's yourself?"

"Afraid you'll find it a bit dull here with all the boys away. Still we've got the wireless and a gramophone."

"A gramophone? Well, shove on a record. I guess I want cheering up."

The brilliant London season, so vividly reflected in the newspapers, was on iridescent wing toward Goodwood and the Bell-Brown contest. The match was advertised and paragraphed everywhere—Mellish the showman being behind it. Not a little shop girl from Brixton but knew Brown's calf-measurement or hoped that Bell, "as nice looking as Carpentier," would win. But she also read to her concern that her idol might never show up; that he had been badly punished in Jersey City; that he might not stand training, and his poor hands were as soft as margarine.

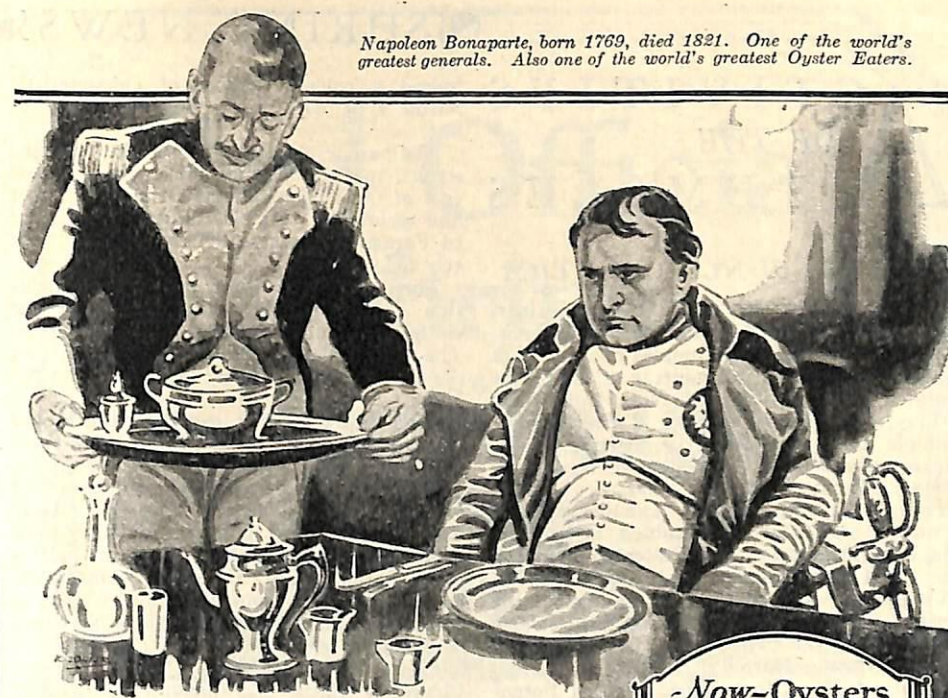
For rumors fly. With Brown at three to one on, the Australian and his camp were crowing; Goad was whistling nervously; while Bell was swallowing port and raw eggs and reading the British Lake poet.

Old Goad had let training go hang—his man was fighting fit. He would let him shadow-box with his bare fists, but he wouldn't let him put on the gloves he wanted all the air to get to those hands.

But Brown, in an interview in an evening paper, said he could win on his head; he had put on seven pounds since he had reached England, and God help the invalid!

The invalid! [Continued on page 53]

Napoleon Bonaparte, born 1769, died 1821. One of the world's greatest generals. Also one of the world's greatest Oyster Eaters.

Before each battle
he ordered Oysters

IT'S PRETTY generally conceded that Napoleon was a great man. He had his faults and his fortes—as most of us are well aware—but here's one thing about him that has never been given the publicity it deserves. He was a great Oyster Eater. He ate oysters because he liked them, naturally. He found that they "hit the spot"—just as they "hit the spot" with everybody else who has a palate that likes to be pleased.

But Napoleon was just clever enough to realize, too, that this pure and wholesome seafood which we call the oyster—always left him feeling fit the next day. He discovered early in the game that oysters were both good to eat and to have eaten. They were the happy combination of a favorite food for the palate and a favorite food for thought. That is why he became one of the world's greatest oyster eaters.

Of course there were many important facts about the oyster that Napoleon didn't realize—as for instance that next to baked apple it is the most digestible food there is, and that it contains 200 times as much iodine, a most important essential to human vitality, as milk, meat or eggs—but just the same he reached the right conclusion. He ordered oysters often.

Send For Booklet

Government experts have found 98 ways to prepare this health-giving sea delicacy. They are given to you in recipe form in the booklet shown below. To most people most of these dishes are new—fun to fix and a treat to eat.

Oysters

The Last Word in Sea Food

98
WAYS TO
PREPARE
OYSTERS

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries,
Washington, D. C.

or
Oysters Growers and Dealers Assn.,
1115 Conn. Ave. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Send me your free booklet called "98 Ways to Prepare Oysters" or "Oysters: An Important Health Food."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
OF THE
TEMPLES

STATE COUNCIL AT UTICA

On September 24th and 25th the Shriners of Utica entertained forty-one hundred visitors of the other nine Temples of New York State at the annual fall meeting of the Shrine Council of the State of New York. On Friday, September the 24th at the Masonic Temple there was held the meeting of the cream skimmed off Shrinedom in New York State. From Mecca, Damascus, Cyprus, Oriental, Ziyara, Kismet, Ismailia, Media, Kalurah and Tigris, assembled in meeting the Past Potentates, the Present Potentates, the Chief and Assistant Rabbans in conference looking toward the best interest of the Shrine in the Empire State. Particularly notable was the presence of the Most Worshipful Brother Harold J. Richardson, Grand Master of New York, Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman of Brooklyn, James T. Rogers of Binghamton, and other Shriners well known and much loved.

After the business session of the afternoon Ziyara, the host Temple, served the visitors a delightful banquet at the Yahundasis Country Club which was followed by inspirational talks on topics of interest to the members of the Shrine.

On Saturday the 25th the city of Utica looked like a session of the Imperial Council. Every Temple in the state sent its units, bands, patrols, chanters, legions of honor, oriental bands or what have you. It was



Noble Earl E. Jeffries, Crescent Temple's next Potentate, assures the Nobility of a successful Session at Atlantic City.



At the Annual Fall Meeting of the New York State Shrine Council the streets of Utica looked like an Imperial Council Session. The parade, with nearly 4000 in line, represented every Temple in the State.

indeed a colorful parade of characteristic Shrine type with nearly four thousand in line.

The parade marched through the principal streets, to the Masonic Home where an escort of the Masonic Home Drum Corps met and escorted it through the grounds, thence to Forest Park where the crowd was properly fed.

There was a rain storm just at the conclusion of the parade which dampened the clothing but not the ardor of the Shriners. The bands played "How Dry I Am," and the chanters sang "It Ain't Goin' To Rain No More."

After the session at the Park the crowd wended its way back down town where three blocks had been roped off, closed for traffic, decorated in true oriental style and festooned with varicolored lights and made into a Garden of Allah where those with an itchy hoof could Charleston to the music of half a dozen Shrine bands. Here again rain handicapped the local committee but it was a splendidly planned and executed affair from beginning to end.

Potentate Charles A. G. Jewett, General Chairman Curtis F. Alliaume and every member of Ziyara is to be congratulated on the perfect arrangements for the meeting and their cordial hospitality to the many visiting Nobles.

The next meeting of the Council is to be held at Buffalo, in May, 1927.

ADMITS IT IS SOME JOB

Director-General Earl E. Jeffries who, in the natural course of events, is slated for the next Potentate of Crescent Temple, Trenton, N. J., which holds jurisdiction over Atlantic City where the next meeting of the Imperial Council is to be held, admits that running a show of the magnitude of this is "some job," but declares in the same breath that he is going to put it on regardless and predicts that on leaving Atlantic City next year there will not be a disgruntled Noble insofar as cordiality and entertainment are concerned. Noble Jeffries wants the boys to realize that there are exactly the same sort of men at the helm at Atlantic City as preside over the destinies of these affairs wherever held and, while realizing the value of the meeting from a financial standpoint, they are more concerned in their obligation to their guests than in the mere detail of the money making end. A reduction from usual convention hotel prices is the first substantial indication of this.

EL KALAH ENTERTAINS

Members of El Kalah, Salt Lake, with their wives and children, threw two stones at one bird on Thursday, July 29. Dr. Howard P. Kirtley, Illustrious Potentate, laid his plans carefully and all were happy. It was the regular outing and picnic of the temple, held at Saltair, where even novices float about on the salt water like bubbles. But it was more.

While the potentate and his official divan were planning the picnic, word was received that there were seventy-five nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of Aahmes Temple, of Oakland, California, with their ladies, on their way to Utah. The visitors had been to Yellowstone National Park, and they wanted to see something of Utah. So the date for the outing and picnic was moved ahead and notices sent out. Also, a trip to Bingham Canyon, where copper is being mined by steam shovels, was included in the interesting program.

Nobles of El Kalah turned out in force, met the visitors with automobiles shortly after noon, drove with them to the mining town and then to the lake resort in time for a dip in the briny waters before the fried chicken lunches arrived. After the luncheon, there was a bathing girl review and dancing. The whole affair was a decided success.

Among the distinguished visitors was John D. McGilvray, of San Francisco, chairman of the board of governors of the San Francisco unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. He was in Salt Lake to inspect the mobile unit of the hospital in that city and availed himself of the hospitality of El Kalah Temple Nobles.

The Nobility of Osiris, Wheeling, have purchased Monument Place, which they propose to use as a clubhouse. It consists of seven acres on the National Highway in the eastern residential section of Wheeling. The manor house was erected in 1796 and contains all of the original furniture and furnishings, and the place will be preserved in its entirety. General Lafayette, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, President Harrison John C. Calhoun and other famous men have been guests at Monument House.

Captain John Rex Thompson is no more. Held in high esteem by all who knew him, honored by every Masonic body of which he was a member by being passed through the chairs, his worth recognized by most of the Grand Bodies of the state of Washington, the highest claim to the affection of his brethren came through the unceasing efforts of Past Potentate Thompson, Nile, Seattle, in his care of the sick and afflicted. He was the recognized if not official sick ministrant for practically every Masonic body in his oasis and he did his work thoroughly and well as one must whose heart is in his task. Floral tributes without number attested the affection borne for the deceased brother and the glowing eulogy of that past master of eloquence, Rev. Mark Mathews, found responsive acquiescence in the hearts of the large attendance on the funeral services. It is frequently heard that "his place will be hard to fill." Never could that statement be made more truthfully than in the present instance and those who know the scope of his work, the enthusiasm with which it was performed, and the loving thoughtfulness which marked his every action in connection with his beloved task say that no one will or can fill the vacancy made by the death of this kind, earnest, energetic and faithful Mason.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

[Continued from page 51]

"Got to show him Bell's convalescent," Goad thought; and, whistling, sent a whip to a pal to bring down the press. Thereupon he engaged a trio of heavy-weights for a sparring-act, and on the morning, whistling like a blackbird whose eggs were added, he set out the chairs with his assistant Charlie, while his wife was cutting strips of cotton-wool for those hands.

Then indoors he went, and made those strips into pads to take the place of bandages, and gave Bell a lecture on the art of pulling punches. "Yes, I get you!" said Bell. . . . And all this was within a week of the fight!

A couple of horse-cabs brought the press to the camp on the hill.

Through the gym they trooped, all of them keen as mustard to see the "dead horse."

He showed—he didn't look "dead." His face was bronzed.

"How do, gentlemen?" . . . And he was on his toes; grey flannel trousers, a white sweater, six foot of him. And he had sixteen ounce gloves on, and they couldn't see those hands.

"They say Brown's some ox—I'm going to poleaxe him."

It was all a holiday affair. Goad cracked jokes; Bell told them how Gus Harris kept fit sparring with his mammy on their cotton plantation in Georgia. Then, chatting away, he began to shadow-box; and they were struck by his quickness—which seemed all the quicker because they had seen the "ox" go through his ponderous practice down at Whetstone yesterday.

There was no "dead horse" here. He was tense and alive: all that look of the dreamer gone. His eyes were hard, his face was set. They were more and more favorably impressed. They were going to say through the papers tomorrow that Bell's hands had responded to treatment thanks to that old wizard Goad; that the American's chance was a big one though he only scaled twelve four against the Australian's thirteen six; that he could make rings round him for speed . . . only that something happened to temper their enthusiasm.

Bell had floored "Crump" Taylor of Chadwell so often that he would have no more and done the same to Alf Sidley of Brum, when the third and last sparring-partner—a red-haired dour docker from the Clyde with a prognathic face—jumped into the ring. This was the star-turn—MacFane could fight. And fight he did. They now had the pleasure of seeing the American really in action. He made the Scot miss, and the Scot saw the color of his own hair, and the dust flew in that gym. "Oh, he can box!" Yes, rather . . . with a beauty he upper-cut the Clyde. The dour docker rose and fell, scrambled up, rushed the calm American—who side-stepped and laughed.

Old Jack called a halt; and Bell stripped off that white sweater . . . and then they were at it again. Around Bell walked the sobered MacFane, the claret trickling from a tooth, his bleary eyes looking over his gloves for an opening and his tongue taking back all the time the blood he refused to lose. And Bell faced the door . . . and, gosh, who was there?

That girl—that girl from the boat!

Yes, she was with her young man and old Jack Goad, her eyes shining with excitement.

Then Bell did a silly thing—he forgot MacFane . . . Yes, he was so surprised that he dropped his hands; a right from the Scot cleaving the air smacked him on the point, and he sat heavily.

"Aw, hell!" He bit his lip, and then he laughed, and tried not to flap his right hand.

Jack cried out to distract attention: "Don't you kill my man, MacFane!"

There was laughter because all had twigged the reason [Continued on page 55]

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SHRINE CLUBS

Octogenarians were the guests of honor at a recent weekly luncheon of the Shriners' Booster Club of Milwaukee. J. C. Post, B. W. Perrigo, George O. Ogden and Louis Joost spoke on behalf of the lads of eighty summers.

Flint, Mich., Shrine club was entertained recently by a reading of "Paw's and Maw's Vacation," being an account by Mrs. Vett Cowles of a trip by her and her husband to Alaska.

The Bankers Luncheon of Kerbel Shrine Club, Knoxville, was such a success, that a motion nearly prevailed making them permanent committee on entertainment. The reason for the compliment was to be found in the character of the gifts presented which were in the shape of ones, fives and tens, the leading gift being a check for \$100. Some talented ex-home folks rendered a musical treat and a motion was made that future meetings be held in larger quarters due to the healthy and steady growth of the club.

Fort Myers, Fla., Shrine Club has the forming of a choir from its membership under consideration. Noble Harry McWhorter has been made acting secretary during the absence of Secretary Henry Cooper.

Hollywood Shrine Club and their friends attended a performance of the musical comedy, "Nancy," as an appreciation of Miss Nancy Welford, who has provided many splendid entertainments for the club. Special songs and humorous stories featured the evening.

More than 100 members of the La Crosse Shrine Club gathered to do honor in banquet and song to their ex-president, now Potentate of Tripoli Temple—Noble Frank W. Sisson. Noble Walter F. Munson presided as toastmaster.

Noble Harry Neff is now president of the Joplin, Mo., Shrine Club.

Mesa Shrine Club, Abilene, Texas, has the wanderlust in a most virulent form. The recent minstrel show which they put on made such a hit at home that they struck the road and played to capacity at both Sweetwater and Stamford, for the benefit of the Shrine Clubs in those cities. They attended the Ceremonials of Karem, at Waco, and El Maida, at El Paso, winning the right of the line in both places in the parades. El Maida staged a banquet for them in Huerfano, Mexico.

In place of chasing the elusive golf ball over the cow pasture for needed exercise the membership of the Bloomington Shrine Club provided themselves with picks, mallets, spades and axes one day and paint brushes and jacks another day and with happy wallops made a playground in that city for the children, aged twelve years or less. They worked fast and furious, these white collar men doing blue shirt jobs, and best of all they seemed to enjoy it. Noble Alfred O. Brown, publisher, was master of ceremonies, directing the others with the editorial pencil. President John Scott and Secretary Charles Dagenhart were members of the advisory committee. Teeters, sand-boxes, swings, fences, merry-go-rounds, slides, bubbler fountains and the many things that make for a finished playground were either erected or installed and the Shrine Club calls it the best two days' work they ever did.

SHRINE NEWS

The Atchison Shrine Club held a farewell party and dance in honor of the Rev. H. C. Benjamin, who was Rajah of the club and who is called to Pueblo, Colo. A large delegation from Moila, St. Joseph, were among the guests.

West End Shrine Club, Birmingham, just hooked on to exclusive rights to the Pine View Beach for a day and threw down the bars to the kiddies and their grown up Shrine relatives.

The North Bay Shrine Club had its smoker and entertainment at the Napa Valley Country Club, Napa, California, and threw the club house and grounds open to the members and guests; Aahmes Temple, Oakland.

Carlsbad Shrine Club, Cal., put on a wholesale birthday party, celebrating for six members of the club at one swoop. A three decker cake, with decorations of desert sands, camel and palm leaves, and lighted by twenty-one candles was an elaborate affair. Dancing concluded an enjoyable evening.

SHRINE CLUBS

Places and Dates of Meetings

CLEVELAND
Al Koran, Mondays, Hotel Statler

EVANSVILLE
Hadi, Thursdays,
Shrine Club House

LOS ANGELES
Al Malaikah, Thursdays

MINNEAPOLIS
Zuhrah, every other Monday,
West Hotel

PASADENA
Shrine Club, Mondays,
Hotel Maryland

PORTLAND
Al Kader, Mondays,
changing each week to a
different hotel

ROCHESTER
Damascus, Fridays, Hotel Powers

ROCKFORD
Tebala, Fridays,
Schrom's Restaurant

ST. PAUL
Osman, every other Friday,
St. Paul Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO
Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel

SPOKANE
El Katif, Mondays

WASHINGTON
Almas, Fridays, City Club

Members of Al Chymia, Memphis, Dinner Club were given a musical treat when the members of the "Operalogue" appeared at their dinner. The entertainment was varied by interspersed dancing.

Islam, San Francisco, Lunch Club saw the Granada Dancers perform at one of the recent gatherings.

Noble Henry C. Ozley has been re-elected for the sixth time as President of the Bessemer, Alabama, Shrine Club. Noble Ozley is Oriental Guide of Zamora, Birmingham.

La Crosse, Wisconsin, Shrine Club has real events, the latest being a moonlight outing on a river boat, 1200 members, families and guests attending.

Nile Luncheon Club, Seattle, had the distinction of being the first Shrine club to have an all-navy program rendered for its enjoyment. Commander M. M. Witherpoon, Chaplain of the U. S. S. Colorado, was in charge. The ship's band was mighty effective.

The Cowlitz Shrine Club, Longview, Washington, held a picnic at the Toutle River auto camp. Watermelons and ice cream were plentifully supplied.

The Hagerstown Shrine Club, Md., took on Conomac Park for its annual outing and the attendance attested the popularity of these occasions.

Damascus Baseball Club, Rochester, has raised the price of crepe in that bailiwick because the Ad Club put it over them by a score of 3 to 2.

The Atlantic City Shrine Club has an annual outing, which is rather pretentious. This year a boat was secured and a visit made to Norfolk on the way to Blowing Rock, N. C., where three days were spent. Extra novelties and special entertainments marked each day. Noble Everett J. Higbee was chairman of the arrangements committee.

The Franklin County Shrine Club has been organized under the auspices of Ainad Temple, E. St. Louis, with a membership of 75. Noble Mack Taylor is President and Noble J. A. Johnson, Secretary. The opening gathering furnished a welcome reason for a banquet and a musical and literary program of more than ordinary excellence.

A Negro minstrel that would have made Al Field turn green with envy disported itself for the benefit of the Knoxville Shrine Luncheon club. It was dubbed the "South Sea Entertainers" and was under the direction of Nobles George H. Moses and T. M. Brownfield.

Potentate Wm. Askren, "Billy, the judge," of Afifi, Tacoma, was the stellar vocal attraction at the annual rally of the Gray's Harbor Shrine Club. Just to make it feel homey, a big bonfire was lighted, and there was plenty of dancing. Seventy-five dollars was raised for the Spokane unit of the hospitals. The Daughters of the Nile were in charge of all concessions.

Col. W. G. Archer of Evansville, Ind., paid his respects to Flappers and Flivvers at a meeting of Ismailia Luncheon Club, Buffalo.

Delray, Fla., Shriners are organizing a Club at that point. Fort Meyer Shrine Club, Fla., claims the most cosmopolitan membership, 38 distinct Shrines being represented on its roster. Noble John M. Bering is president and the Club holds allegiance to Egypt at Tampa.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

of Bell going to the floor so suddenly. She watched him curiously as he sat there. He looked neither a dreamer nor a man of action—he just looked a big boy.

He sprang up, and the spar went on. That red-haired Scot never landed again; but somehow she was nervous—she had seen him flapping that hand, and believed he had hurt it.

It was noticed by the pressmen who were now very alert that Bell boxed with his left shoulder to them. Thus they could see he was delivering the goods with his left, but they had half an idea that he was pulling his punches with his right. Whether or no, the Scot went down, and stayed there crying: "Guid enough!"

"What, is it over, Teddy?" For everyone was rising.

Teddy said, "Yes, damn it we were late!" Then getting up he joined Jack Goad who was talking to Bell.

"Queered your hand?"

"No, it's nothing."

Goad whispered to Teddy, "I want to get them out." They ushered the press from the gym. MacFane and the other two sparrers followed. The attendant Charlie removed Bell's gloves, and left too. Going over to Bell, she said with a laugh:

"I knocked you over!"

"That's not surprising."

She colored. "I thought you had sprained your wrist or something."

"Say, that little fall?"

"I hope you win, but I can't understand your fighting."

He laughed. "Oh, I meant to have a holiday right enough. It was just the call of the ring."

She wasn't satisfied. "But you said you were sick to death of fighting?"

"I know. I was stale and run down. The sea-air made another man of me."

She looked up at him. It rang true—he looked so splendidly fit. He was so big and attractive. His dark hair was ruffled. He wore a singlet and light grey trousers, and held a white sweater on his arm.

His eyes lit to see her gaze at him. "I feel honored," he said. "I never guessed your fiancé would bring you."

Her brows went up. "My what?"

"Your . . . isn't that the word? Mr. Barton. He has proved some friend to me."

"My fiancé?" A peal of merry laughter rang out. "Teddy? You're mad!" She was indeed as puzzled as she looked. "Don't you know he's my brother?"

"No." He hid his surprise, and grinned. "I'm new to this little island. In my country brothers and sisters have the same name."

"Not if their mother married twice." She seemed amazed. "But I told him we met on the boat. He must have mentioned me?"

"No. Why should he?"

Her face was crimson—her beautiful face. "Snob he is!"

"No, no Miss Cresswell. Why he's given me a swell time. Lord Forth, Lord Hever—I've met them all."

She was ashamed: she was astounded—not at Teddy, but at herself. She had altered, not gradually, but suddenly—now.

Her brother hadn't mentioned her to a man he had known she had met; hadn't done so because there were a few things even he didn't do. This was one of them. Bell was a prize-fighter. No, he didn't talk of his sister to prize-fighters. That was his social code . . . And the astounding thing was that a few weeks ago she would have said he was perfectly right. Yes, she had changed. And then the horrible thought struck her that she had been as unforgivable a snob herself; for she might have introduced Bell to Teddy at Euston.

She knew she had gone scarlet again; knew in that moment that she had seceded not alone from her [Continued on page 57]

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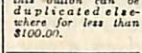
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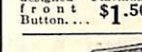
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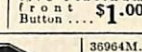
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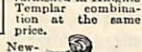
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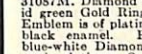
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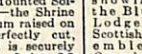
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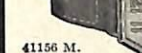
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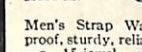
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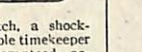
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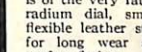
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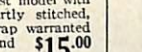
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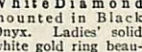
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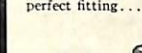
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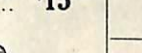
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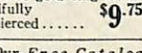
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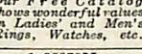
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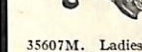
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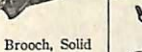
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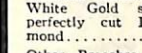
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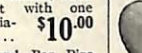
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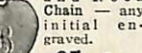
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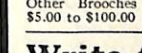
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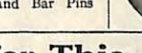
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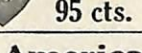
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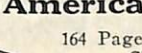
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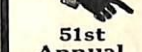
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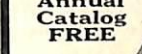
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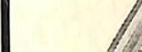
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With a PERSONAL TINGE

Noble Edgar A. Guest, Moslem, Detroit, has been made an honorary 33d.

Noble Charles H. Spilman, Ainad, E. St. Louis, has been appointed Grand Secretary-General, S. R., Northern jurisdiction, filling the vacancy created by the death of Noble Robert A. Shirrifs.

Dr. E. O. Holland, El Katif, Spokane, has just returned from an extended visit to Russia, where he has been making an exhaustive study of economic conditions. Dr. Holland is president of the Washington State College, located at Pullman.

Past Potentate C. Burt Clausin, El Katif, Spokane, is a member of the State Board of Pardons, composed of three men. His reminiscences of cases brought under his scrutiny are intensely interesting.

Potentate George W. Hoag, El Katif, Spokane, is the author of an attractive little book of prose and poetry, entitled "Woodland Idylls." It tells of the great silent places in a way that impresses you with the intimate knowledge of the author of Nature in her many phases.

Noble C. E. Henderson, Bagdad, Butte, has been appointed city manager of Long Beach, Calif.

Past Potentate Forrest Adair, of Yaarab, Atlanta, Ga., has a way with him. When the hospital project was wobbling between the do and the don't stage it was Forrest who saved the day with his famous speech. And now, having passed the time when he can personally compete for championship honors on the link or tee, he does the next best thing by coaching his most successful bond salesman—none other than Bobby Jones.

The real explanation for the cool temperature attendant on the Convention in Philadelphia has never yet been printed. It was due to Mrs. Haskell, wife of the perennial candidate for Past Imperial Potentate. Past Potentate Willis G. Haskell, of El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, has a red vest. This vest is the one particular joy and pride of Noble Haskell during the week of the Imperial Council meet; is flaunted in the face and dazzles the eyes of the participators as well as the by-standers. Well, Bill turned that vest over to Mrs.

Haskell to pack for Philadelphia and she packed it, good and plenty. It went down to the bottom of the trunk so far it almost hung over the outside of the bottom slat. And when it was called for it was simply not to be had; too many things to move, too much trouble to reach. And so, the weather was moderate, Bill was subdued and his usual candidacy for Past Imperial Potentate was not even announced. May Mrs. Haskell always accompany him on future Shrine jaunts!

Past Potentate L. Whiting Estes, Almas, Washington, is now Monarch of the Grotto in that city.

Potentate H. M. Tate, Shriners and their ladies, Kerbel Temple, Knoxville, paid a visit to Newport, to attend the ladies' night celebration held by the Shrine Luncheon Club. Noble W. D. McSweeney acted as toastmaster, and a musical program was rendered, which was followed by dancing. Prominent visitors were given a chance to popularize themselves by the brevity of their remarks, the real oration of the evening being delivered by Judge Tate.

Clem T. Reese, Historian, Islam Temple, San Francisco, was the first to reserve a cabin on the S.S. Belgenland on the Masonic World Cruise. He is a member of the Parnassus Lodge 388 Mission Royal Arch No. 79, California Commandery No. 1, San Francisco Bodies Scottish Rite. Historian for both California Commandery and Islam Temple. A photograph of Noble Reese appears below.



(Left: LuLu is very proud of her famous Ceremonial Quartet known as The Pennsylvania Male Quartet of Philadelphia. Their great popularity last year won for them the Keith-Albee National Quartet Contest. They are well-known on the air, broadcasting from one of Philadelphia's stations.

Past Potentate Julius P. Heil, Tripoli, Milwaukee, was educated in Prospect Hill County School in Milwaukee. This school was recently renovated and Noble Heil presented a handsome flagstaff and flag for the opening exercises.

Imperial Second Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, Mohammed, Peoria, "roughed" it in Northern Minnesota for two weeks. He was accompanied by his son, who is a leader in Boy Scout work.

Past Potentate Hugo E. Oswald, El Katif, Spokane, has resigned from the district bench to become the head of the legal department of the King County Title Company in Seattle.

Noble Howard Baker, Medinah, Chicago, head of the United Labor Board and 72 years old, is active in all lines in the Order and recently joined the athletic club organized by his Temple.

About fifty personal friends attended the banquet in honor of the 70th birthday of Past Imperial Potentate C. V. Dykeman, Kismet, Brooklyn.

Noble Nelson E. Lurton, Ainad, E. St. Louis, is an attorney in Shanghai, China, and was elected to receive his 33d at the latest meeting of the Supreme Council. He has been appointed Deputy and Legate for China by the Sovereign Grand Commander.

Noble L. H. Miller, Damascus, Rochester, has been elected to fill the vacancy created by the death of Noble E. C. Way.

Judge Richard M. Mann, second division Pulaski circuit court, drew the fire of the torture squad at the recent Ceremonial of Al Amin, Little Rock.

Bubbles Hargraves, catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, took on the work at Osman's recent Ceremonial, gathering a new line of inshoots, spit balls and curves. Bubbles ate it all up and seemed in a receptive mood for more of the same, if it were on tap.

Dr. H. E. Young, Past Potentate of Gizeh, Victoria, has been making an extended tour throughout the United States in the interest of community health work, and addressed the Rotary Club of Montgomery, Ala., on this phase of public work, recently. He paid a glowing tribute to the Imperial Potentate and spoke at length and most interestingly on the phases of his work as applied to the South. The state board of health sent a representative in honor of the doctor's visit.

Noble Ralph M. Wheeler, head of the medical forces of Medinah, Chicago, and Past Grand Master of Illinois, has been appointed Captain of the Guard in Medinah Temple, to fill a vacancy created by death.

Hella, Dallas, has conferred an honorary membership on Noble A. L. Dunn in acknowledgment of his efficient and courteous reception of the Dallas delegation when passing through Atlanta, in which city Noble Dunn served as chairman of the reception committee of Yaarab Temple.

Zuhrah, Minneapolis, conferred Honorary Memberships on Past Potentates O. M. Lanstrum, E. C. Day; Potentates R. L. Robertson, A. H. Brown, Dr. E. W. Spottswood and C. A. Snyder, the date of the occurrence corresponding with that of the Ceremonial held by Bagdad at Bozeman.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]

[Continued from page 55]

mother but from her brother as well. She was the iconoclast, not Teddy: he broke most images, she would break them all.

"If I call for you tomorrow afternoon will you come for a drive?"

"Oh, I think not, Miss Cresswell!" Then he smiled and said—was it wistfully or ironically?—something she knew was in parody of some lines she had quoted on the boat:—

"A woman standing in a gym A lovely woman was to him—"

"And she was nothing more?"

"Yes, I've read your Wordsworth."

She looked at him. She didn't know what she felt, except that she was furious with herself and Teddy and Portland Place.

Teddy looked in. "Must push off, Annette."

"Oh, Teddy, awfully rude of me but I never introduced you. This is Mr. Bell whom you remember I told you I met on the boat."

Teddy looked thunder. "Oh, ah yes, we've met. So long, Bell."

"So long, Mr. Barton."

Then she went up to Bell. "We're all snobs, but I shall come tomorrow."

She was gone; and he had forgotten he had damaged his hand. So that young fellow wasn't her fiancé, but it made no difference. She was above him. He was a prize-fighter: nothing more.

They spun down Richmond Hill, Annette Cresswell and Teddy Barton. He had showed the eagerness and excitement of a child on the way here. The precious fight had been boomed like a murder; everyone was talking it, everyone was buying seats. But he was dumb and scowling now.

He said at last: "Funny thing to do!"

"What?"

"Oh, you know well enough."

"Introducing you to Bell? Even funnier I never did it long ago. And funnier still, Teddy, when you knew I met him on the Adriatic, that you have never mentioned me to him."

"My dear girl, you can't mix with prize-fighters."

She laughed—she was now frightfully amused.

"You're as conventional as mother when it comes to facts."

He missed a bicycle by a foot—he loathed hearing the truth.

"I think he's rather a nice man."

"What are you driving at, Annette?"

"Buy me a seat for the fight, will you?"

"No!"

"I suppose I can get one at Harrods?"

"Look here, Annette, you ought to know me well enough to know I'm not a snob. I'd meet Bell anywhere, take him anywhere—I have, but I'm hanged if I'm going to have him know my sister."

"I like him. I'm going to take him for a drive tomorrow."

He swung round his head; said nervously: "Annette, you can't let us down like this."

"Well, you can't blame me at any rate. It's pretty obvious that if you and father hadn't been so desperately anxious to stage a prize-fight I should never have met Peter Bell again."

"Have you fallen for him?"

"Not in the least. I'm up against family pride."

"I've none."

"My dear Teddy, I've come to the conclusion we all ooze it like a gumtree."

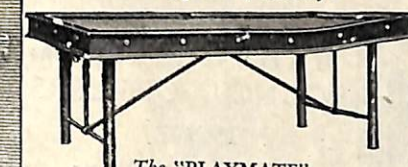
He swore; she didn't grudge him the last word. Over Kew bridge; they wheeled to the right. She seemed to see a big man whose hands didn't matter, and he was looking down at her—was it satirically or yearningly? "A woman standing in a gym A lovely woman was to him, And she was nothing more."

The parody was [Continued on page 59]

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Beautifully designed and built with scientific accuracy, these attractive tables are very moderately priced and may be bought on convenient terms. They fit even the smallest home. Mail coupon today for complete details, prices, terms, etc.



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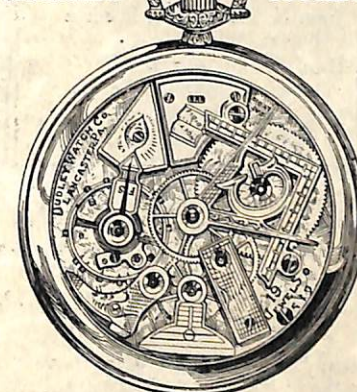
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and your throat
is husky and dry

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That's why millions of throats are grateful for Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. The exclusive menthol compound brings such prompt relief.

In the
yellow package **5¢** everywhere

SHRINE NEWS

[Continued from page 56]

The sole surviving members of the first class of Novices sent over the hot sands by Moolah are Nobles Charles S. Brown, Gustave W. Niemann, Robert W. Morrison and Frank B. Filley.

Captain Harry R. Allen, Aladdin Patrol, Columbus, is a direct descendant of General Ethan Allen of Revolutionary war fame.

President James W. Jump, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, Chanters, is able to display more angling medals earned for tuna fishing than any other amateur on the coast. His annual fishing trip is almost a sacred obligation.

Superintendent of Police George Black, of Wilmington, was Provost Marshal of the Fifty-second Imperial Council Session, and wishes he had the same sort of sinecure in regular performance of his duties in Wilmington. The directors of public safety of Wilmington granted him a week's leave of absence to attend to the duties of this temporary position.

Potentate Charles H. Johnson, Cyprus, Albany, is the Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of New York.

Noble Gus A. Paul, India, Oklahoma City, took the chair of the presiding officer of the U. S. Senate on the recent trip of the Temple to Washington and ordered the sergeant-at-arms to clear the gallery of the ladies because of their continued gossiping.

Noble Eric Hauser, Al Kader, Portland, just returned from a visit to France, presented the Veterans Relief Association at Paris with 25,000 francs.

Noble John P. Giberson, Jr., Crescent, Trenton, has been elected Junior Grand Warden of the Odd Fellows of New Jersey.

Noble George G. Whitehead, of Aladdin Temple, and Past President of the Columbus Shrine club, was elected president of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association at a convention held recently in Philadelphia. The organization consists of professional speakers, musicians, entertainers and dramatic artists, and includes in its membership such notables as Edgar A. Guest, Carl E. Akeley, Maud Ballington Booth, Opie Read, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Lorado Taft, Lothrop Stoddard, Albert Edward Wiggam, Branch Rickey and Mark Sullivan. Noble Whitehead is circuit manager and publicity director for the Redpath Lyceum Bureau and Redpath Chautauquas in Columbus, Ohio, where he is one of Aladdin's enthusiastic workers.

Noble Rex A. Warden, of Tripoli, is collecting postal card pictures of Masonic homes, Scottish Rite Cathedrals, Shrine Mosques and Masonic buildings of all kinds and possesses a very valuable assortment running up into the hundreds, which he has mounted in an attractive loose leaf album. The eventual destination of the collection is the library and museum of the Wisconsin Consistory.

Past Potentate Christopher Van Deventer, Medinah, Chicago, delivered an address recently at Washington's Valley Forge headquarters, the occasion being a pilgrimage of prominent military men to the site of the old battlefield. The meeting was held in connection with the Heroes of '76, of which organization Noble Van Deventer is national commander.

UNIFORMED BODIES

Al Amin, Little Rock, Band has been disturbing the air in the vicinity of Bauxite, Ark., a well attended sacred concert having been given at that place.

Kaaba Band, Davenport, is getting quite temperamental over the fact that it is being compelled to meet frequent requests to go on the air through WOC.

Chanters of Abu Bekr, Sioux City, are arranging a series of ten concerts, three of which are to be given in the home city and the rest in towns near Sioux City. New officers have been elected as follows: C. O. Anderson, president; Fred A. Wood, vice-president; Henry Fleckenstein, secretary-treasurer; Martin Larson, librarian; Ivan Richards, manager; Luverne Sigmund, director; Carl Norrbom, assistant director; L. G. Piaggi, pianist, and B. K. Coryell, publicity.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar
Imperial Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabban
LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

Captain Harry J. Burkett, Arabia Patrol, Houston, being called to New Orleans, was given a farewell stag banquet by the Patrol boys. An elaborate program had been prepared and the evening was one of joyous good will.

Korein Band, Rawlins, Wyo., gave a concert to the people of that city from the balcony of the Elks Club.

El Katif Band, Spokane, held its annual picnic at Priest River and games and an out door program were arranged.

Zorah Patrol, Terre Haute, has started a series of entertainments to promote interest in the Temple and general good fellowship. The first guests were Shriners from Brazil, Ind., and their families, a tabloid minstrel show being the feature presented. Refreshments were served and prizes for attendance awarded.

The Crawford County Shrine Club invited the Band of Zem Zem, Erie, to furnish the music for them during their two-day outing in June. At least 3000 members of Zem Zem attended the outing and ball.

Islam, San Francisco, Luncheon Club broadcast the entertainment furnished them by the musical comedy company "Patsy". Noble H. F. Reimer was chairman for the day.

Captain W. B. Farrar took the El Karubah Patrol, Shreveport, out to a celebration at the ball park and drilled them in the presence of more than 5000 people attending a rally of the American Legion.

El Karubah, Shreveport, Band hiked over to Roseborough Springs, Texas, and entertained the citizens with a band concert.

Oleika Band and Patrol are making a great reputation for themselves through the trips they are taking in the outside desert. Their recent visit to Richmond, Ky., called forth large crowds to witness the drill and listen to the concert.

Oleika Band and Patrol, Lexington, were booked for entertainment by the citizens of Ft. Sterling and reported promptly, 100 percent attendance. A series of visitations to the Blue Grass cities has been scheduled for the season.

Ainad's Drum Corps, E. St. Louis, has been re-organized, after having been dormant for several years.

Mizpah Band, Ft. Wayne, gave its annual concert at Merkle, Ind., a chicken dinner preceding the event. Hundreds of people from Wabash, Huntington and other cities in the immediate vicinity were among the pleased audience.

The Chanters of Ararat, Kansas City, are scheduled for one concert a month over WDAF until April, 1927.

El Katif Band and Patrol, Spokane, made a trip to Walla-Walla, where a dinner dance was the entertainment provided the visitors, who in turn gave concerts and drills galore. President Wertheimer was in charge of the entertainment. The visitors attended the Pendleton roundup after leaving Walla-Walla. Captain E. Burt Clausin was in charge of the trip's arrangements.

Ismailia, Buffalo, has organized a Legion out of the service men members of that Temple.

Yaarab's Band, Atlanta, gave a Sunday concert at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, under the leadership of Enrico Leide. Rev. Sam Small spoke and the public was invited to be present.

Maskat, Wichita Falls, has reorganized the Band and proposes to have fifty pieces. Its predecessor had but thirty pieces. Already fifty volunteers have been secured and rehearsals commenced. The officers are: D. O. Johnson, president; Leon Taylor, vice president; Wilbur Pettit, secretary-treasurer. R. A. Broillier is director and Floyd Martin, assistant.

Noble R. Vaughn Ray, first tenor in the famous Maskat, Wichita Falls, Tex., quartet, was visited by the Black Camel, appendicitis being the cause of his death. He will be greatly missed and it is going to be very difficult to fill his post with the quartet.

DECEMBER, 1926

[Continued from page 57]

rather clever. Did she want to be anything more? Of course she didn't. But Aunt Clementine and her cousins, and her mother, and now Teddy, made her tired. Teddy was the last straw. He had laughed at their vanities and hypocrisies. Vaingloriously he had stood taxi-men a stew at the Junior Turf and been hailed as a good fellow. Well, she would take a prize-fighter for drives and outdo him.

BELL figured it out she would turn up, and he would go with her. He was right about both. She came along in a dinky blue car, a smiling fawn figure in a little red cloche. She fluttered a hand; he raised his hat.

"This is real good of you."

"No, good of you to come."

She was in rebellion; she was thrilled; she was on fire. There were marvelous lights in her eyes, and her pale face had color.

"I timed it all right?" she asked as they were whirling along. "I didn't upset your training?"

"No, not as you upset me yesterday!"

"Don't let me at the Albert Hall. I'm coming!"

"I shall be on my guard."

"Against me or Digger Brown? Beat him!"

They turned along the terrace. "Say, that's a lovely view of your Thames."

"Yes, it's famous. You did hurt your hand!"

"Oh, not badly. That fearsome color's only iodine."

"The old Star and Garter Hotel used to be there. I'm going to take you to Chertsey. We might have some tea. I must apologize for our manners."

"Now you must do nothing of the kind, Miss Cresswell. You see I'm not straight from the backwoods where a man is a man. I've spent a few years in the towns of America."

"There are snobs there too?"

"Oh, believe me there are."

"Those I met were my cousins."

Her laugh rang out ironically. "You can imagine my people are blue in the face?"

"They know what you're doing?"

"Oh, you bet they do!"

As they ran on and out of the park, through Kingston, and crossed the river at Hampton Wick and again at Molesey, he was under no delusions as to why she was driving him around.

"Hurst Park racecourse," she said; "and Kempton's over there." And racing conjured up Sir Walter Cresswell and made him tell her what a real gentleman he thought her father was.

"What, you've met father too?" she said with surprise. "Did he mention me?"

"Oh, I think we were pretty well busy discussing sport."

She said: "Are you free every afternoon?"

"But, Miss Cresswell, I can't allow—"

"Oh, yes, we owe you so much!"

But she owed him nothing; he was in her debt. And it increased every minute as, sitting by her side, he had evidence of the redness of her lips and the liveness of her mind.

If he had loved her on the boat, he loved her a hundred times more now. Yet she was out of his reach though her arm brushed his. "Shepperton," she said.

"Oh, but this is grand! Here's a real bit of old England."

She laughed at his enthusiasm. "Another two miles and you shall have tea."

He compared the country of England with America's. The thoughts he had on the train he put into words. It surprised her that he could talk so well.

Indeed, it came to her that she had set out on this adven- [Continued on page 61]

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F. L. Warnock, Greentown, Ind., writes: "I received the Metrodyne in good shape and am more than pleased with it. Got stations 2000 miles away."

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Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Gentlemen: Send me at once without obligation full particulars—in plain envelope, about 30-day free trial of Dermo-Ray.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Medinah Runs Out of Climaxes *[Continued from page 47]*

1927, at which time the Imperial Potentate has promised to be present.

The clubhouse will be an architectural gem, rising 471 feet above the Michigan Avenue level, with two lower floors for the other street level. It is to be surmounted by a golden dome, which will be plainly visible from all North Shore boulevards. The ballroom calls for another climax, being designed to accommodate comfortably 1000 couples. There will be 538 hotel rooms for members and guests and the athletic features will be complete in every detail. An entire floor will be set aside for private dining-rooms, rest rooms, conference rooms and meeting rooms for ladies. It is anticipated that the clubhouse will be finished within a year from date of turning the first sod and the membership will be complete.

The Hospital Board of Trustees began their meetings on Tuesday and the Publication Committee arrived on Wednesday. Shriners from all over the jurisdiction were in attendance.

On Friday night, Medinah Temple took hold of the climax box and turned loose a Ceremonial that threatened to wipe out the last climax in existence. More than 500 Nobles were on the stage at one time, taking active part of some sort in the work. It was the official visit of the Imperial Potentate and if ever any Caliph of old received a more gorgeous and colorful reception history has failed to record it. From the Imperial Divan there were in attendance Imperial Deputy Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Chief Rabbah, Frank C. Jones, Imperial Assistant Rabbah, Leo V. Youngworth, Imperial High Priest and Prophet, Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Oriental Guide, Thomas J. Houston, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, Earl C. Mills, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master, Clifford Ireland, Imperial Marshal, John N. Sebrell, Jr., and the members of the Board of Trustees and the publication Committee, all of whom were properly introduced.

The number of Potentates and Past Potentates from surrounding Temples was so large that it was only possible to give them the time necessary to introduce them. And then came the Imperial Potentate, but prior to his reception the stage was invaded by a lazy and shiftless looking lot of cotton pickers in the most nondescript costumes obtainable. Each one was blackfaced to perfection and as they shuffled around the stage they contentedly munched away on a piece of watermelon. Making the circuit aimlessly several times, a whistle blew and the watermelons disappeared in a receptacle provided for the purpose, each cotton picker

braced up and Medinah's Senior Patrol began a series of evolutions without commands that would be hard to equal in seasoned soldiers and certainly impossible to excel however professional the contestants. At the conclusion of the drill, the Patrol came to a company front, each member displaying a large cardboard letter and the sentence formed was "Howdy, Massa Dave Glad Yur Here."

The Band took a hand; "Dixie" set the crowd to yelling and the most southern of flavors permeated the atmosphere. The Imperial Potentate made a second address, confined to the Patrol, expressing gratification at the welcome extended, stating that the boys spoke in a language that he understood, and concluding with a glowing eulogy of Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, to whose devoted efforts the wonderful efficiency of the uniformed bodies was so largely due. Following this, Illustrious Potentate E. Edwin Mills made a presentation of some handsome silverware, and Dixie Dave had to turn loose again.

It was a great night and a great affair, handled in a great way. Every detail was covered from greeting Imperial First Ceremonial Master Mills of Des Moines with a blast from the Band of "That's where the tall corn grows," and Imperial Assistant Rabbah Leo V. Youngworth of Los Angeles, with "California," down to the presentation of the baby camel. The Novices numbered 101 and Past Potentate Edward L. Johnson put on the pageant designated an Oriental Night, which was a series of most colorful stage pictures with several hundred Nobles in the cast. Following the Ceremonial a vaudeville show was put on.

Saturday, with a stage setting which called into play all the pomp and pageantry possible when the Shrine gets into its parade costume, Medinah Country Club was dedicated. Luncheon was served on arrival, a parade was staged past the clubhouse to the temporary platform arranged for the exercises, which were a trifle informal, consisting in the main of very brief addresses, apart from the dedicatory talk of Imperial Potentate Crosland. Past Potentate James Todd was master of ceremonies, the invocation by Rev. R. A. White; a flag presentation was made by Roosevelt Post, Loyal Legion, the flag was raised with due ceremony followed by the discharge of a large number of aerial bombs. The speakers were Charles H. Canode, President of the Club; Vice-President T. E. Heman, Secretary William S. Barbee, Potentate E. Edwin Mills, who on behalf of the club presented the Imperial Potentate with a handsome Humidor, which was humorously accepted for Mrs. Cros-

land and himself. The Imperial Divan and Past Potentates George Filmer and J. D. McGilvray were presented with honorary memberships in the club.

All through the exercises the Medinah Band and Chanters gave appropriate selections. A splendid dinner was served and the evening was devoted to dancing, cards and social intercourse.

The doings of the day made another heavy inroad on the stock of climaxes.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, as befitted a day set aside for dedicating the splendid unit of Shriners' Hospitals.

Early in the afternoon the hosts began to arrive. Ainad, E. St. Louis; Tebala, Rockford; Mohammed, Peoria; Orak, Hammond; and Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, sent their uniformed bodies, which, added to those of Medinah, made a sight that can hardly be appreciated without having been seen.

The parade was under charge of Marshal Walter Fisher, Medinah, and with flags floating and banners playing in the breeze martial airs set the feet to marking time. The parade was impressive, visiting Nobles, with fezzes representing a large proportion of the Temples in the jurisdiction, participating.

Amplifiers had been provided and the exercises were broadcast. Past Potentate Will H. Wade, chairman of the unit, was in charge of the exercises.

Addresses were made by Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, Mayor Dever, Clarence M. Dunbar, Leo V. Youngworth, E. Edwin Mills, James Todd and Will H. Wade.

A very pleasing feature was the presentation of the flag of the United States by Major J. E. White, representing the society of the Forty and Eight. Major White delivered an ode to the flag. He was escorted by a color guard from Theodore Roosevelt Post American Legion. The musical features were provided by the brass band and chanters of Medinah Temple. The invocation was by Rev. R. A. White.

Past Potentate J. D. McGilvray represented the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals in a speech covering the scope of the work generally and the effectiveness of the Board of the local unit. Chairman Sam P. Cochran and the other members of the Board occupied seats on the platform.

It is estimated that fully 5000 people inspected the hospital and the dedication was, by far, the most pretentious affair attending that of any of the units, which completely cleaned out the supply of climaxes and left the Shrine contingent wondering what possibly could come next that would compare in anyway with this superb and varied program of Medinah.

[Continued from page 59]

ture for the sheer rag of defying her people, and she was astonished that she was not being bored. This prizefighter from Vermont and the backwoods of Canada and the rings of the States was more intelligent than her brother. He noticed things.

He painted word pictures of his early life. They visioned such simplicity that what was left of her traditions, her caste, slipped even further away. The lumberman in a log-hut reading the Bible to his wife and their little son on the Sabbath Day . . . and the boy that had listened was the big man by her side who could command two to three thousand pounds for a fight!

Romance invested him. They stopped at a cottage; had tea under a rambler.

"I guess you can lead real lives in England," he said.

"What are real lives?"

He answered reflectively: "Oh, happiness is the main thing. And contentment—you've got to be content."

"Are you content felling men?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"I don't know," he said dreamily. "I wonder if any of us do. Your Wordsworth said his heart leapt up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. Was he happy?"

"I don't know."

"Statesmen, financiers—are they happy? I don't think money makes for happiness."

She said, more puzzled than ever: "Why are you fighting?"

"I want the money."

He was a contradiction! She had a curious thrill when he paid for her tea—she didn't know why.

They started back.

"The same time tomorrow?" she asked, when they reached Jack Goad's.

"Oh, I can't trespass on your kindness like this."

"I'd like to take you if you'd like to come."

Old Jack massaged his hands for an hour that night; begged him again to postpone the fight; but he wasn't going to. He knew those hands were as likely to give out in a month as they were in a week.

As he lay in bed looking through that book he had bought, he thought of the girl who had caused him to buy it. He had believed she had gone out of his life when she had left Euston with that young man. It was just queer. The man he had supposed was her fiancé had brought them together. For what?

He wondered that again the next night, and the next. Wondered just how many times he could go out with her and not tell her he loved her. He managed to till the day before the fight.

They were in a Kentish lane. She had stopped the engine. He felt an electricity in the air. There was her lovely face under her fair hair and a little bright blue cloche; and her delicate perfumes and those of grass and hay and honeysuckle drenched his senses.

She said: "You fight tomorrow?"

"Surely."

"Aren't you nervous?"

"I've got to win."

"And then?"

"I guess I shall get back by the next boat."

"An end of our drives."

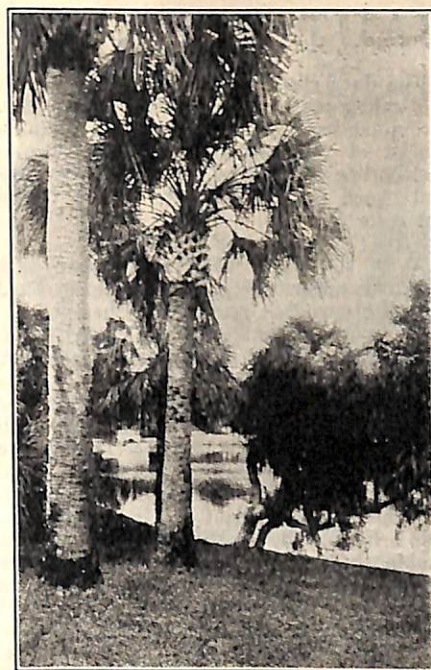
He said: "Perhaps it's as well."

She never moved. Sat there with her eyes to the long passage between two rows of hops.

"You said you were in my debt—I never knew why. I'm going to show you your brother was right. I belong to the earth you're looking at."

She never moved.

There was a wistfulness of hunger in his voice. "Are you" *[Continued on page 71]*



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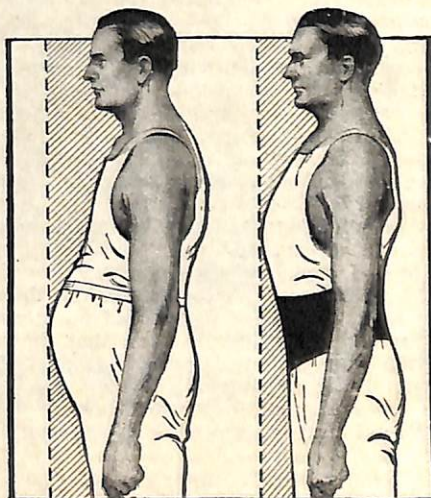
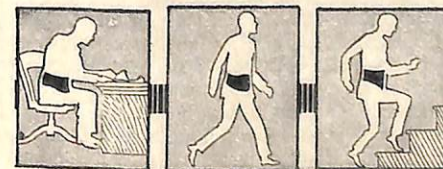
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Around the Caravan Campfire *[Continued from page 39]*

in a six foot leaping tarpon. I go home feeling that I have been fishing. You, wise boy that you are, take off a few days and catch them yourself.

In common with most Nobles I have been fortunate above most men in money matters. My income is above the average. I do my little bit in the way of helping along the less fortunate. But all I do is write a check for the Community Chest or send one to the Charity Committee of my Temple. I have some fellows hired to do my charity for me and I miss all the joy of giving because I let the other fellow come in actual contact with the people I help. That's another reason I envy you; you don't do that!

For romance and adventure I depend on the fiction pages of this magazine. Even if I were unfortunate enough to be a bachelor,

I would sit around and read The Shrine Magazine, just imagining myself going through all the adventures and all the love making of the fiction characters in the stories. I would still buy romance and adventure on the printed page and let other people have all the fun of it.

Like a blind mole spending its life out of the bright light of day, I am a molder and a toiler after greasy dollars. While I grub for them like the mole after his worms and bugs, I use them to pay other fellows to live my life for me.

I have tried to describe myself as I really am and you as I hope you are. Is my description of you as accurate as it is of myself? Or are you, too, allowing other fellows to live your life for you? Are you like me, dumb enough to live vicariously? Have you just allowed yourself to degen-

erate into an inexhaustible supply company accumulating money for other people to spend?

Just between two Nobles, do you ever play? Do you participate in the activities of your Shrine Temple? Do you get any fun out of your Shrine Temple? Do you get any fun out of your religion? Do you travel much? Are you a pal to your children? Do you vote and play golf with enthusiasm?

This old world is full of fishing and love making, of the laughter of little children and the happy grins of other Nobles, of sunshine and fat men slipping on banana skins, of sweet charity and loving kindness! Old top, if you don't get your nose out of that ledger and your ear away from that cash register you are going to miss a lot of fun. No true Shriner wants to miss any fun!

VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL [Continued from page 20]

"You—you will take care of my treasure."

All that night Miss Tuck's heart sang. Her mood persisted until late next afternoon. Then a sudden wave of fear swept over her. Her own joy terrified her. One couldn't go on being as happy as this. Something must surely happen. She put the thought quickly away and started downstairs for a catalogue in Mr. Renshaw's office.

Mr. Himan was there. She nodded to them, then walked over to the bookcase. "Think I'll take that Cathedral," Himan was saying. "Got a big wall space in the gold room. Looks kinda bare now."

"You will never regret it, Mr. Himan," Renshaw began smoothly. "Monet is as sound as—"

Mr. Himan clipped off the speech: "And that little one of the two women. Take another look. Kinda took a fancy to that. Wife might like it."

Miss Tuck was not conscious of listening but she had heard. She shut the bookcase door with a bang and faced the two men. Renshaw gave her a puzzled, half annoyed look and turned to his customer.

"Ah, yes. The Renoir. Very charming thing, I'm sure Mrs. Himan—"

Miss Tuck did not wait to hear more. She was out of the room and running up the stairs, her mind racing with her feet.

Dr. Pelanc's Renoir! "Take care of my treasure?" Those had been his last words. He shouldn't have it. She wouldn't let him—this man who bought pictures by the yard to match the color of his walls!

Inside the gallery she shut the door and stood against it as though by barring the way she could keep them out. There were steps on the stairs. She ran across to the Renoir and took it down from the wall. A frantic look around the room for a place to hide it. Then voices outside the door.

She was sitting at her desk when the two men entered. Her face flamed scarlet as Renshaw spoke:

"Mr. Himan is buying that Monet, Miss Tuck. He is interested too in the Renoir sketch you have here—Why—it's not here. It's gone! Surely Saturday. It's—"

He looked at Miss Tuck through narrowed lids. Her eyes fell before his suspicion.

"Yes—it's gone," she stammered.

"But what do you mean? It can't have been sold? Nothing is sold without my knowledge. Be good enough to explain, please?"

Miss Tuck looked helplessly from one man to the other:

"I—I can't—it's gone."

The helpless desperate look she threw to Himan touched him. He had no idea what was happening but he knew that the timid, little woman at the desk was frightened and wretchedly unhappy.

"Never mind, now, Renshaw. I'll drop around next week and look at some other things."

"That's very considerate of you, Mr. Himan, but—well, you see we must get to the bottom of this. Miss Tuck will you be good enough to ask the bookkeeper to come?"

He was icily polite and the hard coldness of his tone made it still more impossible for Aurelia Tuck to speak. She stood up and pushed back her chair. There was a clatter and the Renoir fell at her feet face up. It lay there accusingly in full view of both men.

It was Renshaw's icy: "Permit me." that broke the silence as he stooped to pick up the picture.

Then Himan with a look so compassionate it almost loosed her tongue:

"Got to run along now. Sure Miss Tuck can explain, Renshaw. See you next week."

The door closed and she was alone with the manager. If only she could talk to him. He stood looking at her, scorn, something almost of triumph in his lifted eyebrows and curling lip. Twice she opened her lips and closed them again. The words would not come.

"Well?" said Renshaw finally.

Again she tried. How could she? He wouldn't understand. He had never liked her. He would be glad to have her go.

"If you have nothing to say for yourself, it might be as well to stop at the cashier's office and get what is due you."

He waited a moment or two longer, as though to give her another chance. Still she could not speak. Abruptly he left the room.

She stood looking helplessly around, dazed. He couldn't have meant it. It wasn't true. "No! No!" The words broke across the choking barrier in her throat. She put her hand over her mouth. She mustn't let them hear. Her job! Her beautiful world!

Where would she go? How could she live? Dr. Pelanc's Renoir. She had failed him. He had counted on her to guard his treasure. She had bungled everything.

Ten minutes later Aurelia Tuck slipped timidly out and lost herself in the Fifth avenue throng.

When Dr. Pelanc arrived at the Pennsylvania station late the following Saturday afternoon, he took a taxi direct to the Varney Galleries. Impatiently he cursed each halting traffic light as he watched the tower clocks ticking off the seconds toward the closing hour. Then laughed at himself for his unaccustomed petulance.

In the gallery he nodded to Renshaw and hurried on upstairs. At the door he paused, to straighten his coat and adjust his tie. He wanted a first glimpse of her before she saw him. He pictured the bend of her neck as she sat there absorbed in her work, so demure and unconscious in her golden setting.

He turned the knob softly and entered the room, then stopped suddenly. It couldn't be! That girl . . . at Miss Tuck's desk.

"Can I do something for you?" The voice was friendly enough but not a bit like Miss Tuck's. Its owner was an obvious blond young woman, with bobbed hair and lacquered cheeks.

"I should like to speak to Miss Tuck," he said, catching a note of resentment and fear in his tone.

"Miss Tuck? Oh, yes, she was my predecessor here. I would be glad to show you anything you want to see."

"You don't mean . . . Surely . . . it cannot be that she is no longer here!"

"Left a week ago."

"But where . . . where has she gone?"

The girl shook her head: "I'm sorry, I don't know. Perhaps in the office they could give you an address."

Once downstairs again he went straight to Renshaw.

That young man explained testily that Miss Tuck had been dismissed. "In disgrace," he added.

"Oh, but there must . . . there must be some mistake. It is incredible—preposterous . . ."

"Not at all, my dear sir. Nothing incredible about being dismissed for stealing a picture. Caught red-handed trying to walk off with a valuable Renoir."

"Oh, but you mustn't say that. There is an explanation. I'm sure of it. I know it. I must see her."

"Shouldn't bother if I were you. Quite a clear case. I never could see why the old man was so keen about her."

"But I must have her address. I must—You don't understand."

Renshaw dismissed his distress with a shrug: "Oh, of course, if you choose."

He left the room and returned with a slip of paper.

A few minutes later Dr. Pelanc rang the bell at Mrs. Pennington's boarding-house.

"She ain't been here for most a week," said the maid who opened the door.

"But surely she left an address . . . for her letters . . ."

The girl shook her head.

"Never got no letters, never since I been here."

He asked to see her mistress, but from her he obtained no more satisfaction.

"Miss Tuck had no intimates in the house. Kept to herself. Kinda shy I always thought. Just paid her board and left."

Back in his own living-room in Sniffen's Court Dr. Pelanc paced frantically up and down. He cursed himself for a bungling fool. He had done again what he had done over and over—with honors, and friends and things. All the prizes of life he had wanted most slipped through his hands. She shouldn't go. He'd find her. He'd bring her back, if he spent the rest of his life searching.

What a fool he'd been not to make her understand. From the very first he'd known. But he couldn't hurry her. She was so different. So sensitive. So unlike anyone he'd ever known. He wanted to surround her with peace and warmth and bring her to a slow consciousness of his love for her.

God! And now look what he'd done? Women usually terrified him—made him feel ineffective. She made him feel strong and competent. Competent! He snorted with scorn of himself. "Competent!"

She was alone, somewhere out there in New York—a New York she'd never even dreamed. Without money, perhaps, or food. Or protection. What could he do? He made plan after plan and discarded them.

All day Sunday he haunted the Museum on the chance that she might go there. On Monday he began the round of the galleries. Then he tried the shops. Rows and rows of women. Women of every type but she was not there. He tried every likely and unlikely place. At night, when the galleries were closed, he walked up and down the streets in the cheaper boarding house districts. He took to eating his meals in Automats and other inexpensive restaurants.

Sometimes he dreamed that he found her sick and starving. She looked at him with reproachful eyes. Once he dreamed he saw her slim body floating on the dark waters of the East River.

Just once he thought he crossed her trail. In the Hepworth Galleries on Fifty-seventh street a sympathetic young woman, who sensed his distress, told him that a woman in black had been there the day before asking for work. "Kinda pale and frightened looking," she said.

"You're sure she left no address?" he pleaded.

"Sure."

At the end of two weeks he was still no nearer a clue. Then one evening Renshaw appeared at his door and lifted him for a moment out of a black despair. The habitual suavity of that young man had departed.

"It's about Miss Tuck I've come," he said abruptly.

"Thank God! Then, you've seen her. Where is she, man? Tell me? Is she safe? Is she well?"

"That's just it—I don't know. I've got to find her. I've got just twenty-four hours to do it. I thought perhaps you could help."

Dr. Pelanc dropped dejectedly into the nearest chair.

"Explain, please. I don't understand," he said dully.

"It's Varney. He's mad as a hornet. Says Miss Tuck's little finger is worth the whole bunch of us. I'm to get the sack if she isn't found by this time tomorrow."

"Mr. Varney is back then?"

"Got in today. He's up at the Galleries now. I never saw him so upset about anything."

"How do you propose to set about finding Miss Tuck?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. Thought maybe you'd know something about her. I can't see her getting a job anywhere else. She's not the New York type."

Dr. Pelanc looked at his visitor with no attempt to conceal his contempt.

"No. Quite right. It's curious that didn't occur to you when you turned her out so abruptly."

"Oh, don't rub it in. The Old Man has made it quite clear how many different kinds of a blackguard I am. I wish you'd drop in and see him. He's low."

After Renshaw had gone Dr. Pelanc's spirits lifted. At least he was no longer alone in his pursuit. Hope, which had been at low ebb, rose again. As he started for the Galleries he felt more nearly happy than he had been since that day when he had come back to find her gone.

He walked swiftly. The street was almost deserted. The theater going crowds had already passed. As he neared the Galleries he saw ahead of him a slight, tottering figure. "Some boy who's been drinking," he decided. No, a woman! She must be ill! He quickened his step. Then suddenly stopped. Something familiar . . . It couldn't be she . . . Yet . . . The figure disappeared. It seemed to evaporate under his very eyes.

He hurried on, searching the shadows. In a doorway, just across from the Galleries, he found her. She was leaning wearily against the wall, her eyes looking up at the windows opposite—the windows of her old room. So intent was she, she did not see him. He stood there, pulling himself together. Her pale face, in the faint light from the street lamp, was ghostly. In her eyes was a wistfulness he could not bear.

He longed to gather her up in his arms and comfort her, as he had never longed for anything else in life, but he was afraid to speak. Then, even before he had time to take the few steps that separated them, she crumpled into a little heap in the corner of the doorway.

"Oh, my sweet, my sweet," he cried.

She was in his arms. He was pleading, coaxing, urging her to rouse and speak to him. He felt her pulse. How faint it was! A cold, terrible fear gripped his heart. Surely it couldn't be that he had found her only to lose her again. He lifted her. How light she was! Across the wide street to the Varney doorway he hurried carrying her. He held her against him with one arm as he fumbled for the night bell.

It was Varney himself who opened the door.

Together they took her, still unconscious, up the stairs to the gold gallery. They laid her on the settee in the center of the room.

Neither spoke. Dr. Pelanc fell on his knees beside her and opened the collar of her black dress and began chafing her hands.

The older man stood for a second looking down at them, his face a study of bewilderment, battling with rage at the whiteness of her.

"What does it mean, Pelanc? Whose work is this?"

"Bring me some water, please. I think—I hope it's only fatigue. And . . . and hunger . . ."

When Varney got back with the water Miss Tuck was already coming to. Dr. Pelanc was still [Continued on page 64]



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VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL [Continued from page 63]

on his knees beside her. He held her hands in his, but he was no longer chafing her wrists. His head was close to hers, and he was pleading with her to open her eyes. Her eyelids fluttered and lifted slowly. Her lips parted, almost smiled. Her gaze wandered about the room—her beautiful, golden room. Dimly she saw the Pissarro and the Monet and—yes—the Renoir too. There, where it always hung. Her eyes came back to rest on his face. They were full of peace.

Then a look of terror and a frantic, "Where am I? Oh—I've dreamed again. It isn't true."

Dr. Pelanc shook his head.

"No, my dear, not a dream. You're here. Here in your old place. Varney!" He turned his head.

"I'm here. What do you mean, Miss Tuck, by giving me a home coming like this?"

She ventured a feeble smile. These were her friends. This was the world she knew. She closed her eyes again in content.

Varney looked from one to the other.

"What's it all mean, my friends? What have you all been up to while I have been away?"

"That's a long story, my dear Varney."

But I mean to take her away from you and keep her—if she'll let me."

"But I thought it was those two women you came here to see," said Varney, pointing to the Renoir.

Dr. Pelanc smiled. "They belonged together."

"Well, perhaps—I'll tell you what I'll do. I will make you a sporting proposition. If you can win the one, you shall have them all. We'll make it a wedding present. Meanwhile, I'm going to telephone for some supper. Miss Tuck and I are hungry."

When he had gone she opened her eyes.

"Did you hear?" Dr. Pelanc asked timidly.

She smiled and nodded.

"And I thought you would never want to see me again," she said, "after . . . after what I did."

"What is it, dear? What did you do? Can't you tell me?"

"Oh, I can tell you anything. That's why it was so wonderful."

Grateful and humbly he lifted her hands again and kissed them.

"It was about the Renoir," she said. "I did try. But you see, I couldn't explain. It is so difficult for me to talk to Mr. Ren-

shaw. He thought I was stealing it and—I was only trying to guard your treasure."

"Oh, you quaint, dear stupid!" His voice was low and very tender. "Couldn't you see? It was you. It was you I meant all the time."

"Oh, I never dreamed. I . . ." Her face quivered. Her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear, my dear." He took her face between his hands and kissed her wet lashes. "But I want to make you laugh. I want to take care of you. I want to go out and gather all the beauty in the world and bring it back and drop it in your lap."

She closed her eyes. She could not speak. This strange quiet. The peace of it. It seemed to fill the room. It seemed to push the walls away and to reach out endlessly.

This was a beauty she had never before known. All the misery of the past weeks was as far away as though it had never been.

She opened her eyes again and came back to the familiar. The room. The man. The Renoir. Her gaze lingered there.

"Very, very beautiful," she said.

"Yes, very, very beautiful," he echoed.

But he was not looking at the Renoir.

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DEAD MANNERS [Continued from page 15]

know where he is; nor, as a rule, does she make any very successful effort to find out. He is on his own. The death of the Home Evening has emancipated him and his flapper sister; even as it has blunted in him and in her the Manners once inculcated by that same defunct Home Evening.

Chief among the dead Manners, done to death by this chronic absence from home and by the addiction to motoring, is the hideous disregard for personal and property rights.

The roads are aswarm with motorists who have left home for the day. They picnic anywhere and anyhow; sometimes kindling their fires with No Trespass signs; sometimes building those fires against the trunk-bases of ancient giant trees; almost always defiling the sweet greensward of some stranger's land with litter of eggshells and greasy papers and bread-crusts and chicken-bones and similar unlovely relics of their feast.

Dearth of Manners not only leads them to trespass noisily and brazenly, but to leave their unknown host's picnic-site looking like a garbage dump. Should a landowner make mild protest, the retorts leave him in no shadow of doubt as to the complete defunctness of motorists' Manners.

I say nothing about the motor-revelers' stripping of tree-branches and flowering shrubs from once-beautiful wayside dells, to fill the tonneau and to wither there. To me that seems not only an instance of dead Manners but of something far more sinister.

Then there is the road-hog. He is wholly a product of the motor-age. He flourishes by the hundred on every state road on every holiday. His particular brand of mannerlessness was unheard-of a quarter-century ago.

By the way—here is something that has nothing directly to do with Manners, alive or dead, but it puzzled me sorely:

In my youth, not one man or one family in fifty owned so much as a single horse and buggy. The majority of mankind said frankly they could not afford such a luxury. When the need arose—which very seldom it did—they hired a livery rig.

Very good. A showy and serviceable horse and a harness and a strong second-hand buggy could have been purchased, all three, at many an auction, for less than two hun-

dred dollars. No showy and serviceable car can be bought for that sum.

Yet folk who could not afford a two-hundred-dollar horse-and-buggy are now disporting themselves in swarms and throngs, with two-thousand-dollar automobiles. How do they do it? I have seen day-laborers driving cars which I could not afford. There is a mystery in it, somewhere and somehow. I have muddled over it, a hundred times, without finding the solution.

There was a good bit of Manners connected with horse-driving. Nearly always, the rules of the road and of common civility were observed. Yes, the Motorcar most assuredly shares with the War the honor of massacring Manners.

I know I am right in saying the War shared with Motors the chief responsibility for Manners' fall. Besides making the world (comparatively) safe for democracy, the War did a host of other things to Manners; not all of them wholly praiseworthy. For example:

Sheltered girls—there were such bipeds extant as recently as a decade or so ago—sheltered girls were not only permitted but encouraged and urged to go to soldier-and-sailor clubs, there to dance promiscuously with any stranger in uniform who might care to ask them to.

Stranger youths in uniform were brought home to meet such girls on terms of equality and eager cordiality. Girls and stranger youths met on a plane of unchecked freedom never heard of before in the history of civilization. Barriers were tossed down, by parental consent.

It was all done in the holy name of Patriotism. But when the need for such informality was ended, naturally the informality refused to end with it.

Nobody was to blame. It just happened; that was all. But it killed some things which were rather precious; youthful Manners among them.

Thus was born a more or less rough-and-ready and mannerless comradeship between Man and Maid, which has increased instead of waned in the years since the Armistice.

The Chaperone, and all she implied, seems to have drifted out of date, along with the

top hat and the derby and the long skirt. Perhaps these articles of apparel can better be spared than she. She was the living insignia of Manners, for one thing.

Home grew less desirable to the young who had formed the habit of staying away from it during the war years. Incidentally, the Motor, which so generously has placed Immorality and Opportunity within the reach of all, has also provided an ideal method for leaving home far behind.

Manners of yesterday were stilted, perhaps; but they were pleasant. Eighteenth Century Manners, of day before yesterday, were far more stilted and far less pleasant. Manners of today are anything but stilted and, to us human antiques, not in the least pleasant. In fact they seem all-but nonexistent.

Not that our morals (often a sublimated synonym for Manners) were anywhere nearly irreproachable in those forgotten decades. There were fast girls and faster boys. But the girls belonged to a widely different social set from most of the boys.

We had innumerable jolly house-parties in the old days; as now. With us there was a veritable fetish of courtesy (at least outward courtesy and deference) toward the parents of our young hosts and hostesses. They may have bored us. They may have pestered us. But on the surface we were polite and even mildly attentive to them; most of us.

Two people—a man and a woman—of my own age, have spoken to me during the past few months of the change from all that sort of thing. Said the man (a New Yorker who still understands the gracious old world difference between keeping "open house" and keeping open bar):

"Three young fellows in the early twenties came down from Blank University with the Glee Club; and spent the week-end with us. I was out when they arrived. I came home to find all three camped in my study; smoking my cigars at their own invitation. I introduced myself. They did not even wait to shake hands before one of them complained crossly to me that my butler had refused to mix cocktails for them without my authorization. The rest chimed in with a request—



FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THE United States is just winding up one of the most profitable years in history. Commerce, industry, and trade have put billions of dollars into the pockets of Americans and they have been wise enough to hold on to many of them. This tremendous volume of profits and savings is going into investments and most of it is going into safe investments.

Before the end of 1926, over \$9,000,000,000 will have been put into securities of various sorts by the people of the United States. There is every indication that this volume of security buying will continue. Stability is the thing that the best judges in this country see in present day conditions. They look for no wild flurry of expansion and would be disturbed if they saw any evidence of such a tendency. Buying power is higher, probably, than ever before. Demand for goods is insistent. Employment at high wages is general. All of these factors make for continued prosperity. It is almost as difficult to break a cycle of prosperity as it is to check a cycle of hard times.

(Making Money Work

As long as good times continue, representatives of every class of life will continue to seek a means of making their spare money work for them. Ray Morris, former president of the Investment Bankers Association of America is confident that foreign bonds will find an increasingly prominent place in the strong boxes of American investors. At a time when high grade American bonds were scarce, with extremely narrow commissions to bankers to cover the cost of merchandising, foreign bonds have been in relatively plentiful supply and with commission wider than for the American issues.

Much of the dread with which foreign bonds formerly were approached has vanished with a better understanding of conditions abroad and knowledge of the value of the securities. There is an increasing trend toward investment in Canada and the West Indies and South America. Canada has had a wonderful industrial year. Millions of dollars will be required to carry out the program of development and expansion of resources now in progress.

(Utilities Popular

The financing done so far has made it evident that the public utility issues are to continue extremely popular. In the first half of this year, the issues of such concerns absorbed by the public exceeded a billion two hundred million dollars. The volume of these securities placed in the second half of the year will undoubtedly surpass that tremendous figure.

The electric light and power companies have been conspicuously prosperous. New records have been established for both gross and net earnings, and there is every probab-

ity that most of the power companies will continue to expand in the early months of 1927 at least. There has been an equally striking improvement in the operating efficiency of the utility companies, made possible by consolidation of various independent concerns. This will inevitably result in the issue of a large amount of public utility bonds and stocks.

(Construction Financing

Unquestionably there will be some decrease in the volume of money raised for building construction. This has been the greatest building year in the history of the world. The amount of construction has far exceeded six billion dollars. But in a good many cities, the shortage of certain types of buildings has been filled. Much of the new work is confined to the smaller cities and the rural communities and does not require public financing. These facts are bound to have their due effect on the real estate mortgage bond issues, which have become such a prominent part of American borrowing.

Municipalities are exercising more restraint in their borrowings. This is due in part to the fact that much of the work laid out by the city fathers has been accomplished, and to the resistance encountered by each increase in the cost of state and municipal administration and advance in the tax rates. Last year the state and municipal governments collected sixty percent more in taxes than the federal government. Of this amount, which in 1925 approached \$1,400,000,000 about half was spent for education and road building. Expenditures, on the other hand, attained the record figure of \$5,100,000,000. As a result, borrowings of this nature this year will be several hundred million dollars less than in 1925.

(Advantage in Libertys

Government financing this month is not expected to exceed \$250,000,000 and what there is of it will undoubtedly be snapped up like the proverbial hot cakes. Recent activity in Liberty Bonds has given rise to a question as to what the Treasury Department will do regarding approximately \$3,000,000,000 of second Liberty Loan 4 1/4 percent bonds now outstanding. It is believed by some bankers that these bonds might lend themselves to the next retirement program of the government. They are callable after November 15, 1927, and maturity date is November 15, 1942. Thus this issue combines the attraction of a long term investment and the speculative feature of an early retirement. According to one authority, if these bonds should be called November 15, 1927, they provide a short term investment at a better yield than any other short term government issue and for every day they continue to run after the date of call, the yield of 4 1/4 percent is higher than any other government issue.

With most corporations in the United States showing good earnings investors perhaps have been a trifle prone to place their money in untried securities or those lacking in "seasoning." As a result the margin of safety which should protect their investments is materially reduced. There is, it is true, no immediate indication of a period of depression. But everyone who takes the trouble to think and look back over the history of the country knows that every time of industrial prosperity is followed by a period of uncertainty and depression, sooner or later as the case may be.

(To Sell—Not Buy

J. P. Morgan is quoted as having said to a pessimist during a period of hard times "It always stops raining." But it is equally true that the skies at one time or another are bound to be overcast. Bankers with the interest of their clients at heart, therefore, are urging them to acquire only that type of securities which can safely "stay sold."

One of the liveliest mining promoters this country ever saw once said to the writer:

"Don't you know that there are some stocks made to sell not to buy?" Despite all the efforts of the legitimate investment houses a tremendous volume of stocks and bonds of this type are being offered. The time to buy securities or any other commodity is when every one wants to sell. The time to sell is when everyone wants to buy. Unless your investments are such that you can afford to hold your securities through a period of depression without endangering the safety of the money invested, they are not investments. They are speculations.

It is an old saying in Wall Street that nobody ever got poor taking a profit and an equally old saying that the man who made money in the Street was the one who knew when to take a loss. But those saws apply to speculative operations. There is no need for any investor who does not wish to do so, to put his money into stocks or bonds the real value of which may be affected by a temporary depression. There are any number of legitimate securities which are amply protected. This country is going on. So are its industries. An investment in a properly secured basic American industry need not be subject to sudden deterioration of value.

(No Chance to Lose

In 1920, Liberty bonds sold over fifteen percent below par. Yet there never has been a question in the minds of American investors that this government was going to redeem every obligation dollar for dollar. As a result some of the wise and experienced investors made hundreds and thousands of dollars without a chance to lose. Facts such as these should be borne in mind before liquidating a satisfactory investment even in time of financial stringency.

American bankers are trying their best to show their clients this.

Too much optimism with regard to selecting investments, according to level headed bankers, is just as likely to produce bad results as too much pessimism.

Any belief that the question of a doubt with regard to investments is likely to favor the purchaser should be discarded, according to one bond authority.

"I once heard a man in Plumas county, California, selling another a horse," said this banker. "The prospective purchaser asked the nag's age. 'Well, I'll tell you,' said the dealer, 'I bought this horse from ranchers over near Reno, Nevada. They told me he was ten years old. But you know what liars them ranchers are. Maybe the horse is only seven or eight.' Anytime you are tempted to make an investment that is exploited as better than it shows on its face, look out."

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GAMENESS

(Continued from page 21)

Did anyone accept the proposal? No; no one did. It is very well to sit in the security of a ringside seat and howl for blood and yet more blood, but it is different when Mr. Fan sees himself in the position of shedding gore of his own.

Joe Gans, the old master of past history, is still spoken of as the greatest lightweight who ever donned gloves. He fought Battling Nelson when he was in the first stages of consumption. It was a terrific battle at the end of which the gallant negro went down and out. That fight ruined whatever chance he might have had to beat the dread disease that had seized him. Death came to him quickly. In other words Joe Gans committed suicide.

One wonders if the boxing game would not be a better one if boxers emulated the French and "resigned" when a victory was hopeless, instead of staying on until the ring becomes a shambles?

If a referee, or officials of whatever sort, could establish a line between intelligent gameness and that sort of fortitude in which an athlete becomes a mere sodden receiver of punishment it would be a valuable contribution to sport.

The quality of grit and sand may be regarded as justifiable and meritorious so long as the recipient is carrying on with at least a fair chance of being carried along to victory as a result of his grit.

"What is gameness?" Glenn Warner, the great football coach, answered this question as he and the writer were recently following the Leland Stanford eleven in practice on the gridiron at beautiful Palo Alto.

"It is nervous control," said Warner. "At least it is nervous control in the case of a highly sensitive athlete who feels pain acutely and knows that pain is an admonition from nature. In such an athlete this is the highest sort of gameness known to mankind.

"There are others more stolid, their nerves not so responsive, who require more punishment for an acute pain reaction than the more rigidly strung athlete. They should receive less credit for standing the gaff than the other sort. But in either case they are most desirable men to have upon a football eleven or any sort of a team where man encounters man."

Tex Rickard once told the writer that he had come to the conclusion that imagination was not wholly responsible for the existence of a quitter.

"Some of the yellowest men I ever knew," said Tex, "were those who did not have enough imagination to visualize a square meal even when they were hungry. Courage and gameness, or cowardice and unwillingness to stand pain seem to lie deep down in a man and so far as my observation goes you cannot develop the one or eliminate the other."

"Which is better," the writer recently asked of Jack O'Brien, the former great middleweight pugilist and now a builder of bodies in New York, "mental or physical courage?"

"Well," laughed Jack, "I think there are two ways of answering that. When I was a fighter physical courage was my particular need, but after I left the ring and started out in business I found that the great necessity was mental courage. Quite often you will find the two growing in the same man; but there are many cases, too, when you meet up with chaps who seem to have the one and not the other. I will say that there never was a champion in sport or in life generally—I mean by that a big and outstanding man—who did not have both."

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The Judge's Husband (Continued from page 29)

efficient attorney has disclosed to the satisfaction of the Court why he was there—why he was seen walking up and down past the French girl's rooms—or whether there were others, besides the defendant, at Miss Sheftele's at the time? In regard to the last point, Congress, he suggests, might have been there.

Joe—Alice, you take the stand, like a good girl.

The young daughter tells the court that she is taunted and hurt by constant remarks and gossip in the town concerning her mother.

Alice—They say my mother wants to be Governor and go to the Capitol, and will sell her soul to get there.

Joe—Did you ever talk to your father about these things?

Judge—What are you trying to prove?

Joe—That I have better grounds for divorcing you, than you have for divorcing me.

Her Honor suddenly raps the desk with the gavel.

Judge—Court is adjourned.

Joe—All right. Bring on your tea. I'll have Scotch in mine . . .

So, you see, it is up to Her Honor, Judge Kirby, whether she will grant herself, as defendant, a divorce or not. It seems impossible for her to hand in a quick decision in the case. She becomes ill, and Alice, living in the old home with her, treats her like a child. Reynolds, too, is waiting for her final word, for he hopes to win the Judge for himself once the divorce is granted. But will she do it? No longer does the chance of being Governor mean anything to her. The thought of disrupting the home that has taken so many years to

build and of possibly losing her daughter's love overshadows everything. The Judge's heart is, after all, the heart of a wife and a mother, and Alice, realizing this, sends for her father. The Judge, she tells him, is desperately ill and is anxious to see him. The child nerves herself to tell her story.

Alice—Father was with me those two days and nights he was in New York . . . I made father swear he'd never tell you for fear you'd hate me, but I can't see you and father being separated on my account. The two nights Father was with me in New York—I was drunk.

Joe—Nothing of the kind—the child had been drugged.

Alice—I was drunk. Father got Mrs. Woodward and Blanche to lie to you. I wasn't at their house, I was at Florette Sheftele's apartment. There were two very attractive men at Blanche's party, and they said they were both married, and their wives were at some other party and asked us to go with them and meet their wives and bring them over to Blanche's party. We both thought it would be loads of fun, so they took us to some Cabaret—their wives weren't there—they said maybe their wives had gone home because they were so late calling for them, so we went to their apartment and they weren't there. The men seemed terribly worried and said they should wait until their wives came in. While we were waiting they served something they said was nothing but orange and lime juice; after I drank mine I became awfully ill and only know what Blanche and Father told me of what happened after that.

Judge—And what did they tell you?

Alice—That Blanche was able to get out and telephone the house here, you weren't

home, but Father was—he motored to New York and got me.

Judge—How did you get to Miss Sheftele's apartment?

Alice—When Father was carrying me out, he met Miss Sheftele in the hall coming from the elevator—he explained that I was ill—she asked him to bring me into her apartment and I was there till he brought me home.

Judge—Is there anything more to tell me, Joe?

Joe—No.

Judge—I wasn't home when you needed me and Father was. . . Well, from now on I'll always be at home when you need me, dear . . . And there is something your Father can help me with, if he will.

Joe—About housekeeping?

Judge—No—I want you to withdraw my name as candidate for Governor. And I—I want to resign from the position of Judge.

Joe—I won't help you do that, Mary. Why resign now when you have won your battle by ridding the town of the Miller element.

Judge—You and Alice are my reasons, Joe . . . I am sorry for my mistake . . . Are you going to stay, Joe? . . . There isn't anything in the world I want more.

Then Joe, patient, wise, droll Joe, opens his arms to his Mary. "Get in here," he tells her.

Joe—Come here, kid, you're in on this love banquet. Here we are! They can't get us apart, can they? We had a nice little fight, didn't we? Now, I want to explain how I got down out of that airship.

CURTAIN

Getting the Man & His Boss Together (Continued from page 33)

factory managers have labored in their endeavors to get in tune with their payroll people has been their time-honored tendency to treat their workers in the mass. Under the man-engineer system each worker is treated as a unit. Tom, Dick or Harry's attitude is the result of individual experiences and interpretations. If there is a general call for more speed, Tom, Dick or Harry want to know why the company wants him to "Step on it." Each assumes that it is so the company can turn out more goods and make more money, at Tom, Dick or Harry's inconvenience. They want to know just why they should be more careful of materials and cut down wastes. The man-engineer has to sell them on the fact that the company is meeting fierce competition, and that costs must be scaled down to reach a favorable selling price.

Now this "selling" cannot be done by a "From the Office" announcement which is pinned to some factory wall. Workers have read such announcements many times, and discounted them.

But if the man at the next bench believes that the work should be speeded up and wastes avoided, the worker who sniffed or sneered at the formal printed notice will listen to his "buddy" and be influenced by him. There is a natural leader in every workroom. The old method used to be to weed this leader out if he didn't see things the way the management did. The modern engineering method is to win this man over by telling him just what the proposed speeding process is all about.

But it is when the worker learns how much his workmanship has to do with successful advertising and selling that he really gets a kick out of the manufacturing game.

He ceases to be a cog in the machine and becomes a living part of the organization. A manufacturing confectioner had been running in the red for a long time. In walking through his factory one day he discovered two employees pouring a pail of spoiled candy into the sewer. He didn't fire the men. He went back to his office and thought things over. Then he hired a man-engineer to push a truck which enabled the engineer to roam through the factory. He found wasteful customs prevailing and a don't-care policy permeating the personnel. He went at his plan of reform scientifically.

As with most factories, none of the workers had any idea of the place each man's job had in the factory's scheme of things. Nor did they know anything about the factory's place in industry; the relation of manufacturing to selling, or the other fundamentals upon which their jobs rested. The engineer marshaled his facts. In a language they could understand he told the workers how much the making of candy had to do with its marketing. He even showed them the tie-up between marketing and advertising. The workers began to sit up and take notice. They were important units in a big organization.

This scheme of broadening the worker's vision has proven its essential value through that greatest of all proof—results.

Facts are the chief stock-in-trade of the man-engineers. These engineers frequently go into factories with their real identity unknown. They carry no "information" to the boss—they are there only to correct conditions, both physical and mental. They are union or non-union workers as the case may be, but they are on the square with the men among whom they work. They never try to

put over a point by telling any part of a lie. They are after permanent results and if they didn't tell the truth their work would be for naught. The self-interest which they preach to their "buddies" at the bench controls them in their special work. Each time they reform a factory they lay the foundation for a similar job in another factory. When they make good they must make good for keeps. In addition to eliminating bunk and "blah" and dealing only with the facts, these engineers of working men speak in the idiom of the blue shirt instead of the white collar.

A great factory is one place where too many cooks cannot spoil the broth. It is the cooks who can cut the factory costs, since every workman can be a cook. He has a hand in making up the dish the factory sells. And the more individuals—call them cooks or workmen as you please—who can be actively interested in cutting costs the longer will that factory thrive.

Which brings us to the factory mentioned at the beginning of this article. After the man-engineering plan had been given an ample trial and the man-engineers were known to all their "buddies" for what they were, power was conserved throughout that factory, wasted time was quite unknown, material was used with utmost care, and for every dollar invested in his payroll—and that was the biggest item on his cost sheet—the factory president was receiving a hundred cents in work.

Where does the public come in on this new scheme of things? In this particular case factory economies were carried to the ultimate consumers. You can buy that factory's output for less than you could two years ago. No one has lost and all have gained. That's not a bad method of handling industry.

Turning Living Liabilities Into Assets (Continued from page 45)

child who has never been away from his parents, lasts, they said, but a day. After that there is no trouble, and trust and confidence are transformed in increasing measure to the various members of the hospital staff.

It was in the boys' ward, in one of the large, sunny (and yet surprisingly cool) rooms that I saw, engaged in several active if not strenuous pursuits, the two cases which interested me the most, and which were later retailed to me, as outstanding examples, by Dr. Hatt himself. One of them was young Francis Early, a ten-year-old boy who had trouble which affected the quality of the bone; and some years ago he had suffered a fracture of his left arm. The fracture had never healed, so that his arm had some three inches between the two ends of the fractured bone; perfectly useless, and capable of being flung about like a flail. An operation was performed in which the missing section of bone was supplied by a piece from his leg, and a satisfactory graft was made. When I saw him, young Francis was using his remodeled arm in practically a normal way.

Young Bill Kittle, a black little fellow, somewhat older (though smaller), I think, than Francis, interested me also. He was the young gentleman of the velocipede, and when I saw him for the second time, he was busily engaged in collecting potential balloons, of which he had seven. Bill, they told me, came from a large colored family. All his brothers and sisters had rickets. He had them himself. Young Gracie and Nina, two sisters who had preceded him, were the first Kittles to come to the Hospital. Another brother or sister had died, and the staff looks forward to more Bills and Gracies of the same line as time goes on. But Bill has been made to walk, and will now stand very straight with his heels together, and show you what fine legs he has come to possess. Dr. Hatt told me that when he first went to see Bill in his rather populous home the father referred to him as "Tom Mix."

"Why do you call him that?" asked the doctor.

"Because," said the father, "he's so different."

Cases like these, duplicated weekly at this hospital, make one realize what a towering piece of work is being done. Here are young living liabilities being turned into assets. Since the hospital was opened on February 21, 1925, 1,030 applications for admission have been received; 360 children have been admitted; 283 have been discharged entirely corrected or at least enormously benefited; and less than a dozen have left the hospital without any improvement at all. The average length of stay for treatment is around 66 days, Miss Cummer told me. Of the total number of applicants, the distribution among boys and girls has been more or less equal: there has never been in the hospital at any time, I believe, a preponderance of either sex. The majority of the cases treated are infantile paralysis; others, quite common, include club-feet, rickets, spinal curvature, tubercular condition of the bones, etc.

Springfield was fortunate in being chosen as the parent city (shall we say?) of the New England Shriners' Hospital. The land itself, costing \$26,000, was given by the Melha Temple. Since its completion it has been under the control of George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors. Mr. Hendee (I trust he won't mind my saying that he was for several years in the early '80's bicycle champion of the world) is re-

tired from business (the Hendee Manufacturing Company). He gives day in and day out as much attention to the Springfield Hospital as the average man would give to his office.

All the staff are devoted to him. Some time ago the city of Springfield bought a privately-owned vacant lot across Carew street from the hospital and named it Hendee Park, as a tribute to the man who has been so instrumental in founding and maintaining a great institution. Dr. R. Nelson Hatt, Chief Surgeon of the hospital, is a young and energetic man. With his three assistants, Dr. Hough, Dr. Katz and Dr. Wheat, he carries on a monumental piece of work. I thought him very modest: he talked to me about his work as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. In fact they are all of them this way—Miss Cummer, the Superintendent, and Miss Harriet Griffin, her assistant, and the others of the staff whom it was my good fortune to meet. It is through such as they that the fine things of our country are perpetuated; and who shall venture to say that this is not one of the finest?

SHRINE HOSPITAL NOTES

(POSSIBLE BEQUEST OF \$300,000)

The Denver News is responsible for the statement that "the proposed Shrine hospital in Denver for crippled children will get \$300,000 from the estate of the late Admiral George H. Barber, according to word received by Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger from Potentate Ernest L. West, of Islam, San Francisco."

Admiral Barber was a member of El Jebel Temple, Denver, a former resident of Denver and at one time medical director of the Colorado Life Insurance Company and was heavily interested in mining. The will, it is reported, will be probated in Glastonbury, Conn., and is said to bequeath \$5000 to the Denver Scottish Rite, \$75,000 to the nurse who attended him which, with minor bequests, would leave \$300,000 for a hospital to be built in Denver. Past Imperial Potentate Burger is quoted as predicting that the hospital would be built at that point provided the \$300,000 was obtained for it from the admiral's estate.

(\$5000 FOR SPRINGFIELD)

By the will of Mrs. Belle F. Spear, Springfield, Mass., bequests were made as follows: \$10,000 to the Springfield Masonic Hall association, \$5000 to the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children and \$5000 to the Springfield Christian Science church.

(ANOTHER \$1000 BEQUEST)

Noble Stanley Lansburgh, brother of Past Potentate Lansburgh, Almas, Washington, leaves \$1000 to the Shriners Hospitals, with a clause in the will that, in case the widow remarries, one-half the estate is to be divided among four charities of which the Shriners Hospitals is one, the other half to go to his widow. At death of the residuary legatee, \$20,000 will be added to the Hospitals Endowment Fund.

The children at the Twin Cities unit were treated to several entertainments during the past two months and there was also a shower conducted which resulted in jellies and jams and preserves enough to last through the season.

[Hospital Notes Continued on page 70]



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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

HOSPITAL BOARD MEETING

The Board of Trustees met in Chicago, September 22d, with the following present: Sam P. Cochran, Chairman; James R. Watt, Secretary; Nobles Adair, McGilvray, Crosland, Dunbar and Youngworth, with Noble Frank C. Jones due to arrive later in the day.

Noble Charles A. Welsh renewed an application for a Mobile unit in Victoria, the original application having been made in 1922. His remarks were supplemented by those of Past Potentate Young of Gizah, Victoria.

The sending of complete monthly statements to the various hospitals was ordered discontinued, a monthly summary to issue from the Secretary in its stead. Complete reports will still be furnished the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, chairman of each local unit to receive statement of his own unit and Director of Nursing Miss Potts to have the detailed report furnished her from each unit.

Authorization was given the Board of the Chicago unit to meet such assessments as would issue on public improvements, two sidewalks being under consideration.

Further donations were reported to the Chicago unit: Saladin Temple, Grand Rapids, \$2,000; Orak Temple, Hammond, \$1,000; Medinah Brass Band, \$250; Will H. Wade, \$500.

On recommendation of the National Orthopedic Board, Dr. J. Warren White, now in charge of the Honolulu unit, was named as chief surgeon at Greenville.

The following named Nobles were created the building committee of the Greenville unit: John M. Holmes, J. R. Johnson, J. A. Piper, George T. Bryan, A. H. Mackey and Thomas B. Johnson, Potentate, Hejaz, ex officio.

The action of sending the brace maker from Honolulu to Atlanta without expense to the Board was taken up and agreed to on the condition set forth.

On motion, all Past Imperial Potentates, past and future, were cordially invited to attend all sessions of the Trustees.

The matter of bonding of depositories of hospital funds was taken up and the decision was made that the Chairman of the Trustees handle, obtain and be custodian for these bonds, until the next meeting of the Imperial Council, when a definite plan for future guidance shall be decided upon.

Payment of the closing items for the Philadelphia unit was approved.

Various matters pertaining to local equipment for the Philadelphia unit were discussed and properly disposed of.

The appointment of Miss Lucy F. Corey as superintendent of the Twin Cities unit was approved.

Additional facilities in septic tanks for the Portland unit were authorized.

The Educational and Vocational building at the Springfield unit was reported as progressing toward completion.

The employment of an interne at the Springfield unit was authorized.

The Montreal unit reported the resignation of Noble Thomas S. Currie as vice-chairman of the Board of Governors, he still retaining membership on the Board, the office being filled by the election of Noble Walter C. Hagar, Deputy Grand Master for the Province of Quebec.

The new officers of the Canadian Corporation are as follows: W. Freeland Kendrick, Chairman; Henry J. Elliott, Vice-Chairman; C. R. Tousaw, Treasurer; James R. Watt, Secretary, and T. S. Currie, Assistant-Secretary.

Consideration of the deed of donation of

\$250,000 was deferred until a later meeting, that conference might be had with Noble Elliott. The Donation is made by Mr. Hugo Wild of Montreal.

Report was made that the superintendents of the various units would be in attendance on the American Hospital Association meeting at Atlantic City and that following this meeting a gathering of the Superintendents would be had in Philadelphia.

An offer to create a fund of \$100,000 through a questionnaire campaign, said fund to be used to buy toys for patients in the hospitals, was declined by the Board.

The bequest of Sarah T. Hammond—\$5,000—was discussed, the money being left to the hospital fund, with a reversion to a hospital in Massachusetts, should such be established at a later date. Nobles Watt and Dunbar were appointed a committee to look after the securing of the bequest.

The Secretary read a copy of the will of the late Noble Stanley Lansburgh, making the Hospitals a beneficiary and a letter of thanks and appreciation was ordered sent to his widow.

Investigation developed that the rate of interest paid on the revolving fund of the different units varied from 2 to 4 percent.

An appropriation of \$436.90 was made reimbursing Architect Hentz for painting done on the Chicago unit, same to be charged against the general fund.

It was moved and carried that, when adjournment is had, it should be to meet in Montgomery at such time in January as will meet the plans of the Imperial Potentate.

The various hospitals are to be directed to prepare an inventory as of December 31st, in duplicate, and file same prior to January 31st, 1927, the inventory to follow the style inaugurated by the Chicago unit.

The matter of standard X-Ray equipment was held over until the next meeting, that Dr. Lanstrum's views might be obtained.

The Advisory Board of Orthopedic Surgeons, consisting of Drs. Robert B. Osgood, Michael Hoke, W. Edward Gallie, Edwin W. Ryerson and John C. Wilson, was re-elected.

Miss Florence J. Potts was re-elected Director of Nursing.

Miss Gertrude R. Folendorf having resigned as Assistant Director of Nursing, Miss Potts was authorized to secure the services of Miss Grace V. Bratton, of the Spokane unit, effective when the need is determined to exist.

The St. Louis unit reported a renewal of the five-year contract with the Washington University, covering light, heat and power at the same terms as the previous contract.

A bequest of \$300 from Noble William J. Parker was announced.

Uniform stationery was ordered installed in all the units as of February 1, 1927, which date would cover the new local officers, and units are to be advised that the supply should only be sufficient to cover the needs until July, when the Imperial Council officers on the Board are changed.

In the matter of donations to the local units, it was decided that all stocks, bonds, securities, real estate or cash donated for the operation or equipment of the hospitals or mobile units shall be reported to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees before the fifteenth of each month, as of the first day of that month.

A discussion as to the advisability of leasing some of the unused land of the Chicago unit, resulted in the matter lying over until the next meeting of the Board.

On motion, it was declared the sense of the meeting that each Imperial Potentate each year grant this Board one hour's time at the opening session of the Imperial Coun-

cil for the exhibition of hospital work and that the Chief Surgeon, Superintendent and necessary nurses and a number of children from a convenient hospital be sent to demonstrate the work so that the Nobility may become familiar with what is being done.

The matter of the various propositions for the location of a hospital unit was discussed at length and the matter finally referred to a sub-committee, which committee was to report at the next meeting when the matter would be made a special order of business. The selection to be made in some portion of Western New York.

The committee appointed to submit a list of sub-committees from the Board of Trustees made the following report:

Philadelphia—W. Freeland Kendrick, chairman; David W. Crosland, Sam P. Cochran, Forrest Adair, Clarence M. Dunbar, O. M. Lanstrum, James R. Watt.

St. Louis—Sam P. Cochran, chairman; W. Freeland Kendrick, David W. Crosland, Forrest Adair, O. M. Lanstrum, Frank C. Jones, James R. Watt.

Shreveport—Sam P. Cochran, chairman; Forrest Adair, David W. Crosland, Frank C. Jones, James R. Watt.

San Francisco—John D. McGilvray, chairman; David W. Crosland, O. M. Lanstrum, Leo V. Youngworth, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Twin Cities—O. M. Lanstrum, chairman; Arthur W. Chapman, David W. Crosland, John D. McGilvray, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Portland—John D. McGilvray, chairman; O. M. Lanstrum, W. Freeland Kendrick, Leo V. Youngworth, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Montreal—Arthur W. Chapman, chairman; W. Freeland Kendrick, Sam P. Cochran, Clarence M. Dunbar, James R. Watt.

Springfield—James R. Watt, chairman; Sam P. Cochran, W. Freeland Kendrick, Forrest Adair, Clarence M. Dunbar.

Chicago—O. M. Lanstrum, chairman; Sam P. Cochran, Arthur W. Chapman, Forrest Adair, Frank C. Jones, Clarence M. Dunbar, James R. Watt.

Richmond—Forrest Adair, chairman; David W. Crosland, Frank C. Jones, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Pittsburgh—Sam P. Cochran, chairman; W. Freeland Kendrick, O. M. Lanstrum, John D. McGilvray, Leo V. Youngworth, Clarence M. Dunbar, Arthur W. Chapman, James R. Watt.

New York State—James R. Watt, chairman; Sam P. Cochran, W. Freeland Kendrick, Clarence M. Dunbar, Arthur W. Chapman.

Greenville—Forrest Adair, chairman; David W. Crosland, Frank C. Jones, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Honolulu—Forrest Adair, chairman; Sam P. Cochran, John D. McGilvray, Leo V. Youngworth, O. M. Lanstrum, James R. Watt.

Spokane—O. M. Lanstrum, chairman; Arthur W. Chapman, John D. McGilvray, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Salt Lake—John D. McGilvray, chairman; O. M. Lanstrum, Leo V. Youngworth, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Winnipeg—Arthur W. Chapman, chairman; O. M. Lanstrum, Leo V. Youngworth, Sam P. Cochran, James R. Watt.

Lexington—Sam P. Cochran, chairman; Forrest Adair, David W. Crosland, Frank C. Jones, James R. Watt.

Very sincere thanks were voted the Potentate and members of Medinah Temple, local committees and local Board of Governors for the many courtesies extended the board during its stay.

Don Quixote of the Ring

[Continued from page 61]

still driving me around because you supposed your brother slighted me?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes. I'm not a fish out of the cold sea."

"You mean—?"

"Just that. It hasn't been kind of fair on me all this." He caught hold of her, turned her round. "Look at me instead of those hop-poles."

She was trembling. "You love me?"

"I guess I couldn't help it, could I? Could I?"

He loved her! And she? Well, there were her traditions. They counted after all. . . . And then quite suddenly she knew that he counted more.

She said astonishingly and slowly: "Perhaps I couldn't either."

He couldn't believe it; he could believe it as little as she could. Yet it was true. All her ideas had capsize. He was going back to the States. She knew she loved him.

His heart jerked; for he was conscious that she who was above him was no longer out of his reach. He took her in his arms, but even as he did he was afraid and let her go.

Her eyes were a mist. "You may," she breathed. "You may."

He stared at her, with brain swimming; never in his life had he wanted anything as he wanted to kiss her.

He didn't.

She said: "I'll marry you."

And then going pale, he looked away. She was used to all the luxury of a beautiful English home. Because he loved her he must relinquish her.

He shook his head. "My hands," he said huskily. "They may give out at the Albert Hall tomorrow, they may last till next year. And then I shall be back on the land." And he laughed bravely. "I shall often think of us sitting here in this English lane. You see I can't marry you."

She said with a catch in her voice: "I can learn to rough it."

"No, no!"

"I'm willing to marry you."

He couldn't bear it, couldn't trust himself; took cover in temper. He cried violently: "I can't marry you, I tell you . . . and now you know."

She went scarlet, and started the engine; the car purred down the lane. It wound in and out; she accelerated. Every corner was blind; she didn't care what they met, what smashed them. She wheeled left-handed to Cowbridge, and was mocked by all the beauty of Kent. She had held him cheap once, she knew now who was cheap. He might love her—he didn't love her enough to marry her. She steeled her heart. She had done the most contemptible thing a woman can do—she had proposed to a man and he had turned her down. She didn't believe it about his hands. She didn't believe it about the call of the ring—it was the call of dollars. His hands . . . rubbish! Was it likely a man whose career might be ended by his hands giving out would risk them so soon again in another fight? It was an excuse. He had not expected her to say she would marry him.

Horrible! Hateful! Over thirty miles to London; over thirty miles by the side of this man who had humiliated her. She had been mad. The red flag was down. She longed for Portland Place; for her mother.

They had all been right. She had boasted how she was spending her afternoons. They who had never showed their feelings had begged her with emotion not to see Peter Bell.

Oxted—Woldingham—Croydon at last; she had to slow down. Her mouth was a line, her face was utterly white.

So was Peter Bell's. For her sake he had done the unforgivable thing.

They were near London—he didn't know just where till they came to Kingston. He thanked God to be almost back. Richmond—the end of the drive and of all their drives. The end of her.

That old broken finger was hurting him, but not as he had deliberately hurt himself. If he didn't love her he wouldn't care.

They were all but through the park. He must speak. Couldn't he tell her why he had done what he had before it was too late? But no—he couldn't. . . . There was a gate that needed paint, there was a drive that needed gravel; and she stopped.

He got out. His pent-up feelings found expression.

"God, if you only knew!"

She just drove on! He watched her going, and she was gone. Out of his life.

"WOULD you see your father in the library, Miss Annette?" said Roly when she reached Portland Place.

She went there; closed the door and sat down.

"Had a nice drive?"

"Thanks."

"With Bell?"

She didn't answer.

"Well, he's keeping a woman. You may as well know."

She started. He couldn't marry her! She felt a contempt and disgust for herself.

Her father said: "I only heard this by chance. I blame myself."

"Don't worry any more. I've every reason to believe that what you say is true, not that it would make any difference if it weren't." She rose. "Father, I admit I set out to make fools of you all, I've succeeded most brilliantly in making one of myself."

It is a British trait to take life easily; that characteristic was marked in the male line of the Cresswells and the Bartons. The baronet had a slogan too. "Peace at any price." To that end he fooled his wife, or thought he did.

In many ways his marriage of hoodwink was made bearable by his stepson, whose sporting instincts the boy's mother was unable to crush. For Teddy's sake he talked sport: she couldn't object. Damn it, Teddy was hers—he had had nothing to do with him.

On the night before the contest Annette was flying her colors at a dance. The men, both enormously relieved that the infatuation was at an end, were free of Lady Cresswell, who in the drawing-room was glaring through trembling lorgnettes at a photograph of the "low blackguard" her daughter had been driving about. She was far from satisfied that it was over.

The men were snug in the library. Teddy said suddenly: "By Jove, they talk hot-air, these press-johnnies."

"What are they saying now?"

"Comparing Gus Harris to Peter Jackson in his prime."

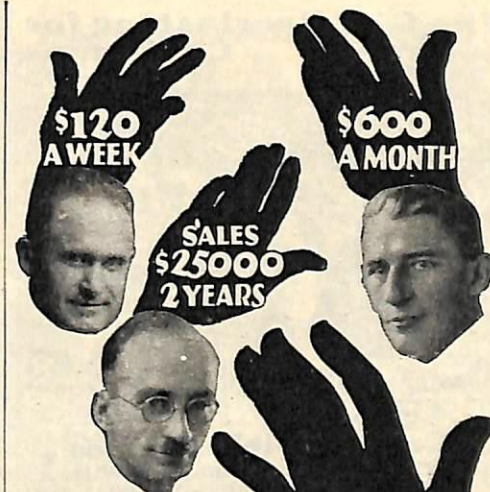
"Then how the devil good are Bell and Brown?" The baronet laughed. "What's the betting now?"

"Seven to one against Bell."

"They know about his hands."

"Why the blazes did Annette want to go to Richmond?"

"Ah! . . . Women, my boy—" He broke off. "Well, [Continued on page 72]



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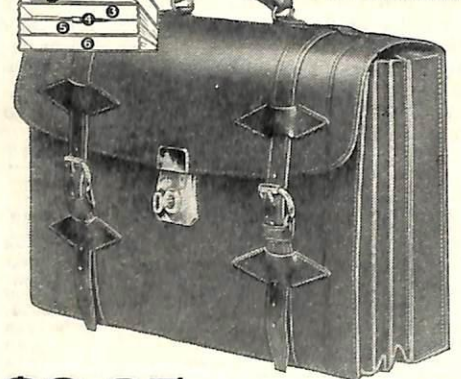
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Don Quixote of the Ring

(Continued from page 71)

let's forget them," said Sir Walter frowning. "I'm with you, sir. That chap Mellish is a wonder. Not a seat left under ten guineas."

Roly entered the library. He who had grown fat and silver in the service of the Cresswells and the Bartons hovered about doing nothing as a butler can.

"Who's going to win, Roly?" the baronet asked.

"Well, I've put my half-sovereign on the American, Sir Walter, but I'm afraid it's lost. I suppose, Sir, you couldn't put it all right with her ladyship for me to have the evening off tomorrow? I bought a couple of pound seats, Sir Walter. I thought of taking Rudden, seeing she's just back from America and never seen a fight."

Said Teddy: "That's all right, Roly-poly-pudden-an'-pie. Say your aunt at Peckham has sleeping sickness."

"It's what I hope Brown may have tomorrow night, Mr. Teddy, but I'm afraid it will be Bell."

He went out; they drank their liquor; they were perfectly happy. They were both going to the fight; they could both talk it. For about Annette their minds were easy. Blood tells. It was an infatuation. It was all over. Why, she was dancing at a house in Devonshire street.

It was daylight when, back at Portland Place, she stared out of her bedroom window, charged, belittled by Peter Bell.

She hated him. She was glad it was true about his hands. She had asked every man she had danced with; they were all backing Digger Brown. Sparrows chirped; the sky came blue. Tonight he would be humiliated as he had humiliated her in a Kentish lane.

She lifted her white arms; she sighed; she unfasted her crushed beautiful dress. The daintiness and luxury of her bedroom showed invitingly in the morning light. All this she had been ready to give up to be his wife on a farm. He hadn't wanted her!

She felt cold; shivering, she undressed; with aching eyes wide open, she lay in bed. It grew lighter and lighter—she couldn't sleep.

AS AN actor tries to kill time with his stomach turned on the day of a first night, so the boxer. You may read he's sleeping. Brown wasn't, at his hotel in Bloomsbury; Bell wasn't at the one opposite Sloane street where he had taken a bedroom to be near the scene of the execution—his or Brown's.

He lay on the bed; old Jack had pulled down the blinds, and time stood still. He felt that finger always, looked at it sometimes. It was swollen, it was throbbing. He had seen a doctor; it wasn't out of joint, but it had been badly wrenched; it was inflamed. Take a complete rest.

Well, he was taking one for an hour or so. Oh, gosh!—he wished it was over. He didn't want to fight. He felt sick as he had never felt crossing to Britain. Why had he come? This was some sort of pleasure-trip! A prize-fight, an old broken finger—and a heart that was broken too.

He tossed about on that bed. He didn't know why he worried when nothing mattered.

Goad glanced at that right hand. "Hurting?"

"Yep."

"It's no good. You can't use it tonight, boy."

"I'm not going to hit with it."

"And you think you can stop a thirteen stone bull with your left?"

"I'll have a hell of a try," Bell answered.

Goad had had forty years of it: time he retired. He didn't want to retire throwing in the towel against a chap like this. His boys had been rough-diamonds for the most part, ill-educated but with hearts of gold. He had never struck one quite like Peter Bell.

"Don't you fret, Jack. Did you ever read 'The Roar of the Crowd?'"

"By Corbett."

"Well, my thumb's not out of joint; I can close my right anyway, and I guess Brown won't be wearing driving gloves."

Jack knew he was thinking of that fight on the boat in the bay when Corbett with one hand had whipped Choinyski.

"Jimmy Corbett's tactics tonight, Jack. His right swing missing, and his left hook smashing a ducking face."

At a time arranged that evening Goad's attendant Charlie popped his head round the door of the bedroom.

"Car's here."

Bell went out with his trainer down the corridor and the stairs. He was mobbed in the foyer.

Someone said, "Make it snappy!" another pinned a black cat to his jacket; and—oh, hell!—there was some darned fool of a woman draping the radiator of his car with the Stars and Stripes.

"Say, this is all bunk, Jack!" But they were cheering, grinning, waving hands. He got in; Goad followed, and Charlie, and a boxer called Troughton—they were to be his seconds.

They were clear of the crowd now, and Bell saw the railings of the park.

The car leaped; there were policemen. "Come on," said one. He got out; and there was a double line of them. Through that path he hurried.

"At last!" breathed Jack; and he was fumbling for their passes. They were in the huge building. . . . in the dressing-room. Through the open door sounded a rumble from the hall. The supporting bouts were on.

In that huge concourse were several we know. There were the Big Three as the press had styled them, the sporting amateurs who to their profit had staged this fight. Roly and the lady's maid were in their pound seats; and there was a girl in a ten guinea one who didn't know why she was there.

The heat was dreadful. The crowds were fanning themselves with programmes; she did too, holding hers to hide her face from Forth and her father and brother.

The whip came. "All ready." They had tossed for corners, and Bell was to enter the ring first. He was in the hall, he ducked under the top rope. Nowhere in the world had he heard such a noise. He little guessed that girl off the boat was looking at him.

Yet she was. Through opera-glasses, shielded by her programme. Why were they cheering him like this? To her who believed she had been injured there seemed no reason. It never struck her that they were cheering him for turning up.

Bell sat down on the stool in his corner, those hands in four ounce gloves. His seconds were round him. The shouting dying for him rose again for Brown.

They shook.

The ring was empty but for those two who had been the talk of London for a month.

Brown had his back to that girl, the other man his face. She. . . . she hated him. And yet his perfect proportions, striking in contrast to the over-development of the Aus-

tralian, gave her to wonder. He had worn a singlet before, and now he was stripped. And where was the dreamer?

Her heart pulsed in spite of her hatred, and then she couldn't see him at all, for he was blocked out by the other. And then there was a collision, a crack like a whip, and it was amazing. . . . he stood alone in the ring—the Australian was on his hands and knees.

Yes, he had gone Down Under!

Nobody there believed it. It had been agreed for the referee to count instead of the time-keeper, lest the din drown the warning. But there was no din. There wasn't a sound. They had betted ten to one on Brown, and conscious of his advantage in weight and condition he had rushed in, and Bell had met him with a straight left, and Brown was on the boards.

"Five—six—"

But not another sound.

Not a cheer, not a murmur in that vast hall.

"Seven—eight—"

"Hup!" snapped out a voice; and the Australian rose dumfounded but obedient, covered up from a faint, received a left thump to the body, went purple and clinched.

And then the surprise was over. While the referee peeled off his jacket and took his place as third man in the ring, the noise broke out. They who were used to paying big money, as a noble lord has put it, for an hour of utter boredom were to see a fight. The Australian's backers shivered, the American's thrilled.

And Brown—what of him? He believed he had been fooled. Banking on those hands of Bell's he had not trained seriously; he had foreseen a picnic. And now, losing his head, he lowered it, charged—a blind, infuriated bull, only to crash into the ropes and be cautioned ignominiously by the referee.

His face now was a study. As colors merge with colors on a palette, so bewilderment, fear, resentment ran together there. He now tried to get in at close range and fight with both hands, but the fleet American slipped him and laughed.

Acclamation thundered as Bell led to the mark and sidestepped a counter; swung a right miss and dynamited a left hook to the ducking face. Only Annette gaped now; for they had been so wrong—everyone: the men she had danced with, the papers, her father and Teddy. The bedlam grew as the American out-speeded and out-boxed his adversary. . . . and that went on for five rounds.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Teddy.

And the baronet: "Yes, many a dead horse in the market has won the race."

Sir Walter put up his glasses. "Wonder if I can spot Roly."

"Shouldn't try," Teddy laughed. "Rudden's with him, the old devil!"

"My God!"

"What, is he kissing her?"

"Teddy, your sister's here!"

"Oh, lord!"

For in her astonishment and grudging admiration of the American's cleverness, she had forgotten to cover her face. And now the gong sounded for the sixth round, and she concentrated afresh on the man who might have been the one man of her life.

It was at this stage—on this night of surprises—that a sudden, dramatic change came over the fight. Bell who had been on top all along was hurtled to the ropes and battered. She saw his poor head jerking back under a hail of punches, and averted her eyes. Though the yelling drowned them she seemed to hear the blows. It had been apparent to all that he had only one hand—his left: she felt sick for him. And in that moment she knew that whatever he had done to her, she didn't want him to be humiliated, she didn't

want him to be hurt. She knew that now.

Crash! Crash! . . . and the crowd roared. It didn't seem to matter which of them was bashed as long as one of them was. They had cheered the American, they were cheering the Australian now. Bell got clear, but Brown had him in another corner. Right, left. . . . blow after blow.

The gong went. To a thunder of applause, to the hysterical waving of the same hats that had waved for Bell, the Australian strolled to his corner, cock-sure, his big head in the air; and Bell, going to his with a crimson trickle down his cheek, glanced back at him with a laugh.

And that went on—round after round. His right eye bled freely, but he laughed. He took counts of five and seven, but laughed. The Australian had him on the run, but he wasn't beaten—he didn't know what it was to give in.

By the thirteenth round they were offering thirties and forties against him with no takers, and Brown was playing to the gallery. At this critical moment of the fight a press-man wrote: "Bell open as Hyde Park when a strike isn't on, but Brown won't k. o. him. The same old story—drunk with success."

"What a damned fool!" shouted Teddy Barton. For the Digger, having thumped a one-two at that sore right hand which was limp over Bell's heart, stood arms akimbo and put out his face for the American to hit.

The dome of the Albert Hall seemed to belly with the roar of the spectators.

While, alone among strangers, that girl, moist-eyed, was banging her white-gloved hands.

A fight ensued which for fierceness, for sheer bravery of a handicapped man who had been all but out, was without equal in recent years. Hand to hand fighting; hard, terrific blows.

In the nineteenth round the boxer-second Troughton shouted through the din to old Jack:

"He's licking him!"

Goad yelled back: "No, Jimmy Corbett is."

For there, sure enough, was the Australian on rocking legs, ducking his face from a right swing into a left hook!

And there was Brown the Digger on his knees, taking the count up to nine, and there was Bell the dreamer figuring out he had crashed his left into a brick wall.

Brown rose groggily. The gong went. And there was one more round.

Bell didn't know what he had done. He lay back in his corner and closed his eyes. Cold water spilled on him, towels fanned air. The fight was all but won; but in his right glove he had a broken finger. . . . and God knew what was broken in the left.

It was as if red hot needles were being probed by a dentist into exposed nerves, only they were in his wrist; only they were shooting up his arm. He gritted his teeth, panted his short breath out and in through his nose; and then the hall began swimming. He had the presence of mind to duck down his head.

"Faint?"

"Yep. And the other hand's gone!"

Old Jack's heart went in his mouth. He could see Bell was even nearer to collapse than to victory.

"Then you're done, boy!"

"No, he is. A flick on the jaw and he's asleep."

"I'm going to throw in the towel."

"Are you hell! . . . in the last round? By God, I've won, I tell you! Never mind my hands. I've got none. That don't matter. Jimmy Corbett hadn't when he beat Choinyski, and I'm beating Brown."

Goad washed away the blood; there was torture in his eyes, his skin was grey. "You can't!"

"I must. I want [Continued on page 74]

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Don Quixote of the Ring

(Continued from page 73)

the money! I simply cannot lose, Jack!"

Bell turned his head. Not one of those thousands knew. Brown didn't—he must gull Brown. He hadn't a hand to hit with, but no one knew. The gong went. He rose up; they threw Brown out of his stool.

He staggered forward, arms covering his face. Bell bit his lip and loosed a right to the short-ribs. The Australian groaned, dropped his hands, and the American, sweating agony and prescient of more to come, flashed a corkscrew left to the jaw.

They stared at these two men—both indomitable. The battered American swayed, the Australian stood there lifeless, an even more piteous sight.

But the rabble has no mercy. "Clip him on the point, Aussie!" . . . As if he could!

"Punch his bloody face, Yank!"

"Are you both wax-works?"

Bell opened his eyes; saw that bulk before him, which, refusing to fall, was to rob him of victory. For he couldn't hit it again. God, he couldn't hit anything . . .

And so they both stood impotent.

And then suddenly, startlingly on the heavy stillness the vast bulk of the Australian quivered, and he crashed on his face and stayed there.

Bell looked down. Yes, Brown lay crumpled on the boards. The referee counted the fatal number, and helped his seconds to carry him away. Then it came to Bell that he must have knocked him out. Megaphones confirmed it. Pandemonium.

White hands and faces . . . it was like a sea in a gale.

His legs were giving, he was sick with pain. Old Jack's arm slid round him. Little flags with little stars were fluttering through the ropes. Men ducked under them. Lifted Peter Bell the victor on their shoulders.

"Peter Bell! Peter Bell, you're a good plucked 'un!"

He fainted away.

A girl had, too.

Forth and her father and brother reached her—bore her from the Albert Hall.

It was morning. As if he had not been thrilled to the marrow last night, Roly brought in the coffee and retired to the pantry to read his paper.

That diversion was popular at the breakfast-table. Lady Cresswell alone was not reading; she was both alarmed and disgusted.

Teddy whistled. "Bell's hands were black when they took off his gloves."

"Remarkable show he put up," said the baronet.

Annette sighed behind her screen, her mother sniffed audibly.

"His last fight," Teddy read out.

"Epic victory of American last night. Magnificent pluck."

"Superb."

"Look here, sir . . . 'A Harley street specialist who was at the ring-side volunteered to see Bell. He expressed the opinion that not one man in a hundred could have gone on with such injuries . . . Three fingers broken, the knuckles of both hands raw, the left split open—that's the one that delivered the k.o.'"

Lady Cresswell said: "I shall leave the room in a minute."

The men's newspapers fell.

"Butchers all of you! Rawlins and Ruden—at that shambles! Heavens! . . . But my daughter!"

Annette rose, the paper shaking in her hand. Her face was white, her eyes were glittering.

"Father, it might interest you to read that."

And in front of the astonished baronet she dropped her paper, and trembled out of the room.

Teddy sat up; Lady Cresswell glanced nervously from the door to her husband.

"Walter, what does it say?"

He picked it up the wrong way, turned it, looked up and down the columns.

"Ah! . . ."

"Don Quixote of the Ring . . . In Vermont a knight was raised who doesn't tilt at windmills, but at prize-fighters for women in distress. We are indebted for the information to a well-known lawyer who crossed to England on the Adric with the hero of last night's fight. A man died in the steerage, leaving a widow and five small children; it appears he had failed at farming where Bell's father had failed. The American's hands were already so badly damaged in the Gus Harris contest in Jersey City that it was fool-hardiness or chivalry to fight again so soon. He won his last victory in the last round, and is buying this poor family a small holding, and settling two thousand five hundred pounds on them, the winner's end of the purse—"

Teddy said: "Can you beat it!"

And Sir Walter, blankly: "This was the woman he was keeping then?"

The front door slammed; my lady went to the window.

"Annette! . . . You know where she's going? I told you both you would rue it! She's gone to him. I tell you she means to marry him."

And all that Peter Bell had done, all that he was, all that he had shown himself to be, was forgotten by the male line of the Cresswells and the Bartons. He was a pugilist, however brave; a prize-fighter, however heroic.

"You don't think that, mother?"

"The girl's in love with him."

The baronet rose, sweeping papers and toast and napkin to the floor. "Where is he? Where's he to be found?"

"Richmond."

"Get through to Richmond."

Teddy ran out.

"Enquiries. Get me Enquiries. I want a number at Richmond . . . I want Jack Goad—trainer of boxers—"

. . . "Is that Goad's? Jack Goad—can I talk to him? . . . At the Hyde Park hotel with Bell?"

Cried the baronet peevishly: "Get on to the Hyde Park Hotel!"

"Where's the infernal telephone book? . . . Roly!"

From afar: "Yes, Mr. Teddy?"

"Get through to the Hyde Park Hotel, and ask for Peter Bell."

In a few moments Roly said: "Mr. Bell is on the line."

"Go and speak, Teddy."

"What shall I say?"

"Say?" my lady answered. "Tell him to come here at once."

"Emily, you can't order him about like that. Teddy, ask him if he's fit enough to see us if we call round—oh, tonight or tomorrow."

But he came—that morning. Roly let him in. The American showed a little of his ordeal. There was plaster over his right eye, his lips were swollen, his hands in bandages, three fingers in splints. Never to the very truest of blue blood had Roly shown more deference.

"They are in the library, Mr. Bell," he said in a choked voice. "I was at the Albert Hall last night, and if an old man—" And then he wiped an eye.

"You just take it as said," Bell told him.

"I wish I could shake your hand."

He was shown in; there were that girl's people. The men rose; her mother didn't incline her head.

"Sit down, Bell. Sit down," said the baronet. "Ought to be in a nursing home." And his face was as scarlet and purple as the royal racing colors. "Remarkable victory. Indomitable pluck. Er—impossible odds. Quite."

He broke off, his embarrassment acute—my lady had coughed.

Peter Bell looked round. There was the air of an inquisition. He guessed why, but he had more dignity than anyone in the room; and the men knew it.

"Most painful duty of my life," began Sir Walter again. "Er—ahem!" He stared at the ceiling, wishing all women at the bottom of the sea.

A wish most idle. His wife said very deliberately, for these fine ladies in such matters have no fine feelings:

"She can't marry you, and there it is."

"Marry me? But, say, who is that you have in mind, Lady Cresswell?"

"You know perfectly well! You went motoring with my daughter."

"She was kind enough to drive me around."

"Oh, don't be punctilious! She went to your fight. She has gone to—Richmond, I suppose, to see you. And she'll go on to the Hyde Park Hotel."

"But marry me? I don't understand."

"Bell," said Teddy, "this is pretty thin for us, but you know what the Queensbury rules are. I mean, you know how to play the game a damn sight better than we do."

"Jove, yes!" said the baronet.

"Have you proposed to my sister, Bell?"

"She knows I love her."

"Don't equivocate!" said my lady.

"Emily!" cried Sir Walter sharply.

And Teddy: "Bell, you're the stoutest fellow I ever met, but don't you see—?"

Oh, yes, he saw all right. He saw Lady Cresswell victim of her pride, he saw her husband and son, white men through and through, hating the stand they had to make for Annette; he saw, what he had never dreamt of, Annette at the fight seeing all that blood, that beastliness; and his own pride, which would have seen them all in hell, vanish. Because they loved her they could do this; because he did he could understand and forgive them.

He said: "We're in a rare old fix—all of us loving her, and she loving me." And he saw in a glass his swollen lips and the plaster over his eye. "But I guess the Beast is going to give up Beauty."

They looked at him.

"I'm going to call up Goad right now, and he'll bring along my things, never mind where. I'll be sailing on the Adric the week after next, and that's all there is to it."

The baronet broke in: "Bell, you're the hell of a fine fellow!"

"Oh, no—don't you run away with that idea, Sir Walter. I'll be like a bear with a sore head on the old people's farm in California. Good-bye."

My lady didn't offer her hand—not that he could have taken it. Her men showed him out.

Annette did not return till lunch; she was very pale; she waited till they were alone to say:

"So you've seen him?"

"Have you?"

"No. You sent for him?"

"Yes."

"To insult him?"

"To tell him," said her father, "what he knew already."

"What was it?"

"That he couldn't marry you," my lady replied, "and I'll give him his due, he had the sense to see it."

She stared at her hard mother; she stared

more astonished at her men. "I—I don't understand you. You look down on him. And he has sacrificed his career, his bread for a stranger; you might almost say he has laid down his life for one. Not for a friend even—for a stranger. But my eyes are opened. I can see things I never saw before."

Her mother rose. "Marry him."

"I mean to."

"Your father and brother will help you."

And she left the room.

Annette laughed. It was a little lilted laugh—hysterical.

Teddy said: "You love him?"

"I love him."

Said her father: "Come now, Annette, I want you to see things exactly as they are—"

ONCE again he leaned on the rail of the Adric, on the first-class deck. There were the mountains that were Ireland, and there was England under the sunrise. He leant on the rail his bandaged hands. There seemed to come from the dining-saloon a ripple of music that reminded him of the creek he had fished in as a boy. And then in the mist out there he seemed to see a man and a woman sitting in a car in a Kentish lane. He might have kissed her; he might have taken her in his arms. Though she was above him she might have been his. His head sank on his bandaged hands.

That's how she found him. She put a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, and round. His amazement was supreme, but he was terrified. She was there by his side.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"What?"

"Why you fought?"

"Oh, that!"

"Don Quixote of the Ring!"

He looked to sea.

She said smilingly: "It hasn't been kind of fair on me all this!" And as he had done to her in the lane she caught hold of him, turned him round. "Look at me instead of that herring-pond."

He thrilled.

She said: "You love me."

"I guess I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Marry me."

"I can't give you the life you're used to."

"I don't want it. I want yours. Take me with you."

"My people are rougher than me."

"Your people shall be my people."

"Aw, don't!"

The sun rose over England, over her home; she was heading for America, for a strange land. He marvelled at her pluck, he gazed at her beauty.

"Say, do your family know of this?"

"Oh, rather."

"Aren't they mad?"

"Mother's indisposed."

"And your father and brother, they let you come?"

"They saw me off. We watched you go on board."

"What were they thinking about?"

"My happiness. Don't you remember you said, 'Happiness is the main thing. And contentment—you've got to be content?'"

"Take me to California?"

"I can't. I aren't."

"I slighted you—and then misjudged you." Her voice trembled. "But all the time I loved you! I can be big too. Let me take care of you?" She took his bandaged hands. "Let me make these well?"

He said hoarsely: "You're humbling yourself to me when it's I should be going down on my knees to you."

"You'll take me with you?"

There was the light of the morning on her lovely face. "Oh, God, Annette, how can a man refuse?"



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HERE IS LITTLE UNDERSTOOD GREATNESS [Continued from page 38]

working time to a new theory of gravitation.

When his inventions first began to turn a stream of wealth into his lap, Brush did not grow excited and start to squander his money. He lived well but simply. One of the luxuries that he loved was fine horses, but he got along with only one until long after he could have bought more. Unlike many inventors, he did not sell out all rights to a big corporation and miss big profits. Having both inventive genius and business sense, he became a multimillionaire. The arc light was first manufactured by a small concern known as the Telegraph Supply Company, with which Brush had made business arrangements. Later this became the Brush Electric Company with a capital of \$3,000,000—a large corporation for those days. About ten years afterwards the Brush Company helped to form the nucleus of the present great General Electric Company.

A few years ago, Brush became president of a company that took over German patents for a method of extracting oxygen from air. He found that they could easily manufacture in a short time far more oxygen than could be

sold. Then he discovered that the use of oxygen in welding was in its infancy. He got behind companies making such welding outfits and boosted them.

"People usually have a misconception about inventors," Brush told me. "They think that a man sits down and invents something previously unheard of. But the most important inventions are usually not entirely new but an improvement on an impractical contrivance already known. Sir Humphrey Davy first produced the electric arc early in the previous century. The incandescent light was first invented by Swan, in England, but the first practical one was made by Edison."

"Did you foresee present uses of electric lighting after you made your first arc light?" I asked.

"No, it is fifty times greater than I ever dreamed of."

"What does the future hold in the way of electrical invention?"

He laughed as he replied:

"I'm not a prophet, but I do know that we are only starting."

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 37]

Mr. Machen 't lives here"—a jerk of a crooked round head toward the dark, half-open door—"I understand he's a friend of yours."

"We are acquainted," Palmer corrected—"hardly friends in true sense. Why? What's the matter?"

"He's had a stroke, sort of," the man replied in a steady stare—"paralysis or something, we won't know for sure till the doctor comes—and he's asking for you. If you wouldn't mind steppin' in to say a word to him, we'd take it kindly. But I guess maybe the young lady better wait here if it's all the same to her."

"I'm not afraid," May resisted Palmer's efforts to disengage the fingers which she had slipped under his arm. "Jack! please don't go in there without me."

"Why not? Why should I drag you into anything unpleasant?"

"Don't you understand?"—quick intuitions scored yet another time—"these men, they're detectives."

"Don't you suppose I knew that?" Palmer reassuringly chuckled. "Bless your heart dear! I haven't knocked about the world for nothing. But what of it? Machen, as I suppose, is dying..."

"That's a pretty good guess, too." The man whose stare was as hard as his head and his hat nodded. "The old fellow's about done his stretch, or I don't know. Mr. Palmer ain't done nothing you know about, lady, to make him afraid of a detective, has he?"

"Of course not!"

"Then it ought to be all right with you to let him do a favor to an old guy 't's passin' out... This way, Mr. Palmer."

"Only for a minute, dear," Palmer promised in an undertone; and felt May's fingers slacken on his sleeve. "It's an act of common kindness..."

He gave a look of love and confidence to those adoring, worried eyes, and followed the spokesman of the detectives.

The drawing-room drowns in its usual gloom, thanks to windows still closely shuttered, but the sliding doors were wide on the library, where the gas drop-light burned under its green shade and the downthrown glow made a ghastly tableau vivid.

Palmer felt his grasp on the real world of

the present slipping, lived through a moment of panic endeavors to reaffirm it, lost it altogether—in one breath was a child once more who had stolen in from the hallway to find a figure in a dressing-gown stretched prone on the floor of the library and know it for the body of his father, dead.

Without comprehending how he had come there, he found himself kneeling over that still shape, tugging at its shoulders.

But the face these efforts turned to the light was not his father's...

A moan of bewilderment bubbled in his throat. He let the shoulders down, but knelt on, wildly peering.

The shock of recognizing another than the face he had thought to see instantaneously had rent the illusion of that old tragic time relived and renewed his contacts with the factual present; but Palmer still felt his reason reeling.

Neither was the face of the dead man in the dressing-gown Machen's...

True that only yesterday it had been Machen's: today it was another's. Death in its impatience with pretence had rubbed away every line of lifelong impersonation and left the naked truth to stare back at Life with the very features, wasted with years though they were and stamped with the history of slavery to the meanest of all passions—the features of that rare old servant-friend to the Franklin family, the butler, Wedge.

A hand with blunt strong fingers took Palmer by a shoulder and shook him out of his daze.

"Guess you've seen enough, haven't you, Mr. Franklin? Anyhow, the doctor's here now and wants the room cleared while he makes his examination."

Wagging his head, dumbfounded, Palmer consented to get up and be led back into the drawing-room.

Later, hearing his name sharply pronounced, he responded with an impatient frown and gesture.

Then the voice found a sharper edge: "You aren't going to deny your right name's Franklin, John Palmer Franklin, are you?"

He exerted himself to whip his wits into better working order, and perceived that his catechist was the plainclothes man who had first spoken to him at the front door.

"Of course it's Franklin," he replied. "Why the devil should I deny it?"

"Then maybe you can explain why you've been traveling under the alias of John Palmer?"

"I don't mind, if it matters—"

"You'll find it matters before I and you are through, Mr. Franklin."

"Damned if I can understand what you're driving at, my friend—"

"Blent's my name."

"Mr. Blent, then. Or why you find it necessary to be so unmannerly. I'm an author, doing business under the pen name of John Palmer because it's shorter, stronger, easier for readers to remember. Most—in fact, all—of my mail comes addressed in that name so I have adopted it for general use, as less confusing to strangers. I trust that satisfies your curiosity."

"Of course, you wouldn't have pulled a dodge like that to deceive nobody, would you?—like you maybe didn't want the other folks roomin' here to know you was the son of the people 't used to own the house."

"I wasn't especially keen about making strangers inquisitive concerning my private life and antecedents—I admit. It was none of their business."

"Not only that, but passin' as John Palmer it made it easier to wiggle into the old guy's confidence, didn't it?—I mean, the poor old bird that lies in there, murdered. What's his name? Machen?"

"His right name was Wedge," Palmer coolly corrected. "What makes you think he was murdered?"

"Well: what would you think, if you found him shot through the heart, and no gun nowhere handy he could have drilled himself with?"

"Is that true?" The man Blent shortly nodded, and repaid with an open and skeptical grin Palmer's incredulous stare. "Have you any idea who shot him?"

"I have," Blent vigorously asserted—"a darn' good idea. Haven't you?"

"None whatsoever." The man gave a rude snort, and Palmer knitted his brows over eyes that studied Blent more narrowly: a rough-hewn body, with cold blue eyes, a broken nose, a mouth like a trap, and a jutting jaw. "Am I to interpret this curious civility of yours as indicating that you think I killed Wedge?"

"That's as you please, Mr. John Palmer Franklin. I ain't accusing nobody—not yet. All the same, if anybody had a motive for killing, you had."

"Had I?"

"I'll tell the pop-eyed world you're one swell staller, friend. Son of the man this Wedge or Machen done in, ain't you? Or maybe you don't think revenge is any good motive for a murder?"

"I can't think of a better. But I'd be glad to know what makes you think Wedge was the man who shot my father."

"Been having a talk with the dame 't found the body 'smorning and give the alarm, the old girl 't owns the house. She tells me she always believed Wedge croaked your old man to get a hold of the coin he had hidden on the premises; figuring he must've had a lot of it put away, because he always paid his bills in gold and didn't never have no bank account after some bank or other failed he had a stake in and lost him a bale of kale. She says Wedge married her right after your old man's death and give her the coin to buy the house at auction and turn it into furnished lodgin's with him livin' here, in these rooms, rent free, so's he could sleep with the buried jack, and never let nobody come nigh it."

"It's an ingenious theory," Palmer admitted, "if it comes to that, it agrees with my own. Now we only need to find the gold, if any, Wedge spent the last twenty

years guarding, to prove it a sound theory."

"There's a safe plumb full of it hidden behind one of the bookcases. Way I dope it, the old guy was tryin' to pack it up and clear out with it when he was bumped off: he'd found out who you was, and figured you'd come back here for nothin' in the world but to get even for your old man's murder, so he was diggin' the coin out and packin' it in a couple bags when he got his. What I can't make out 's this," the man Blent pursued on a plaintive note as of grievance, if with a sardonic eye constant to Palmer's: "how anybody smart enough to put it all over this Wedge after so many years could've got his own consent to pull off such a rough job and never make no try at coverin' himself, and think he could get away with it. If you'll explain that to me, Mr. John Palmer Franklin, I'll be obliged."

"I haven't any desire to explain anything to you," Palmer retorted. "To my way of thinking, you're an anointed ass; and when you attempt to identify me with this crime you merely make me weary."

"I do, do I?" Blent snarled. "'Ass,' am I? That's a hot one, that's goin' to be good for a big laugh, fella, when I see you in the dock tryin' to account for the gun that killed this Wedge bein' found in your room upstairs, hidden under a pile of dirty clothes in the closet."

Dramatic sleight-of-hand whipped a heavy old-type revolver out of some place of concealment on the detective's person and thrust it on a flat palm beneath the nose of the accused.

Discouragingly, Palmer declined to blench or quail.

"Tell me who suggested that you search my room in the first place," he retorted, "and I'll tell you who planted that thing in my room in my absence."

"Gwan!" Blent jeered. "The State will trot out its witnesses at your trial, fella—the defence can pull that stall then and see what it gets you. Till then the guessin's good, go to it."

"No fear: I know who gave you the tip to search my room. Only one member of this household had any interest in trying to divert suspicion to the innocent, and that was the lady who ran this establishment under an alias for twenty years after Wedge had married her, the wife he wouldn't acknowledge and used so brutally that, no longer ago than night before last, she had a quarrel with him that woke up everybody in the house. Question the other tenants before you do anything you'll be sorry for; I'll wager every one of them that isn't stone deaf heard Mrs. Fay swear she would murder Wedge to pay him out for beating her."

"I don't say the poor drab did kill him—I do say she found her husband dead here this morning with the pistol by his side, and remembering her threats and that at least a dozen tenants had come downstairs while the row was on and heard them, sneaked the gun away and hid it in my closet before she called you in. It's precisely the witless sort of thing she would think of, too terrified, and ten to one, too befuddled to think that Wedge probably had shot himself. I saw her flopping away from the door, there, myself, about a quarter past eight this morning, so sick with fright she didn't even hear the postman's knock."

"And she says she heard a shot up here 'long about ten o'clock last night and sneaked up the basement stairs in time to see you come out the door and run up to your room like all hell was after you."

"And having seen that, waited till an hour or so ago to investigate, find Wedge dead, and raise the alarm? A likely tale, don't you think, Mr. Blent. Furthermore, my wife and I were dining at Claremont at ten last night. We didn't [Continued on page 78]

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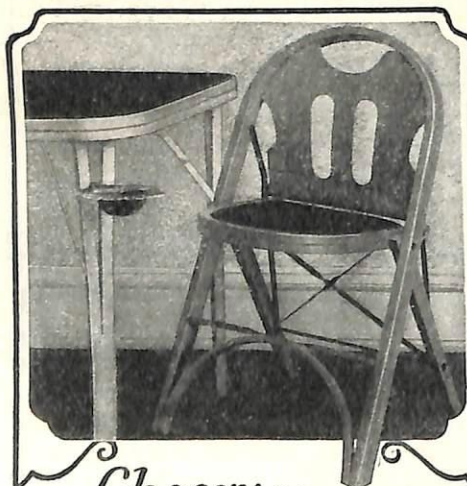
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QUEER STREET

[Continued from page 77]

leave till nearly midnight; and I remember the carriage porter there seemed to know the driver of the taxi he called for us. I imagine, between those two and our waiter, we can prove an alibi that will satisfy even you as to Mrs. Fay's bona fides."

"Your wife?" the detective stammered. "Nobody told me you was married..."

"Neither was I, till about an hour ago. Miss Wilding, who has had the room directly above mine, is now Mrs. Palmer. We came straight here from the ceremony. Come now, Mr. Blent! Was that a murderer's conduct? Be fair to yourself and think twice before you act on a yarn spun you by a drunken woman."

"That wasn't no suicide," Blent argued, sullenly but obviously shaken. "The old fella couldn't 've shot himself like that or no powdermarks on his clothes. Somebody shot him. It lies between you and Mrs. Fay; you accuse each other and it's a moral one of you's lyin'."

"Wrong again: I do not accuse the woman, I merely defend myself against a stupidly trumped up charge, and point out to you the way to get at the truth. Have another go at Mrs. Fay—why don't you?—and see if you can't find out who she's trying so hard to cover. That's if she's got any motive aside from the one I've suggested, the well-known first law of Nature, the instinct for self-preservation, functioning under the handicap of plain panic."

"Maybe," the detective grudgingly conceded. "Maybe so..." He held a pause of a good sixty seconds, lounging on Palmer in disgruntlement, loath to lose face before his associates by admitting he could possibly be wrong, therefore tenaciously clinging to his badly perforated theory, and at the same time persuaded against his will by the confident bearing of the accused as much as by his logic. "Maybe so," he ungraciously muttered, "maybe not!" And after another but briefer delay in doubt, concluded the one safe course was to give Palmer, for the time being at least, the benefit of it. "You wait here," he curtly enjoined. "I'm goin' to have another talk with that dame. Back in five minutes."

And brusquely facing about, he left the drawing-room.

Another of his ilk, a man of more genial cast, offered Palmer a cigar and lighted a forecast of tomorrow's for good measure.

The five minutes which Blent had stipulated for ran into ten, the ten became twenty. From the library beyond the shut doors came a steady grumble of confabulation, from the street the buzzing of the sensation eaters, whose number was being every minute augmented—the body of the old house continued silent and uninformed to attentive ears; unless, indeed, intermittent breaks of ululation, mechanical as the rattle of a player piano and thinned down by distance, emanated from some remote corner within its walls and meant something. Palmer was hardly aware of it.

The hall door was sharply opened and closed: Blent had brought back a dour face and a disgusted temper.

"Well," he bitterly announced "I guess you're all right, Mr. Franklin. I gave that old fluff downstairs a taste of the third degree and she come through with what listens like a pretty straight story this time. Your wife helped; seems when she was startin' out to meet you to be married, she seen Mrs. Fay sneakin' outa your room but didn't think it meant nothin' worth mentionin'. So all I has to do is tell Queenie she was seen and she goes all to pieces and confesses. It was pretty much like you doped it. She finds her husband cold 'smorning, and the gun that done it, and

she's scared somebody'll maybe remember how she threatened to croak him, so she makes sure you're outa the house and plants the gun in your closet. I gets that much outa her before she gives a honk and goes into hysterics—guess you must've heard her up here, maybe, hooting like a crazy klaxon. So I leaves your wife to look out for her till the ambulance comes—"

"You don't mean you've shifted your suspicions to her, Mr. Blent?"

"Naw," Blent wearily replied. "But she's too full of gin to be left runnin' loose. Not only that, but her clearin' you hasn't told us who did put this Wedge out. Maybe she knows more I can get outa her when she's sobered up and can talk connected again. Anyway, it's my business to see she's held where I can lay hands on her. If it comes to that, I ain't through with you, neither. I and you're goin' to have a good long talk before you get a chance to buy any honeymoon reservations, and—"

He broke off as the sliding doors were thrown back and the police sergeant and his assistants emerged from the library.

"Well, doc? what about it?"

"The man has been dead about eighteen hours," the surgeon reported. "He was shot just above the heart. The bullet passed clear through his body and came out at the back. We found it in the folds of his dressing-gown." He displayed on a palm that held another object a small, bright bullet. "There you are: fired a thirty-two caliber automatic."

"That rules the revolver Mrs. Fay found out of the case, then," Palmer put in. "It's an old army-type forty-five."

"What!" His startling eyes shifting from the bullet to the weapon in question, Blent let his jaw sag, and stood confounded. "What," he blankly demanded of society in general, "d'you know about that?"

"Then there's this," the surgeon proceeded. He held up a piece of broken wood, thin, roughly pointed, about three inches long. "We found this driven into the bosom of his dressing-gown, close by the wound."

Blent with a confused sign of bewilderment and vexation abolished that bit of evidence.

"Too thick for me!" his querulous murmur confessed. "I guess it don't mean nothing..."

"Half a minute," Palmer rose. "May I have a look?" The surgeon surrendered the splinter. "If you ask me, this is the kingpin to the mystery!"

"How d'you make that out?" Blent demanded in an instinctive bristle.

"I'm just guessing," Palmer freely owned. "But guessing may lead us toward the light... Where was the body when you found it, Mr. Blent?"

A jerk of the head toward the library went with the reply: "Just where you seen it."

"And the revolver? I mean, did Mrs. Fay in her revised statement just now say where she found it before lugging it up to hide in my closet?"

"Well, yes," Blent conceded, "she did. She says now it was on the floor over there by the window."

"Where that lace curtain lies, torn down from its rings?"

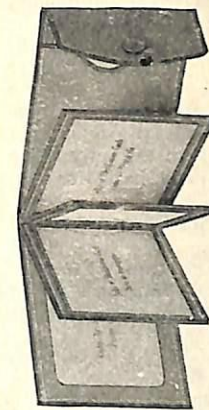
"Where?" Blent whirled on a heel to scowl at a crumpled heap of drapery in the swell of the bow window. "I hadn't taken no notice of that..." He crossed to lift the curtain and shake out its folds. "The old guy must've been standin' about here, and caught this to save himself fallin'..."

"When he was shot, you mean."

Blent sourly nodded. "There's blood on it." He indicated dark stains on the faded ecru of the stuff.

"In short," Palmer [Continued on page 80]

"What Did I Do With It?"



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QUEER STREET [Continued from page 79]

pursued, going to his side, "the shot that killed Wedge came from the street. The bullet smashed through this slat of the blinds—you can see for yourself how the splinter fits. Wedge grabbed the curtain, as you say, to steady himself, and dropped the revolver; but lived long enough to stagger back into the library—back to the only thing he'd ever loved, the gold he had hoarded there—before he fell dead."

"Looks like it," the detective admitted with a glum nod.

"Which brings up the question," the surgeon remarked: "What was the man doing in the window with a revolver when he was shot?"

"Shooting through the blinds at somebody. See: he rested the muzzle of the gun here, between these slats, and the exploding powder scorched them."

"Well!" Blent irritably wanted to know in his resentment of a situation that proved him a sleuth of parts inferior to those of this shabby, unpretending youngster—"but who would he be shootin' at?"

"Tell me whom he had reason to wish out of his way," Palmer suggested.

"You?"

"Who else? Coming home about dusk last night, I was attacked, down there at the foot of the steps, by a gang of gunmen—"

"Oh!" a new voice interrupted—"then you're the fella!"

"What d'you mean?" Blent snapped.

"Why, it's like this, inspector: Last night a kid comes boilin' into the station house, yellin' that the Third Avenue Cowboys is killin' a fella up this street. You must've heard about it. So we rush the reserves over, and catch the Cowboys having a regular battle with Kid Brazil's gang—you know, the Stuyvesant Devil Dogs. We round up what's left of them—Yid November and Kid Brazil and half a dozen more's out cold—and comb the neighborhood for strays. Over on Second avenue we pick up Ike the Bite, badly wounded. He tells us the Cowboys was tryin' to croak a fella that lives in this street when the Devil Dogs chipped in—the Bite don't know how come. But we know: this kid, Nig O'Ryan's his name, says a side kick of his overheard Yid tellin' the Bite how he'd been hired to bump

off this guy by an old geezer with a wad of kale that would choke a cow; so the kid tips off the Devil Dogs; and when they don't show up quick enough to save his friend, Nig comes runnin' for us. Mr. Palmer must be the fella they was paid to send West."

"I don't think," Palmer agreed, "there's much doubt about that. And that makes it clearer how Wedge happened to get shot. This November had been paying unwelcome attentions to the lady who is now my wife, and who was with me when I was attacked. He was anxious she shouldn't be injured—I heard him give his gang orders not to shoot so long as she was in the way. Wedge, I think, beyond doubt, lost patience at that, and took it into his head to speed things up by shooting me in the back, with his own hand, from this window. Then the Devil Dogs arrived, the battle became general, and a chance shot caught Wedge just as he was about to pull the trigger."

"Looks like you'd got it figured out about right," Blent acidly conceded. "Only, it all fits together too neat, somehow—like in a play."

"Poetic justice," Palmer chuckled, "is always dramatic."

His wife had something in the same vein to remark when Palmer, at length free to seek her through the old house, found her quietly waiting in her room.

"Mr. Deacon and his friend are downstairs," he had to advise her. "They were too deeply interested in the affair, Mr. Deacon says, to rest when I didn't show up for luncheon, and came round to find out why. Now they want you to come along—and so do I."

"But dearest! how can I, the way I'm dressed?"

"Are you ashamed of your bridal gown? You look adorable to me."

"Then . . . I don't mind what anybody else thinks! But before we go . . ." She nestled in his arms. "I want you to tell me, honestly," she pursued in pensive mischief: "How does an author like it when life steps into his story and insists on writing the last chapter?"

"This author," Palmer laughed, "likes it fine. For the end, we know, is the best of all."

[THE END]

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE [Continued from page 48]

Syracuse was dry. And if you had been in the office of the commissioner and heard the telephone calls you would have known what it meant to be "bone dry." The newspapers played up the incident to its fullest value.

At Rochester, Imperial High Priest and Prophet Esten A. Fletcher, Potentate Raymond E. Westbury, and the Divan and many of the Nobles of Damascus were at the depot to greet the arriving party. Noontime was spent at the Shrine Club and in the evening a delightful dinner was given at the Country Club, where the Imperial Potentate made one of his characteristic and interesting addresses.

Buffalo was next in order of line and here the uniformed units turned out in full capacity. Potentate Joseph D. Morrell and his Divan, Past Imperial Potentates William B. Melish and Lou B. Winsor, Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, Chairman Sam P. Cochran and Secretary James R. Watt, of the Shriners Hospitals, and a host of the Nobility were at the station and escorted the Imperial party to the hotel. The parade was a most colorful one and the

citizens of Buffalo turned out to view it. At noon an informal luncheon was given and in the evening an elaborate banquet. The table was Arabic in the extreme, more than a ton of sand having been used to give the proper desert setting to the pyramids that were scattered around the center and the camels that were in artistic caravan array.

Interesting addresses were made by Judge Hinckley and Potentate Morrell, who introduced Noble Crosland. The atmosphere was charged with hospital ammunition, Buffalo and Ismailia Temple submitting some very inviting propositions for the establishment of the western New York unit in that city. Therefore, the hospitals and convalescent homes were the key notes of the talk made by the Imperial Potentate. At this dinner the renowned Statler gold service was used.

Finishing the hospital discussion in Buffalo, the Imperial Potentate took train for Chicago, where he established a new record in Shrinedom—two dedications in one week.

Following the week in Chicago the Imperial Potentate returned to his home in Montgomery for a brief rest.

"—there came a dull explosion above the motor's roar. Startled, I turned to see—"



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greatest coaches and athletes write for THE AMERICAN BOY. Yost of Michigan, Dobie of Cornell, Dean Cromwell, Harold Osborn, Walter Johnson, Rogers Hornsby—such men teach AMERICAN BOY readers the technique and sportsmanship of champions.

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